

# Hollywood

A Fawcett Publication

SEPTEMBER



NOW  
**5**¢  
FORMERLY  
~~10~~¢  
10c in Canada



Natural Color  
Photograph of  
Shirley and  
Mrs. Temple  
See Page 8

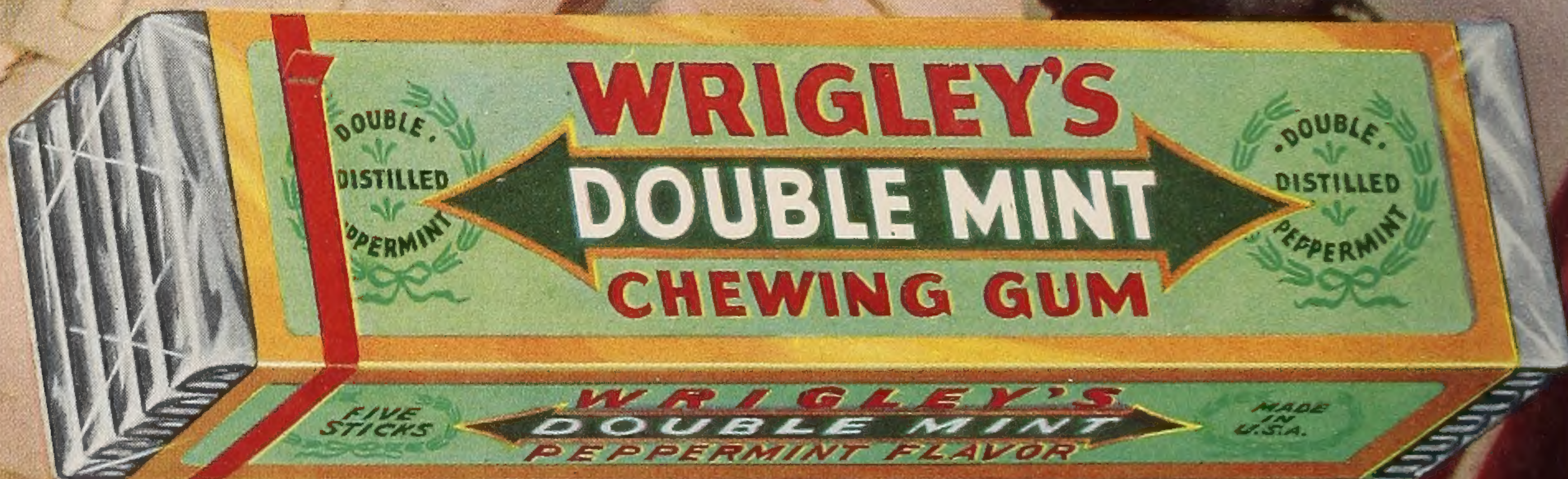
284

## BRINGING UP SHIRLEY TEMPLE

### BEHIND THE HEADLINES IN HEPBURN'S LIFE



Enjoy  
Double Mint Gum  
daily for beauty  
of mouth and lips





# PRINCESS CHARMING (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



## "Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups  
... dingy teeth and tender gums  
destroy her charm.

A WOMAN smiles—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (*Dazzling white teeth set in firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.*)

Another woman smiles, and her charm vanishes before your eyes.

(*Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention with an unpleasant jolt.*)

### "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS A WARNING

The explanation of "pink tooth brush" is remarkably simple. It's because almost no one nowadays eats the coarse, fibrous foods so stimulating to the gums. Our

modern, soft-food diet allows them to grow tender through sheer inaction. And that's why the warning tinge of "pink" appears so often—why modern dental science urges Ipana and massage.

Dental science says you must massage the gums as well as brush the teeth. So rub a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. Ipana, massaged into the gums, helps restore healthy firmness.

Change to Ipana and massage. For, with healthy gums, you have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles

—from gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. And the brilliance of your smile, the whiteness and beauty of your teeth, will make you wish you had changed to Ipana and massage long ago.

### WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

If you like, send for the trial tube. But why not begin today—now—to secure the full benefit of Ipana from the full-size tube? It gives you a month of scientific dental care... 100 brushings... and a quick, decisive start toward healthy gums and brighter teeth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-95,  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.



Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



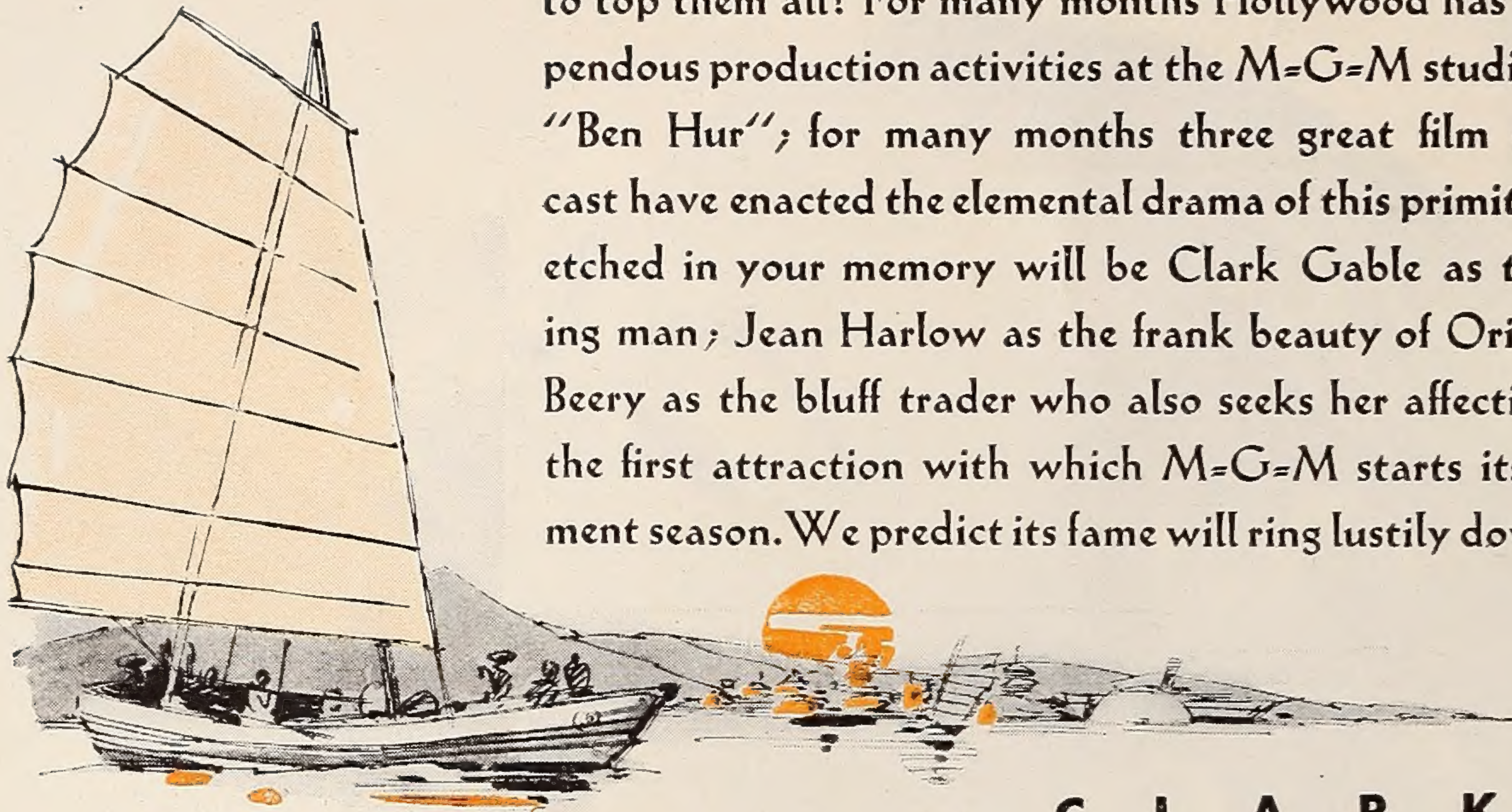
# IPANA

## TOOTH PASTE

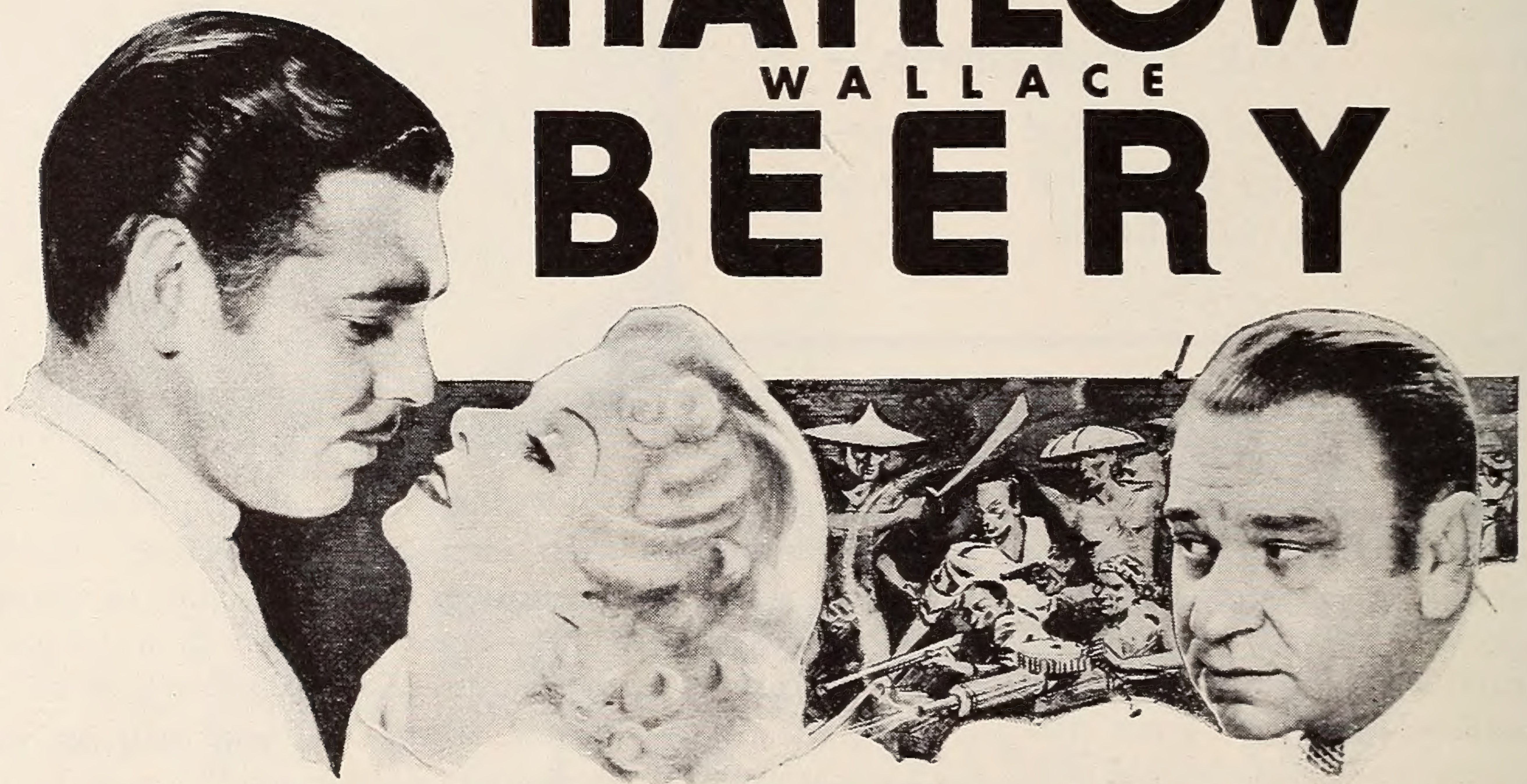


A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul=adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M=G=M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M=G=M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



C L A R K  
**GABLE**  
J E A N  
**HARLOW**  
W A L L A C E  
**BERRY**



**CHINA SEAS**

with

Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN=



MAYER PICTURE



# Hollywood

Edited in Hollywood

JACK SMALLEY

Managing Editor

Vol. 24 No. 9

## The News Reel of the Stars

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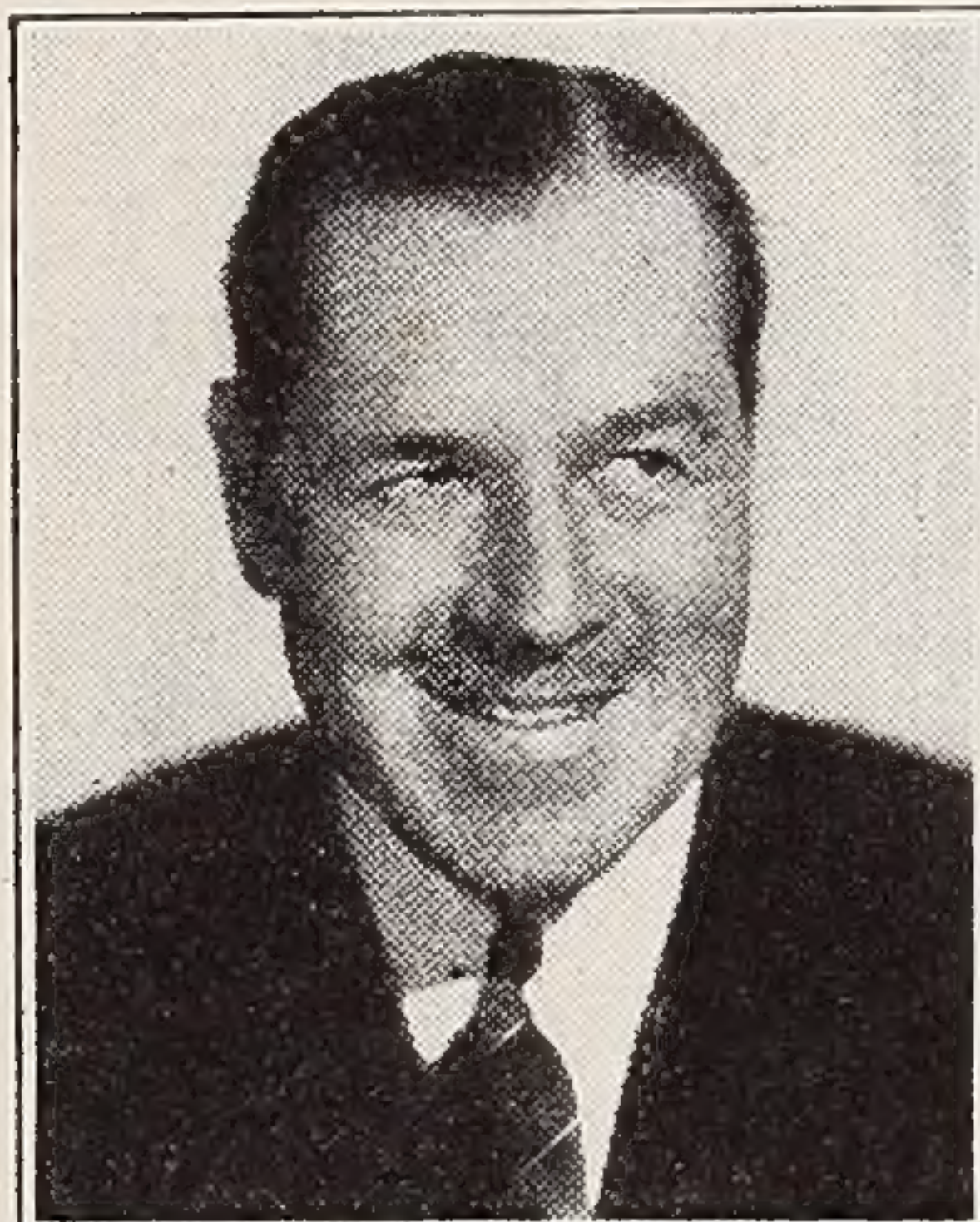
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### Today in Hollywood

#### Was It a Prophecy?

*Storm Over the Andes*, an exciting South American war picture being shot at Universal, will go down in tradition as another jinx film production. Cesar Romero started the jinx off by injuring a knee. He was replaced by Antonio Moreno, who does both the English and Spanish versions.



Jack Holt

Several days later Charles Stumar, ace Universal cameraman, was shooting a dramatic headquarters scene in which a short wave radio was bringing the last gasping words of an army flier as his plane was falling in flames over the enemy lines. It was a long, tense scene, convincingly done by Jack Holt and Mona Barrie. As it ended success-

fully, Stumar wiped his brow and said:

"Whew! I could almost feel myself falling in that ship!"

Twenty-four hours later an airplane cracked up near Triunfo, 50 miles from Hollywood, where the company was going on location. The dead: Harrison Wiley, the art director, and ace Cameraman Stumar. Cause: The plane lost a wing in brushing a tree-top.



#### Shirley Speaks Up

WINFIELD SHEEHAN has a notable collection of cutouts from films. The latest addition to his collection is one that has to do with Shirley Temple and John Boles. It was caught in a projection room during the running of "rushes."

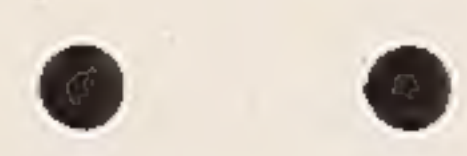


Fay Wray

It seems Boles and Shirley were having a very serious scene in the picture *Curly Top*.

Suddenly Boles blew up in his lines.

Right from the screen Shirley was seen stamping her little foot, pointing a finger at Boles, and saying, "Ah! Phooey!"



#### Fay Wasn't Fooled

WHEN FAY WRAY, who was born in Alberta, Canada, received her American citizenship papers, one of her friends invited a group in at cocktail hour to mark the occasion. Of especial significance was an American flag which the hostess hoisted in front of her home to greet Fay.

Glancing down the street, she saw dozens of flags draped in front of other homes. Turning to Fay she said, "I didn't know the good news had spread so rapidly."

"It hasn't," Fay replied cheerfully. "Maybe you hadn't heard. This is Flag Day all over the nation."



# Hollywood's News Reel



Claudette Colbert has two leading men in her new Columbia film: Melvyn Douglas, (left), and Singer Michael Bartlett



Excited onlookers at the Uplifters Club polo tourney were Dolores Del Rio, Constance Bennett, Irene Dunne and Mary Pickford



After the tourney: Jimmy Rogers, Dolores Del Rio, Will Rogers, Lucien Hubbard, and Spencer Tracy surveying the trophies

## The New Dietrich

NOW THAT MARLENE DIETRICH has shed the Trilby mask she wore throughout her association with Director Josef Von Sternberg, and introduced her real self to Hollywood, the talkie capital is taking the German star to its bosom with an unprecedented enthusiasm. The chilly aloofness that Marlene assumed at Von's insistence has given way to a natural charm.

• •

## Where To See Stars

TIP TO HOLLYWOOD visitors from a lady traveler—she dropped in at the House of Westmore in Hollywood for one of those facials so restful to the star gazing wayfarer in our midst, and in ten minutes saw more stars come in for manicures, hair dressings and shampoos than she had seen during three weeks in the colony. Bette Davis came in a light blue tailored suit to have her blond hair waved, Dolores Del Rio, an exquisite vision with her creamy olive skin and a white costume, came for a shampoo, and sat down beside our traveler to wait her turn. Linger for a few minutes afterwards, she rubbed elbows with Marlene Dietrich who was just coming in, and gazed in rapt admiration at jaunty Carole Lombard. If you're coming to Hollywood to see the stars, here's a tip worth following!

• •

## Jackie A Real Fan

JACKIE COOPER'S week-ends are real postman holidays.

Permitted to attend the movie houses only on Saturday and Sunday, the child star makes the most of his schedule, often viewing as many as six pictures in the two days.

Jackie's favorite screen fare is the Western, and he insists that he's going to be another Tom Mix when he grows up.

• •

## A Gilt-edged Deal

SPEAKING ABOUT THE high cost of living, the Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitneys, who came to California on a visit, rented Colleen Moore's home in Bel Air for ten days.

Their rent was \$300 per day. It figures well over \$100,000 per year.

## Elissa's Pet Rose

THE SECRET OF that lone yellow rose that continually lifts its head outside the bay window of Elissa Landi's living-room has finally seeped out.

In the glassed-in greenhouse on Elissa's Bel-Air estate, her gardener nurtured dozens of young rose plants, and as the bloom on the bush beneath the window in which she spends so much of her leisure begins to fade, he digs it up and replaces it with another.

• •

## Norma As Juliet

HOLLYWOOD will shortly experience the thrill of seeing Norma Shearer, in the flesh, in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Before sending his famous wife before the cameras as star of the historic Shakespearean piece, Irving Thalberg plans to rent Hollywood Bowl with its 30,000 seating capacity for an outdoor staging of the drama.

• •

## Tone-Crawford Rumors

FEW RECOGNIZED JOAN CRAWFORD and her fiancé, Franchot Tone, as the famous pair strolled into Cocoanut Grove one recent evening, what with Joan having shed the widely-photographed long bob as a step in her new-found craving for simplicity in dress, and Franchot having taken on an extra twenty pounds of avoirdupois during his *Mutiny On the Bounty* isolation on Catalina Island.

Revived rumors that Joan and Franchot were wed "somewhere in Mexico" early in the year have failed to ruffle the couple's usual calm, Joan merely pushing the chatter aside with a laugh, and the gallant Franchot retorting:

"I only wish it were true!"

• •

## Name Your Pastime

THE GAMEROOM Carl Brisson has installed in his new Bel-Air home is something for the folks to talk about, containing as it does every conceivable pastime, including billiards, roulette and ping-pong tables, a miniature race track with electrically-operated horses, deck games and a complete motion picture projection outfit.





■ **until death  
do us part** ■

*Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway*

Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard!...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world—those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

Taking its place alongside the immortal love romances of all time is the touching, tenderly beautiful story of Peter and Mary in Du Maurier's glorious tale, "Peter Ibbetson." Here was a love truly beyond all human understanding—a love that endured through childhood, manhood and old age—a love that flamed with a brilliant intensity—a love that burned even beyond the grave.



As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.

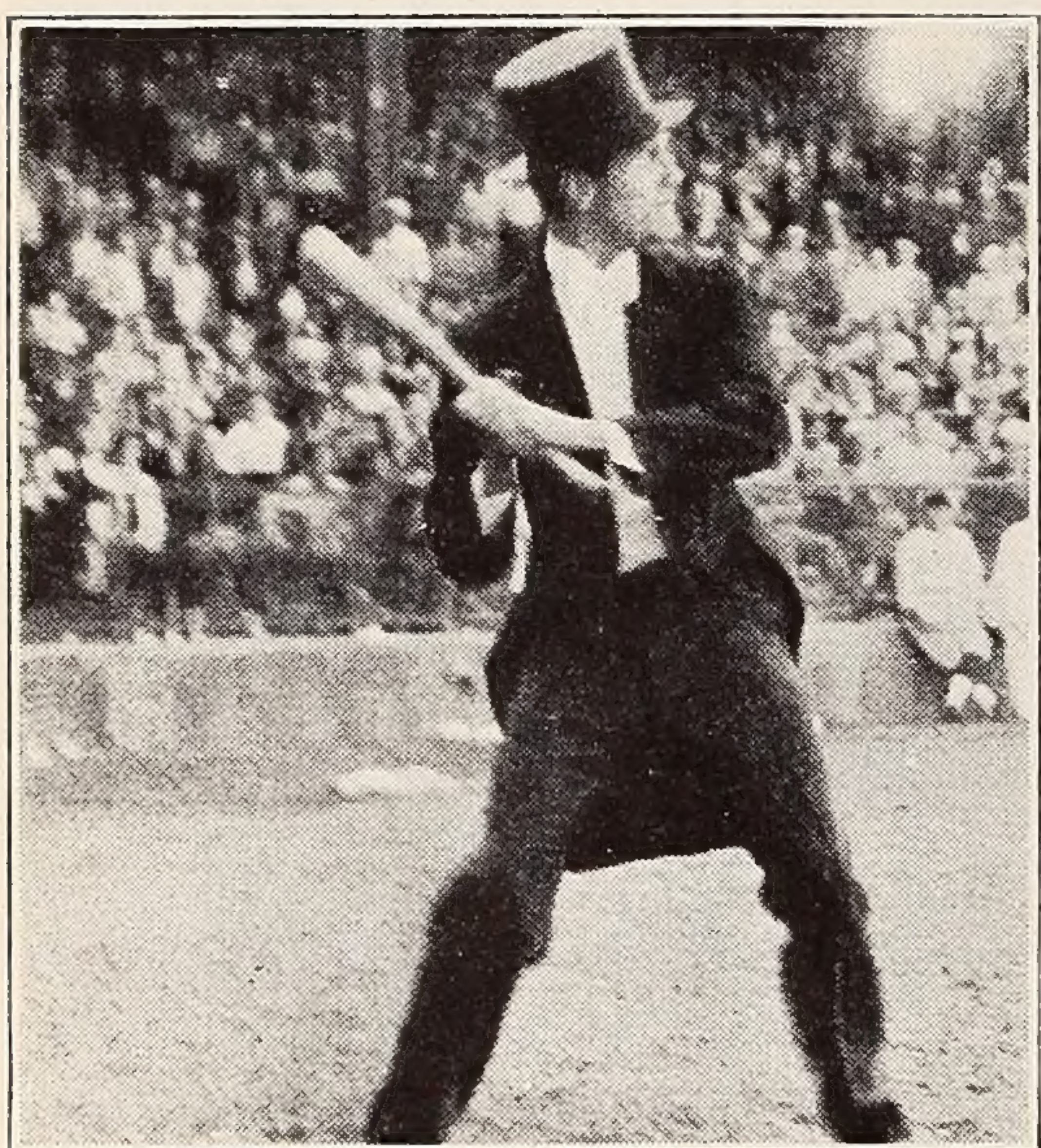
(Advertisement)



# Hollywood's News Reel

## May Try Stage

WHEN HERBERT MARSHALL finally moves his make-up kit to New York to fulfill that oft'-postponed stage contract, Gloria Swanson, his heart, will go along to give more serious consideration to the flood of Broadway offers that have come her way in recent months.



Casey (1935 model) at the bat! Billy Bakewell smacks a home run and runs the bases in a limousine . . .

## The Famous Baseball Game

LEAVE IT TO Billy Bakewell to show the local boys a thing or two about baseball with a capital "B." It was during the benefit game between Hollywood's leading men and comics. Billy was called to the plate when it came his turn to bat and while everyone waited breathlessly to see what the "great" Bakewell would do—no Bakewell appeared.

Suddenly a beautiful Rolls Royce limousine, piloted by a liveried colored chauffeur, drove onto the field and up to home base. Out stepped our hero looking as though he had just left the Trocadero. He was nattily attired in the latest in dress clothes, high hat and all. Marching up to the plate, he waited for the pitcher's delivery—then swinging mightily, he connected, driving the ball far into the outfield.

Stepping back into his conveyance, he ordered his man to drive to first base—then second—third, and finally, "home James." The first home run ever to be made in a Rolls Royce in the entire history of baseball! And of all things—his team mates threw themselves upon him and finally Mr. Bakewell found himself standing in front of 12,000 spectators with nothing to cover his athletic figure save his shoes and shorts.

## Stop It, Girls

THAT COY LOOK now adorning the Irish countenance of Pat O'Brien is caused by the flood of mash notes pouring in from feminine fans as a result of his romantic rôle in *Oil for the Lamps of China*. Pat swears they're the first missives of that type he has received in his years of histrionic effort.

• •

## Multiple Adoption Scheme

TOPS IN PUBLICITY schemes is this:

A publicity agent approached a famous man and wife comedy team and guaranteed to give them front page publicity in every worthwhile newspaper in the country.

"Who do you want us to kill?" queried the male of the team.

"No one," said the publicity purveyor.

And then the stunt was explained.

Very simple. All the comedy duo had to do was to make formal application to the Canadian Government to legally adopt the Dionne Quintuplets!

• •

## Hank's Swansong?

THAT HENRI, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, said his final adieu to Hollywood before taking his departure for France a month ago is the word being passed on by the chatterers.

## ON THE COVER

HOLLYWOOD Magazine goes completely Shirley this month, with Miss Temple and her mother on the cover, and with our little star's "bringing up" discussed in thorough fashion by Miss Rhea. This was Shirley's first experience before a natural color camera, but she lost not one whit of her charming aplomb and held perfectly still as Edwin Bower Hesser directed. Mrs. Temple was somewhat harassed, however, by Shirley's active curiosity over everything that went on, and if there is a hint of a strained expression on her lovely face, remember that being the mother of a child so astonishing as Shirley is no simple matter. But how capably Gertrude Temple manages is told in detail in the story found on page 22.



Others guilty of participating in the burlesque ball game were Wally Ford, George Raft, James Cagney, John Boles, Lee Tracy. The game ended in a tie. (See story)



# They HAVE ALL GONE

Individuality is what gives vitality to pictures.  
These stars are now with GB . . . because  
GB Productions have individuality,  
glamour, and a tone all their own.



GEORGE ARLISS



ROBERT DONAT



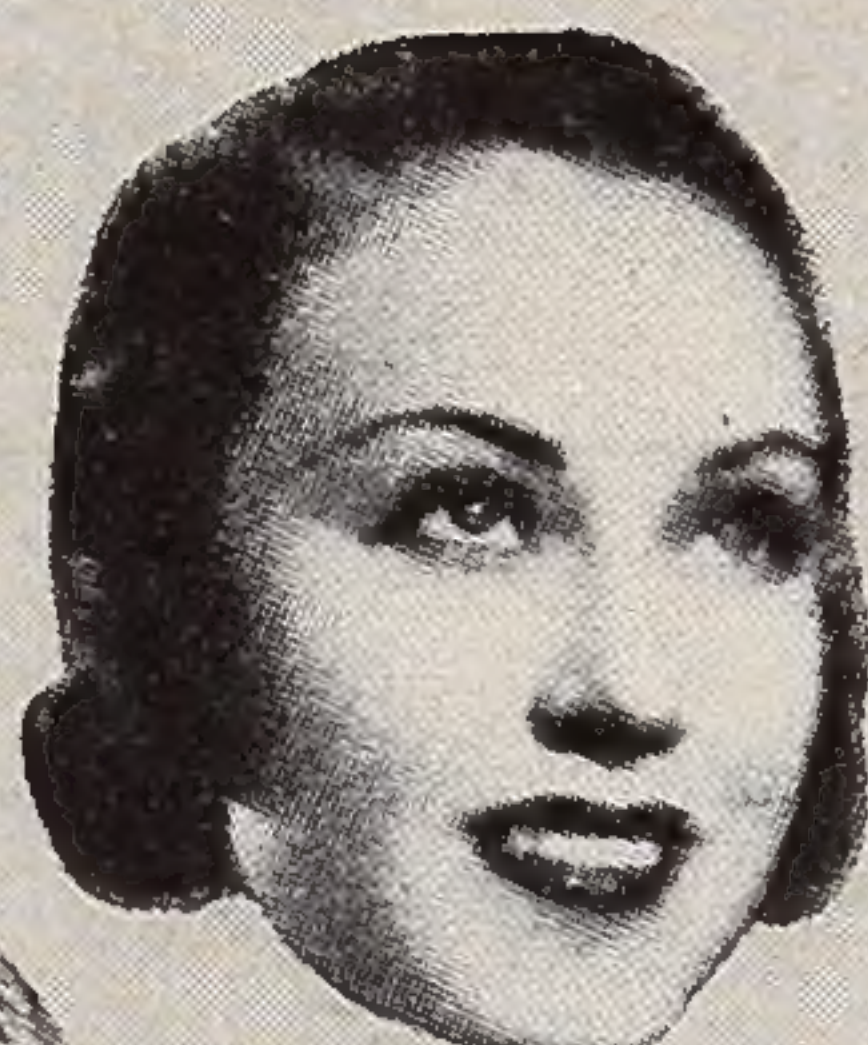
JESSIE MATTHEWS



MADELEINE CARROLL



JACK HULBERT



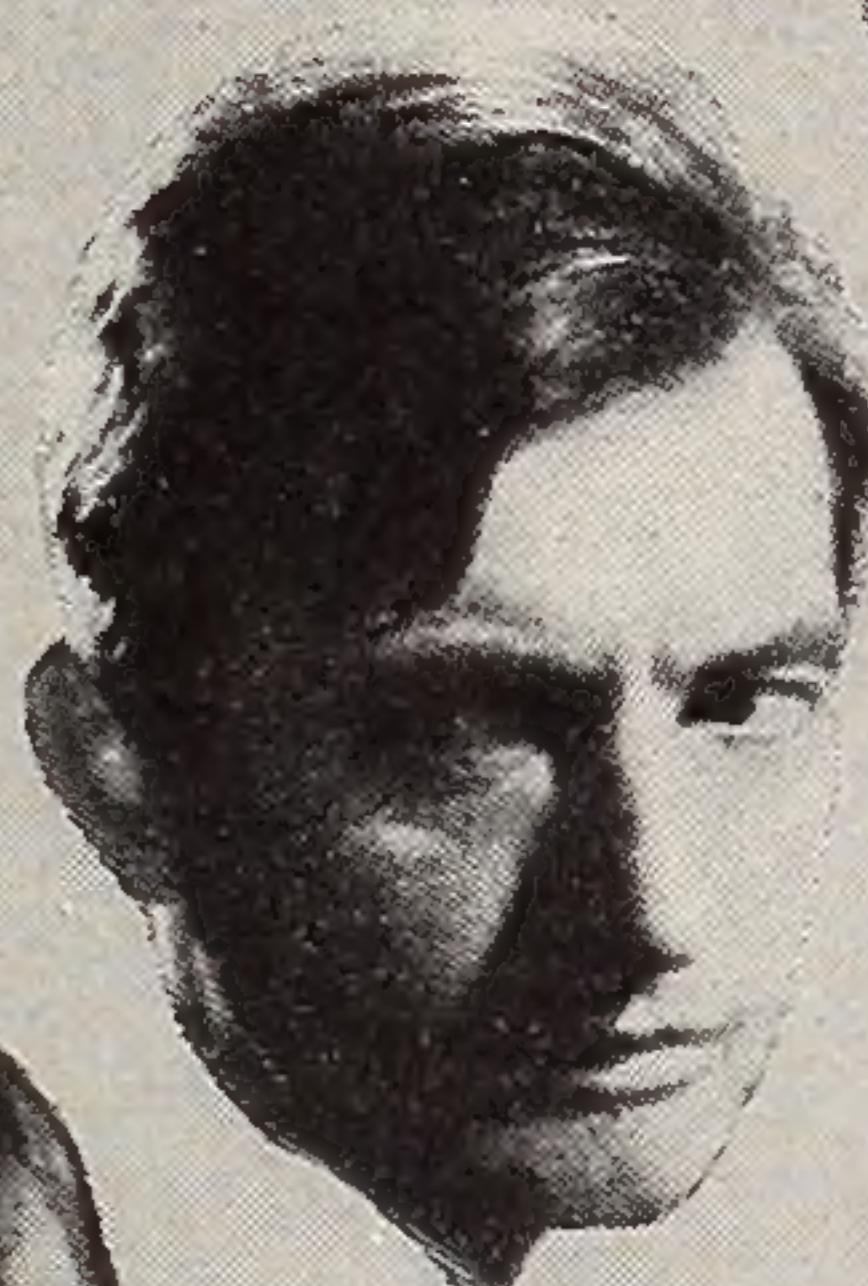
FAY WRAY



BORIS KARLOFF



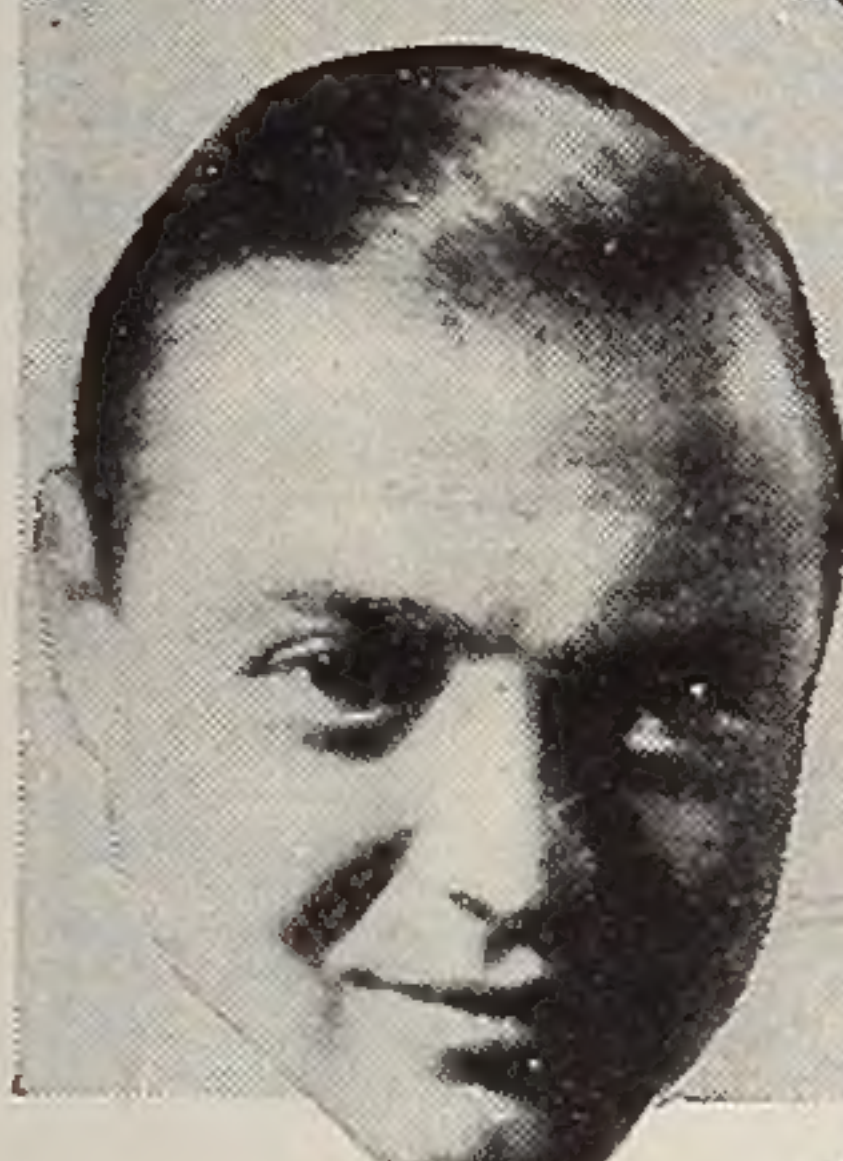
NOVA PILBEAM



CLAUDE RAINS



MADGE EVANS \*



PETER LORRE



WALTER HUSTON



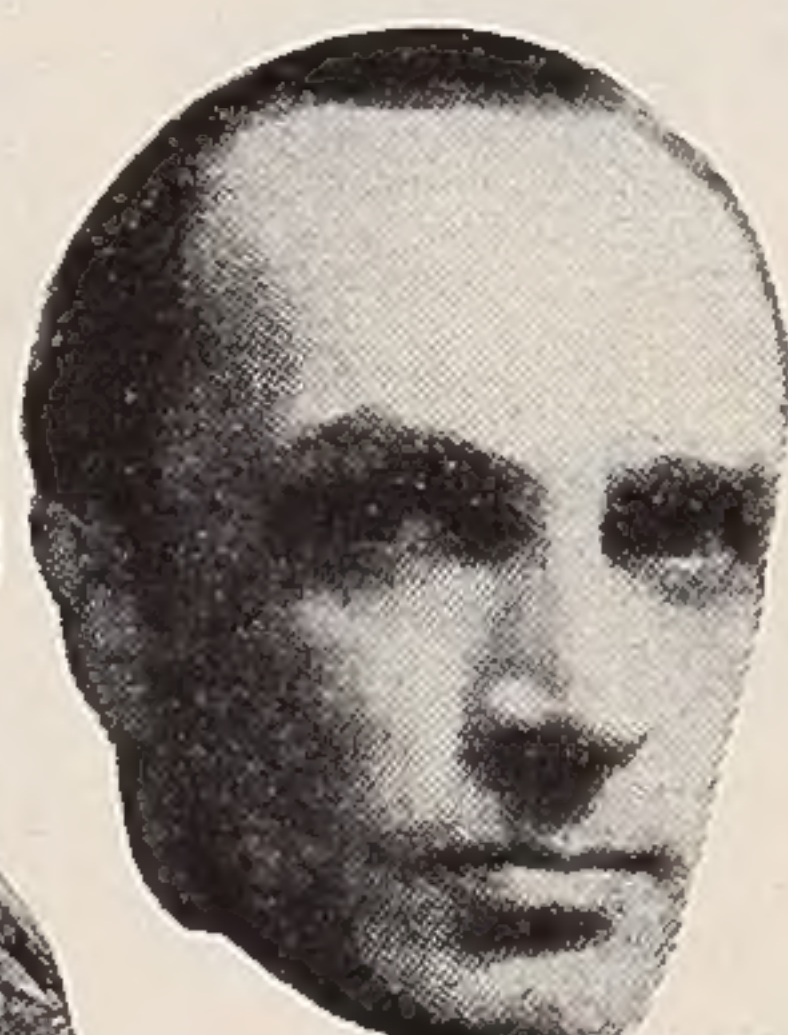
LUPE VELEZ



\* MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN



RICHARD DIX



CONRAD VEIDT



C. AUBREY SMITH



HELEN VINSON



CICELY COURTNEIDGE



BARRY MACKAY



TOM WALLS

Watch For These Pictures!  
**THIRTY-NINE STEPS**  
**THE CLAIRVOYANT**  
**TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL**  
**THE KING OF THE DAMNED**  
**THE MORALS OF MARCUS**  
**RHODES, THE EMPIRE BUILDER**  
**KIPLING'S SOLDIERS THREE**  
**PASSING <sup>OF THE</sup> 3RD FLOOR BACK**  
**MODERN MASQUERADE**  
**SECRET AGENT**  
**DR. NIKOLA**  
**KING SOLOMON'S MINES**  
**FIRST A GIRL**  
**BORN FOR GLORY**  
**ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND**  
**A GEORGE ARLISS SPECIAL**



TOPS 'EM ALL

\*By courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

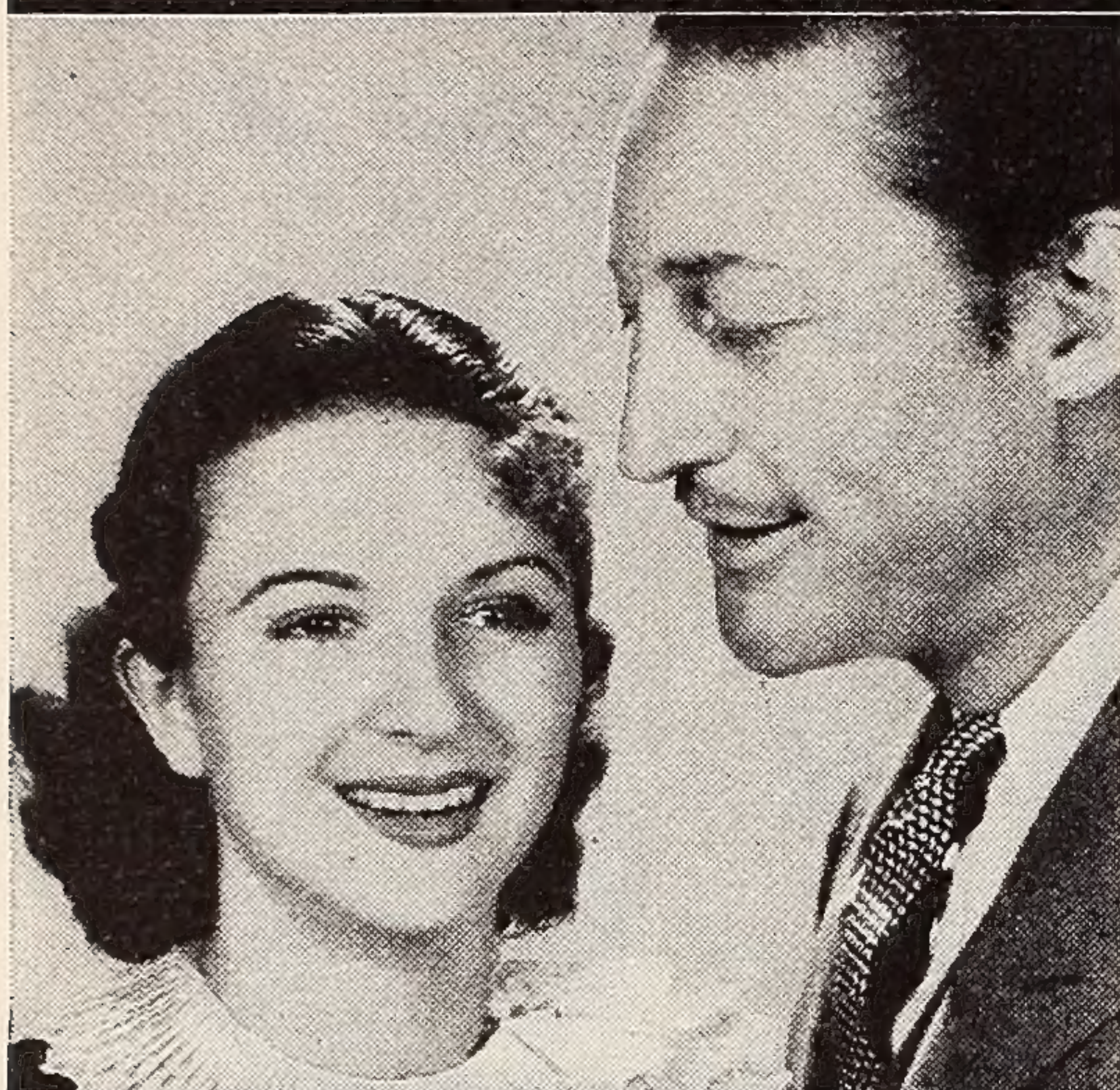


**WARREN WILLIAM**

PREFERS

**NATURAL LIPS**

UNUSUAL TEST SHOWS



HERE'S WHAT WARREN WILLIAM SAW



UNTOUCHED



PAINTED



TANGEE

**Popular star picks Tangee lips in interesting test**



● That patrician manner of Warren William would set almost any heart aflutter. And when he, too, prefers natural lips to the painted kind, isn't it enough to make you want to use Tangee?

For Tangee will never, never make you look painted. It can't. For the simple reason that it *isn't paint*. Based on the magic Tangee color principle Tangee is an orange lipstick that *changes, on your lips*, to the one shade most becoming to you. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Tangee comes in two sizes... 39c and \$1.10, or send 10 cents for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● Warren William playing in "The Case of the Curious Bride", a First National picture, makes lipstick test.

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK  
**USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE**  
WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL  
BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES  
OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY **F95**  
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City  
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# HEARTBEATS—AND SKIPS



Pitter-patterings of Lyda Roberti and Bud Ernst, radio announcer, culminated in a fly-away marriage in Yuma, Ariz.



Among the warm romances of Hollywood is the heart fluttering of Pinky Tomlin, the Oklahoma lad and Maxine Doyle



## PITTER PATTER

Lee Tracy's heart, cracked when his three-year betrothal to petite Isabel Jewell crashed on Cupid's rock-pile, is pit-a-patting again, with charming Estelle Taylor as the cause of the throb.

• •

That diamond solitaire blonde Mae Murray has been sporting for several weeks was placed on her finger by none other than Slapsie-Maxie Rosenbloom, prizefighter.

• •

Barbara Weeks and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams are again going places together.

• •

Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullavan's first husband, is the big moment now causing Wendy Barrie to forget all about Woolworth Donohue, millionaire cousin of Barbara Hutton.

• •

Comedian Bert Wheeler has slipped a weighty diamond on the proper finger of Sally Haines' left hand.

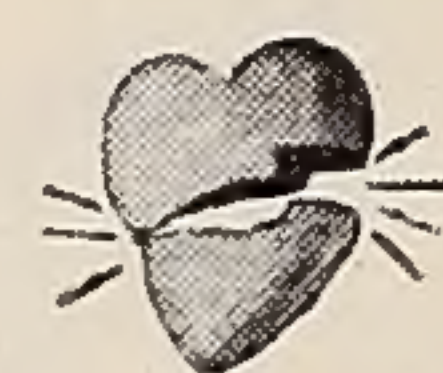


## BLESSED EVENTS

The first-born of the Jack Durants (Molly O'Day) has been named Suzanne Dobson Durant.

• •

The new six and one-half pound daughter at the home of the George O'Briens (Marguerite Churchill) found a portable nursery.



## BUSTED EVENTS

Colleen Moore's search for marital bliss received another set-back, when she filed suit in the Los Angeles courts for a divorce from Al Scott, rich New York broker, whom she charged with harsh acts and jealousy. The couple were wed in Fort Pierce, Florida, in 1932, two years after Colleen had won her freedom from John McCormick, film executive.

• •

Elinor Fair charged Thomas Daniels, good-looking Los Angeles broker-aviator, with a "vile temper" when she sued him for divorce, marking their second visit to the domestic relations tribunals since their elopement to Yuma, Ariz., early in 1934. Daniels won an annulment, alleging Elinor deserted him five hours after the ceremony. Two months later, they were rewed in Las Vegas.

• •

Merna Kennedy waited until her mother, Mrs. Maude Kennedy, and P. C. Gernert, Beverly Hills business man, were off on their honeymoon before calling quits to her own marriage to Busby Berkeley, dance director. She has sued Busby for separate maintenance, charging extreme mental cruelty, and demanding \$3,000 a month alimony.



## BELL RINGERS

A romance that had its inception when Esther Ralston served as Wilbur W. Morgan's foil for his first screen test has culminated in their marriage.

• •

Lily Damita's marriage to Errol Flynn proved catching to this couples' close friend, Lyda Roberti, who married Bud Ernst.

HOLLYWOOD



**"YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES, JEANIE—  
I COULD LOOK AT YOU FOR LIFE"**



**Romance comes  
to the girl who guards  
against COSMETIC SKIN**

**S**MOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and *keeps* it. So how foolish it is to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours!

***Cosmetics Harmless if  
removed this way***

It is when cosmetics are not properly *removed* that they choke the pores—cause the ugly pore enlargement, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps—that are signs of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather goes *deep* into the pores, gently removes every trace of dust, dirt,

stale cosmetics. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap **ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night and before you renew your make-up during the day. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!



USE ROUGE AND POWDER?  
YES, OF COURSE! BUT  
THANKS TO **LUX TOILET  
SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT  
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

**JOAN  
BENNETT**



# Topper's Reviews

If Topper Waves His Hat It's Grand! Otherwise—

## Capsule Guide



**BECKY SHARP**—(RKO-Pioneer)—Miriam Hopkins romps through this famous classic in the rôle of an adventuress who lives on nothing a year. Miriam's portrayal is splendid enough, but of course the astonishing color effects of an improved Technicolor capture all eyes. The flight from the ballroom as Napoleon advances on Waterloo is a tremendous dazzling scene which definitely reveals the endless possibilities of Technicolor in future films. All in all, the color effects are spectacular and pleasing.



**ANNA KARENINA**—(M-G-M)—Garbo scores a tremendous hit in the title rôle of the great Tolstoy novel—the same story she made years ago with John Gilbert. This version, with Fredric March, makes up for its lack of the reckless passion of the woman for her lover, by presenting a Garbo whose depth of feeling and emotional power has matured to a point as close to perfection as we shall ever see. In the film with Gilbert, their off-screen romance dominated. In this, Garbo is alone; a tragic figure whose inevitable progress toward her doom form a moving pageant of emotions that grip the imagination.



**LOVE ME FOREVER**—(Columbia)—Is Grace Moore's second screen triumph. Once more her astonishing personality captures her audience, and again her magnificent voice drives operatic numbers into the hearts of her listeners. Leo Carrillo is particularly worthy of mention in the principal male rôle. Indeed, he nearly steals the picture from the singing star. He is at his best in the rôle of a music loving gambler who would sacrifice everything to give Miss Moore's talents to the world.



**PAGE MISS GLORY**—(Warners-Cosmopolitan)—Is an amusing yarn on how a chambermaid won a beauty prize and became the toast of a nation. Marion Davies once more is the versatile comedienne who captures major honors. Pat O'Brien is back in his wise-cracking, fast-talking rôle and he does it with a vengeance. As Miss Davies' manager he fights off flocks of reporters and tries to keep her from marrying Dick Powell, a make-believe Lindbergh who is the national flying hero. Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot, Frank McHugh and Patsy Kelly complete the excellent cast. The story is weak, but you won't care.

**Broadway Gondolier**—(Warners)—Dick Powell, Adolph Menjou, Joan Blondell and Louise Fazenda in a rollicking musical. *Tasty stuff.*

**Mad Love**—(M-G-M)—Peter Lorre as the sadistic surgeon in a fantastic thriller. Guillotines and midnight operations. *Bad medicine.*

**Lady Tubbs**—(Universal)—Alice Brady dominating a sparkling comedy that also features Douglass Montgomery and Anita Louise. *No chaser needed.*

**Man on the Flying Trapeze**—(Paramount)—Only the title and W. C. Fields to save this picture from boredom. Fields is very funny. *You may gag on it.*

**Hard Rock Harrigan**—(Fox)—George O'Brien and Fred Kohler as virile tunnel men in a mountain yarn. Nice melodrama. *Tones up the system.*

**Ladies Crave Excitement**—(Mascot)—Norman Foster pulls scoops out of the hat for his newsreel company. Entertaining and exciting. *Leaves no bad taste.*

**Escape Me Never**—(British and Dominion)—Elizabeth Bergner in a powerful and poignant drama about unhappy love. *A grown up picture.*

**Farmer Takes A Wife**—(Fox)—Janet Gaynor smashes through in a story about the Erie Canal in its hey-day. You'll praise Henry Fonda.

**Redheads on Parade**—(Fox)—John Boles, Dixie Lee, and Jack Haley in a fast moving burlesque on the movie industry. *Take it—or leave it alone.*

**Front Page Lady**—(Warners)—Bette Davis and George Brent in a newspaper yarn the way the public likes to think reporters act. *Nice entertainment.*

**Escapade**—(M-G-M)—William Powell and Luise Rainer, Metro's fascinating European find, in a gay story of pre-war Vienna. *They're both excellent.*

**She**—(RKO)—Helen Gahagan and Randolph Scott in a runner-up to *King-Kong* that features above all else some amazing trick photography. *Very different.*

**No More Ladies**—(M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone hold down two corners of a love triangle with Joan Crawford. *Spicy and jolly.*

**The Scoundrel**—(Hecht-MacArthur)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon in a psychological picture that packs a terrific emotional wallop.

**Break of Hearts**—(RKO)—Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer and John Beal in a hectic marriage blowup. They're all excellent. Film just misses being tops.

**Under the Pampas Moon**—(Fox)—Warner Baxter as the rollicking Gaucho of the Pampas. He rides and sings into your heart. *A sure-fire family remedy.*

**Murder Man**—(M-G-M)—Stars Spencer Tracy and Virginia Bruce in a fast moving, unusually plotted yarn of a police reporter who reports a murder mystery. The climax daringly upsets Hollywood rules, and to disclose it would spoil the splendid evening's entertainment that awaits those who see *Murder Man*.

**G-Men**—(Warners)—James Cagney leads the federal agents in a smashing drive on gangsters. Swell entertainment and jammed with fast action.

**College Scandal**—(Paramount)—Arline Judge, Wendy Barrie and a batch of juveniles in a grand college murder mystery. So good it surprised the producers. *Don't miss this.*





# Do You Know

## What Shade of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick Will Accent Beauty in Your Face ?

### ★ POWDER

Max Factor's Powder makes your skin satin-smooth...its subtle color harmony shades add alluring radiance. Protects as well as beautifies; aids your skin to be fine-textured and young-looking.

### ★ ROUGE

The flattering color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge are light-tested...maintain their true color. Blends easily, smoothly; gives your skin a delicate, natural glow that lasts for hours.

### ★ LIPSTICK

Being moisture-proof, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick may be applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of your lips giving them an even, harmonized color.

DO YOU know how red a rouge, and what shade of red will accent youthful beauty in your face? Do you know what shade of powder will enliven your skin and give it new alluring beauty? The answer lies in a secret known to lovely screen stars, and a discovery of Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. From his vast experience in creating make-up to meet the exacting demands of the camera, Max Factor has developed the new art of color harmony make-up consisting of powder, rouge, and lipstick blended to emphasize beauty.

Color harmony make-up will accent beauty in your face just as it does for glamorous red-haired Binnie Barnes and other beautiful stars.

If you are a blonde, it will give your face an exquisite romantic charm; if you are a brunette, it will make you fascinatingly beautiful. Color harmony make-up is as effective on one type as another, and may be used with enchanting results by the girl of fifteen, or the matron of fifty.

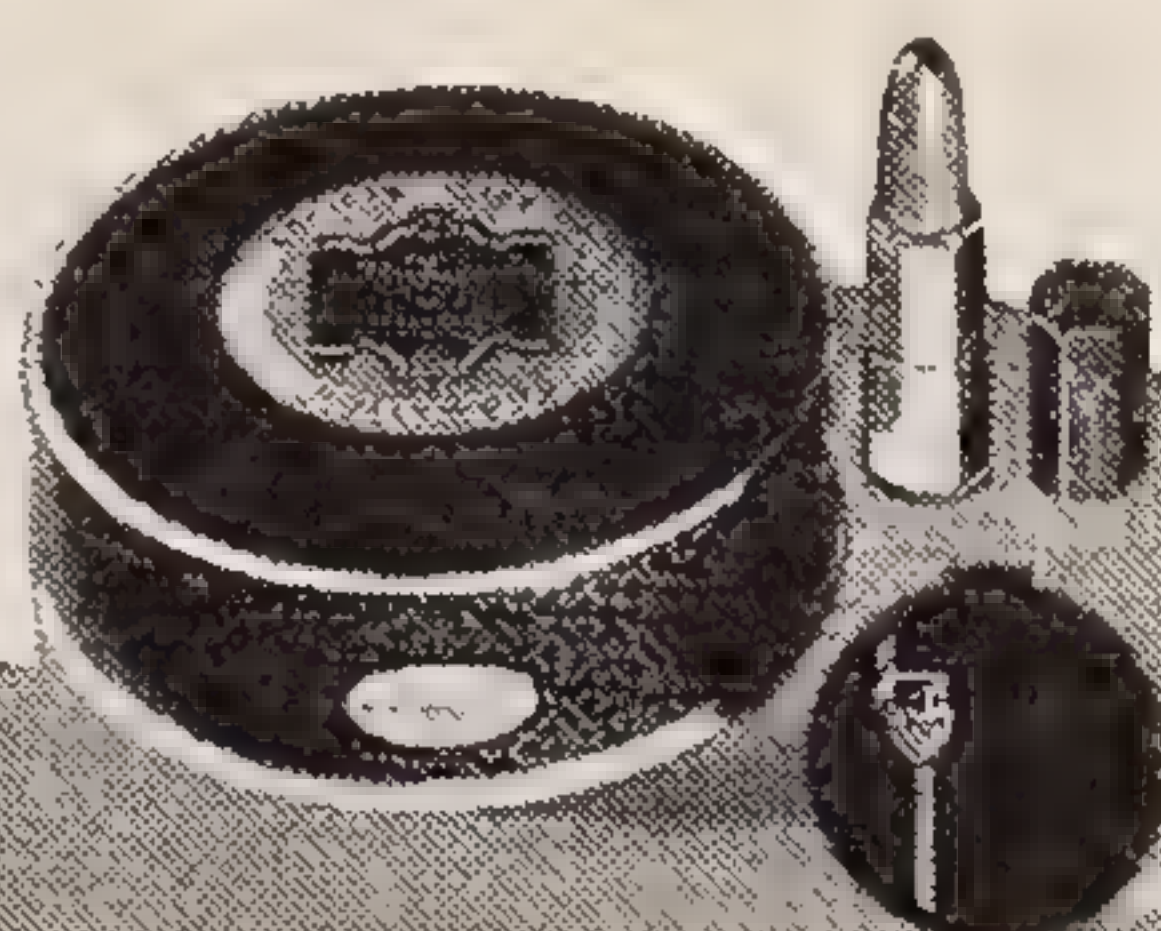
Would you like to see for yourself what an amazing change color harmony powder, rouge, and lipstick will make in your face? Would you like to have Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like a helpful illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" Just mail the coupon below, and all of these will be sent to you.

# Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP—Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

YOU will find Max Factor products at your favorite store. A large box of Max Factor's Face Powder is only one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge is fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Use Max Factor's Make-Up and discover what the loveliest women in the world already know.

©1935 by Max Factor & Co.



### Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:  
Send Purple Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . FREE.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ 5-9-96  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES Color <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		



# Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING  
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

## Maybelline

says DOROTHY HAMILTON  
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood



Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the "Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. B. C. network

**NOTICE** your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, her eyes express her. More than any other feature, your eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive . . . and it is so easy to make them so, instantly, with the pure and harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



All Maybelline Preparations have this approval



BLACK  
BROWN  
BLUE



BLACK OR BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY  
VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE  
BRISTLES

# FAN MAIL

Edited by Harmony Haynes  
Film Player and Novelist



Cornered at the famous Trocadero night club: Renee Torres and Jack Gilbert; Raquel Torres and husband Stephen Ames

## Truth About Fan Clubs

Being a member of a number of fan clubs, including the Federation of Fan Clubs, we have been able to follow developments in this field for years. No one can even guess the total membership of fan clubs all over the world. Practically every important star has fan clubs which regularly meet and enjoy the goodfellowship found in such organizations.

But unhappily fan clubs have a bad name with studios. A promotor could start a fan club, solicit dues, ask the star for financial help, and clean up. This racket reached such pernicious lengths that Paramount, for one, has forbidden its players to sanction clubs. Clubs were used as commercial selling

organizations for everything from soap to perfume, with the membership lists sold as sucker lists. Racketeers who operated these clubs made as much as \$10,000 a month.

Beware, therefore, of a club which charges more than a nominal fee for membership. Don't join them.

## You Are Personally Invited

In starting this new department in Hollywood Magazine we are determined that it will be of the fans, by the fans, and for the fans. It is your own department.

No other magazine has ever attempted a fan mail department such as this, where the millions of fans may

[Continued on page 16]

## FAN MAIL DON'TS

1. Don't gush over stars. Stars would rather have sincere criticism, even if it is adverse, than undue flattery.
2. Don't ask for a personal reply. If your letter is worthy, you will receive a reply without requesting it.
3. Don't ask for pictures without enclosing money to pay for it. Stars receive, on the average, ten thousand requests for pictures each week.
4. Don't write begging letters. The stars are all charitable but they cannot possibly help all who ask for help.
5. Don't ask for clothes. In most cases the clothes worn in pictures belong to the studio.
6. Don't send valuable papers to the stars, such as receipted bills and mortgages, in an effort to prove that you need financial aid. These papers might become lost.
7. Don't send valuable gifts to stars. It is the thought behind the gift and not the value that the stars appreciate.
8. Don't ask the stars to marry you. Sounds like a silly "don't" but stars receive proposals of marriage by mail, daily.
9. Don't ask the stars to get you a job at the studio. Jobs are taken care of by studio executives—not stars.
10. Don't ask for home addresses and personal telephone numbers.
11. Don't try to sell things to the stars. They will not buy through the mails.
12. Don't send scenarios to the stars. They do not buy stories.



ALABAMA GIRL WITH PERFECT TEETH SAYS:

**"Only Listerine Tooth Paste for me...  
it keeps teeth so white and lustrous"**



*You're looking at* Miss Josephine Kidd of Birmingham, Ala., who came to New York on a flying visit but stayed to pursue a successful career as a photographer's and artist's model. Her fine, white teeth—perfect, if you please—won her first job for her.

"Our family has used Listerine Tooth Paste for years," says Miss Kidd. "I think it is the most effective and safest dentifrice I ever used. I give it most of the credit for the healthy condition of my teeth and gums. And it's *so* economical!"

If you've not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so

now. You will be delighted to find out how quickly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth without harming precious enamel. You'll like the sparkle and lustre its modern polishing agents impart to tooth surfaces. And you will welcome that marvelous feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

Listerine TOOTH POWDER . . . . . 2½ oz. 25¢

REGULAR LARGE SIZE **25¢** DOUBLE SIZE **40¢**



# What!



## SHAMPOO THE HAIR Without SUDS?



Yes, foremost Beauticians advise  
this **SOAPLESS Oil Shampoo**  
for a truly beautiful head of hair

### NOTE TRIAL OFFER BELOW

Are you still using old shampoo methods? Still working up a lather; and rinsing your hair endlessly—only to find it growing duller, darker, more lifeless? Then a delightful surprise is awaiting you... A single shampoo with Mar-O-Oil will amaze you. Your hair will instantly become soft and wavy. The true color will glow with a beautiful warmth. A lovely sheen will make alluring highlights dance in your hair. And, if you are bothered with dandruff, watch what happens to it! Mar-O-Oil makes this startling change because it is actually a super shampoo, scalp treatment, and tonic ALL IN ONE. Yet it is easier to apply, easier to rub in, and easier to rinse out... Get a bottle of Mar-O-Oil from your drug or department store. If you do not find it the finest shampoo you have ever used, your money will be refunded in full. Or, mail the coupon with 10c, in stamps or coin, for a regular sized 25c bottle. If you have your hair done at a Beauty Parlor, ask for a Mar-O-Oil Shampoo your next visit.



Magnified hair shaft showing dirt film left on it after improper shampoo.



Magnified hair shaft shampooed with Mar-O-Oil. Note how clean. Not a trace of dirt film left.

**\* MAR-O-OIL**  
*Soapless*  
**OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO**

#### GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER

J. W. MARROW MFG. COMPANY  
Dept. 95, 3037 N. Clark St.  
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your regular sized 25c bottle of Mar-O-Oil for which I enclose 10c in stamps or coin.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_



## Fan Mail

(Continued from page fourteen)

obtain true, unbiased information, concerning clubs, obtaining autographed photos, getting answers to letters to the stars, explaining frankly the do's and don'ts of fan mail writing, all covering, in fact, everything pertaining to this custom which brings more than five hundred thousand letters through the Hollywood postal offices and branches every week.

• • •

### Do Studios and Stars Want Fan Mail?

Just because of what we have said about certain types of fan clubs, don't think that studios and stars do not want fan mail. Your letters are indeed welcome, even though costs are tremendous. These letters are a barometer of public opinion. As such they are invaluable.

More, the stars actually obtain helpful ideas from fan mail. Gary Cooper once told me of a fan who for eight years has guided and helped him with constructive criticism. Claudette Colbert has a fan who for five years has written weekly. They have become intimate friends.

• • •

### Make Your Letter Interesting and Different

The unusual letter is the one that appeals to most stars. It must be well-written and interesting. It should have a purpose. Tell the star something worth while and your chance for an answer increases immeasurably.

Sir Guy Standing received a letter that is an example of something guaranteed not to get an answer. It was from a fan who had seen Sir Guy in *Car 99*. The writer, apparently fascinated by a clever smoke screen device which allowed gangsters to hide their fleeing auto in billowy clouds, asked Sir Guy how he could build one in his own car. The letter, as you may suspect, was from Chicago!

Sir Guy chuckled heartily over the letter, but after that he **IGNORED** it! If you want an answer, say something that makes one worth while.

• • •

HOLLYWOOD Magazine receives hundreds of letters every month from appreciative fans. We invite them from all of you, and promise that they will be carefully read. They may be addressed to the stars or to the editor, dealing with any subject related to the film industry. Culled from this month's mail bag are the following excellent letters:

### A Friendship Renewed

Dear Lyle Talbot:

I have been wanting to send you congratulations for some time but fan letters sent to the studios sometimes have

strange ways of getting lost in the shuffle, so I thought perhaps HOLLYWOOD Magazine might help me out—because, believe it or not, this really is a fan letter. Can you imagine me writing you a fan letter? When we played stock together in Memphis not so many years ago, we both would have howled at the idea. And yet, why not? You were such a good actor, and such a very swell fellow to work with that everyone is tickled pink.

I've heard from several of our old pals who have seen you since you've been in Hollywood, and they all say you haven't changed a bit—the same old Lyle—happy and fun-loving, and working hard.

We are all holding our thumbs for you, and wishing you loads more success.

Can you still do magic tricks?

Elizabeth Carmichael,  
1404 E. Jefferson Ave.,  
Detroit, Mich.

• • •

To old friend Carmichael, Lyle Talbot has asked us to send best wishes. Reminiscences came fast over a lunch table as Lyle read this letter. He was pleased to hear from an old acquaintance, for Actor Talbot has not forgotten stock company days.—Editor.

### March Clicks Again

My dear Fredric March:

The other night I was busily engaged with a juicy steak in a Hollywood restaurant, with one ear cocked on your fifteen minute radio interview (the proprietor had humbly asked if I'd mind!) It was a nice interview, but I was fifty per cent absorbed in the steak until you mentioned your playing of a dual rôle in *Les Misérables*. Immediately I forgot the steak, the shoe string potatoes that went with it, and the strawberry pie that came after. Because—

Recently I came away from *Les Misérables* in transports over a superb piece of acting. Not your Jean Valjean, nor Laughton's Javert. I just took those for granted. It was the forlorn half wit, mistakenly arrested and brought to trial as Valjean—the bewildered vagrant trying to prove the innocence he feels in his befuddled soul and brain. But I had got in too late to read the cast and could not even guess what magnificent actor, new to Hollywood, was making his début back of those whiskers!

What a characterization! The futile gestures—the goofy glint in the eyes—the foolish pleasure at being the center of attention—the helpless awareness of injustice—the inarticulate baffled rage! The whole tragedy of a life, right there before the eyes!

J. G. Anderson,  
Long Beach, Calif.

• • •

Reader Anderson was unusually shrewd as an observer to note that in this scene Actor March was doing his finest piece of work. Many a competent critic overlooked praise in this respect.—Editor.

HOLLYWOOD





"In no other napkin can you find these exclusive Kotex features"

Mary Pauline Callender  
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

### "CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.



### "CAN'T FAIL"

Security at all times... Kotex assures it! A special channeled center guides moisture the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk. Ends twisting. The Kotex filler is 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



### "CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



## And Now! 3 TYPES OF KOTEX

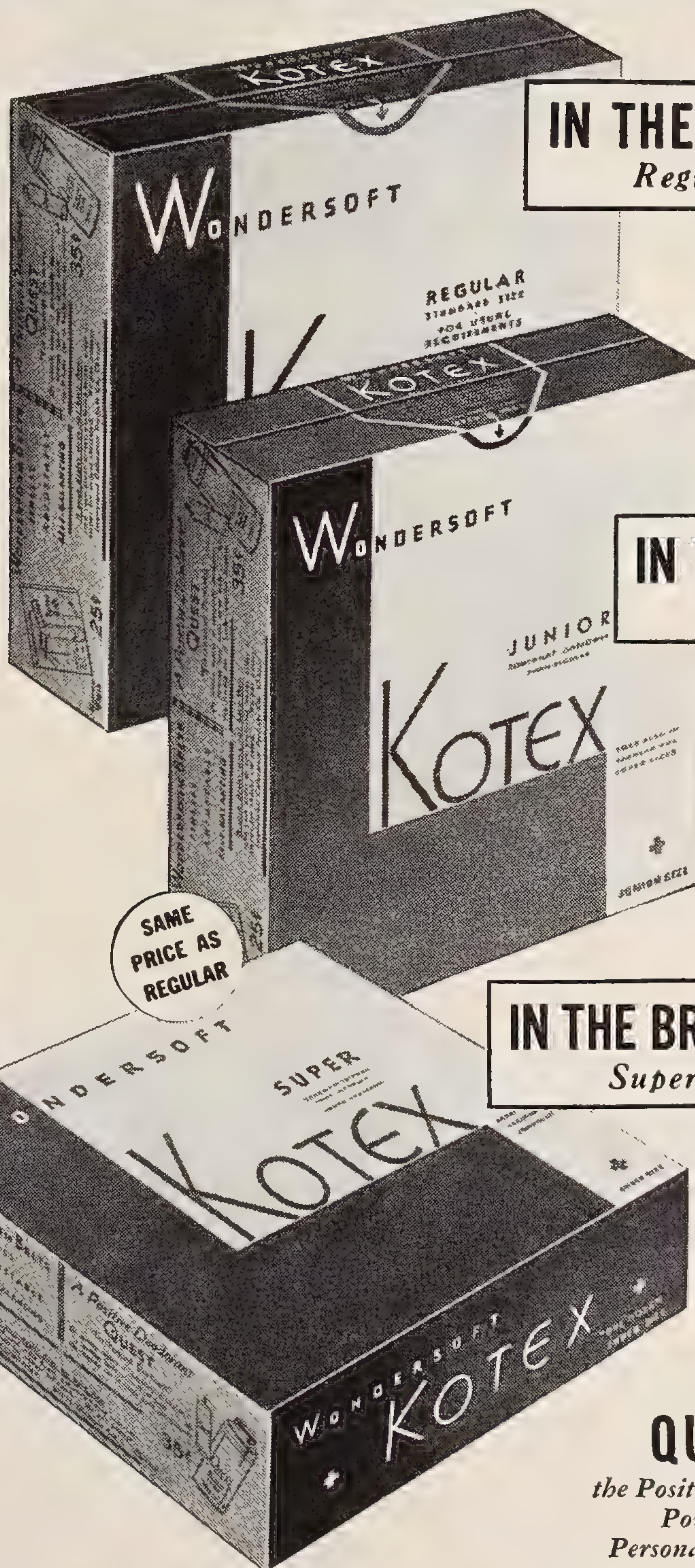
to suit different women  
and for different days

Each type offers all of the exclusive  
Kotex features

NOW a way has been found  
to give you greater comfort  
at times when comfort means so  
much.

There are certain days when you  
require more protection than on  
others. That's why the Kotex  
Laboratories developed three differ-  
ent types of Kotex... the *Regular*,  
the *Junior* (slightly narrower), and  
*Super* which offers extra protection.

Select Kotex, day by day, accord-  
ing to your own personal needs,  
perhaps one type for today, another  
for tomorrow. Some women may  
need all three types of Kotex.  
Discover for yourself what a dif-  
ference this can make in your  
comfort and protection.



### IN THE BLUE BOX Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most  
women, Regular Kotex is  
ideal. Combines full protec-  
tion with utmost comfort.  
The millions who are com-  
pletely satisfied with Regu-  
lar will have no reason to  
change.

### IN THE GREEN BOX Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower—is this  
Junior Kotex. Designed at  
the request of women of  
slight stature, and younger  
girls. Thousands will find it  
suitable for certain days  
when less protection is  
needed.

### IN THE BROWN BOX Super Kotex

For more protection on some  
days it's only natural that  
you desire a napkin with  
greater absorbency. That's  
Super Kotex! It gives you  
that extra protection, yet is  
no longer or wider than  
Regular.

# WONDERSOFT KOTEX

SEPTEMBER, 1935

## QUEST

the Positive Deodorant  
Powder for  
Personal Daintiness

The perfect deodorant powder  
for use with Kotex... and for  
every need! Quest is a dainty,  
soothing powder, safe to use.  
Buy Quest when you buy Kotex  
—only 35c.







Harry Carr, noted columnist and featured HOLLYWOOD Magazine writer, snapped during a chat with Cesar Romero

# Shooting Script



Gladys Swarthout, photographed at a recent filmland party, will soon make her screen debut. Seated beside the famous opera singer are Edwin G. Robinson; her husband, Frank Chapman; and Frank Morgan. Francis Lederer is standing

## Becky Sharp

IF THE STANDARDS of color photography such as are shown in *Becky Sharp* can be maintained in the ordinary run of pictures, it looks as though the movies are due for another revolution as sensational as the advent of the talkies.

It was a superb spectacle and the color lifted the drama into heights seldom achieved in black and white.

Mamoulian, the director, recognized that color has an emotional value of its own; that scarlet and crimson are emotional colors so he dashed red uniforms all through the ball room for the scene of the night before Waterloo.

The main obstacle to general use of color is the expense; the footage costs two to three times as much as ordinary film and the equipment is almost prohibitive. A color camera costs \$15,000—the kind that uses three colors. But then, the Harry Payne Whitney millions are back of *Becky Sharp*.

## Regular Prince

His Highness, Prince Sigvard Bernadotte, who tossed over his chance to be on the throne of Sweden for a nice girl and a job at M-G-M is still a prince by virtue of the way he behaves. Having faithfully plugged along as a technical director on a *Tarzan* picture, he is turning actor in the same picture. The royal boy will get along. He is not spoiled, and he seems to have a consuming ambition to succeed.

## Naval Warfare

Lupe Velez and her Johnny have bought a sailing yacht, and the remainder of their battles will be carried on by sea. Back seat driving in a sail boat usually leads to murder or some such violence. But on the other hand there isn't much to throw during domestic outbreaks on a yacht—except boat hooks, belaying pins and life boats.

## Dick Comes Back

We have kissed Dick Barthelmess a fond goodbye many times; but he always comes back with colors flying.

The back end frontwards way of presenting the story in *Four Hours to Kill* kept it from being a really top-side picture, but Dick has never done anything finer than the character of this condemned murderer waiting in a theatre for a train to take him to the gallows.

## Nerve

Being as how an old California story, *Adios*, all but wrecked Barthelmess on the screen, one offers prayers for *Rose of the Rancho* in which Gladys Swarthout will soon make her screen debut.

Stories of the rancho days of California are dangerous. For those who live here, they have compelling charm but for some reason they do not seem real to audiences in other parts of the country.

I understand that this one which of course is to be a single, was mostly filmed at the old mission San Juan

Baptista where the events of the story are supposed to have happened. In real life the Rose was Antonia De Castro, a famous belle who is buried in the shadows of the mission.

## Green Pastures

The Warner Brothers have surprised every one by buying *The Green Pastures* at the whacking price of \$100,000, and by selecting Max Reinhardt to direct it.

Although Herr Reinhardt is an artist of the highest worth, I don't see how any foreigner can understand the peculiar psychology of the down-South Negro, and to straddle the fine line between simple faith and farce.

That would seem to have been a job for King Vidor.

## Doug and Mary

Another meeting between Douglas and Mary occurred when they joined with other stockholders to consider the situation confronting United Artists.

Douglas for awhile considered taking \$750,000 in cash to step out of United Artists. Apparently he has changed his mind. Meanwhile, Mary scorns to quit. She refuses to cut the last tie that binds her to her career.

Mary has all kinds of plans as a producer. So far they haven't gotten anywhere, but the recent United Artists shake-up probably will force her into action.

I have always felt that Douglas would end up on an English country estate with a butler who wears large buttons and had mutton chop whiskers.

[Continued on page 48]



# Charlie Rhodes, Hollywood's

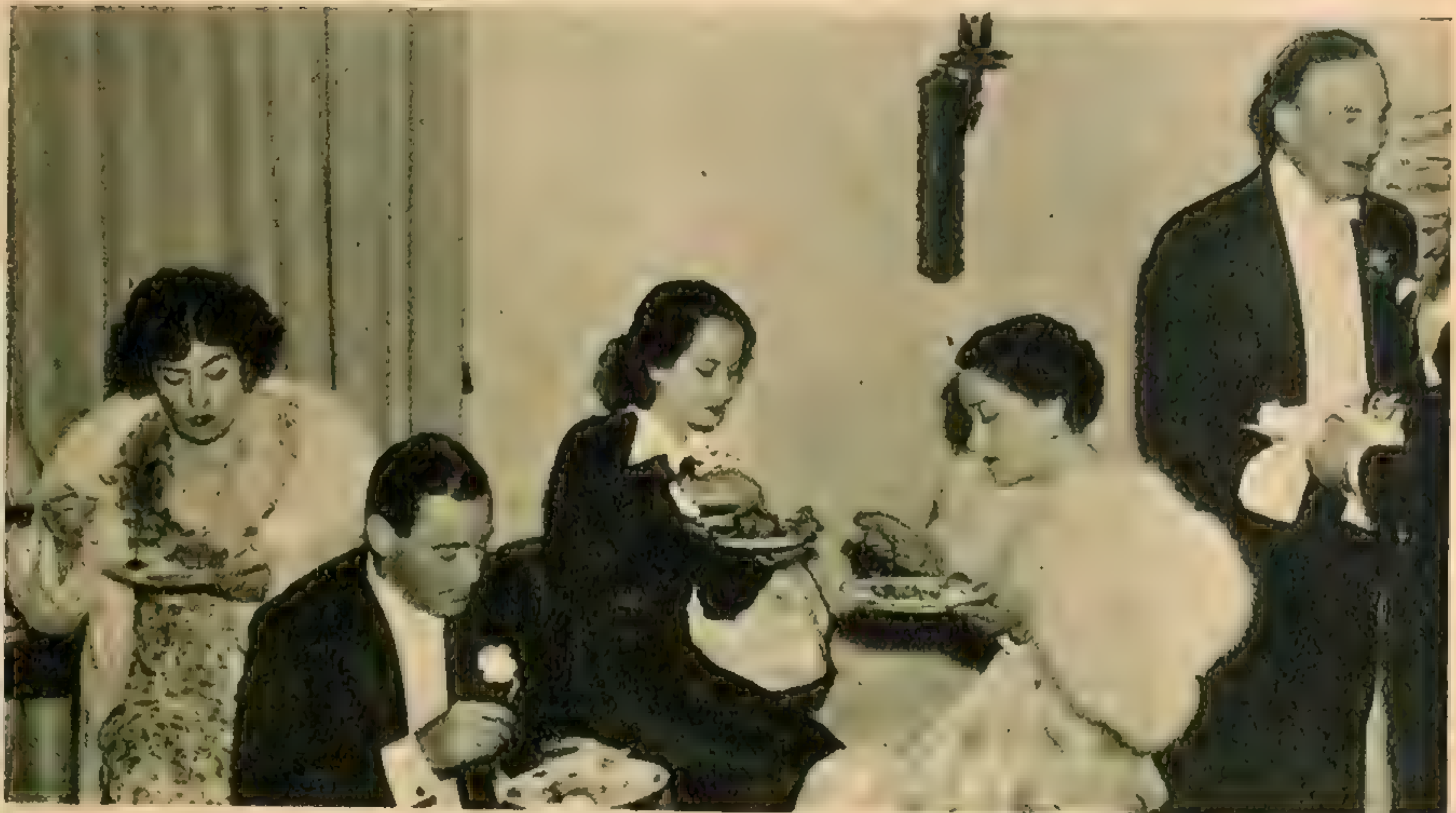
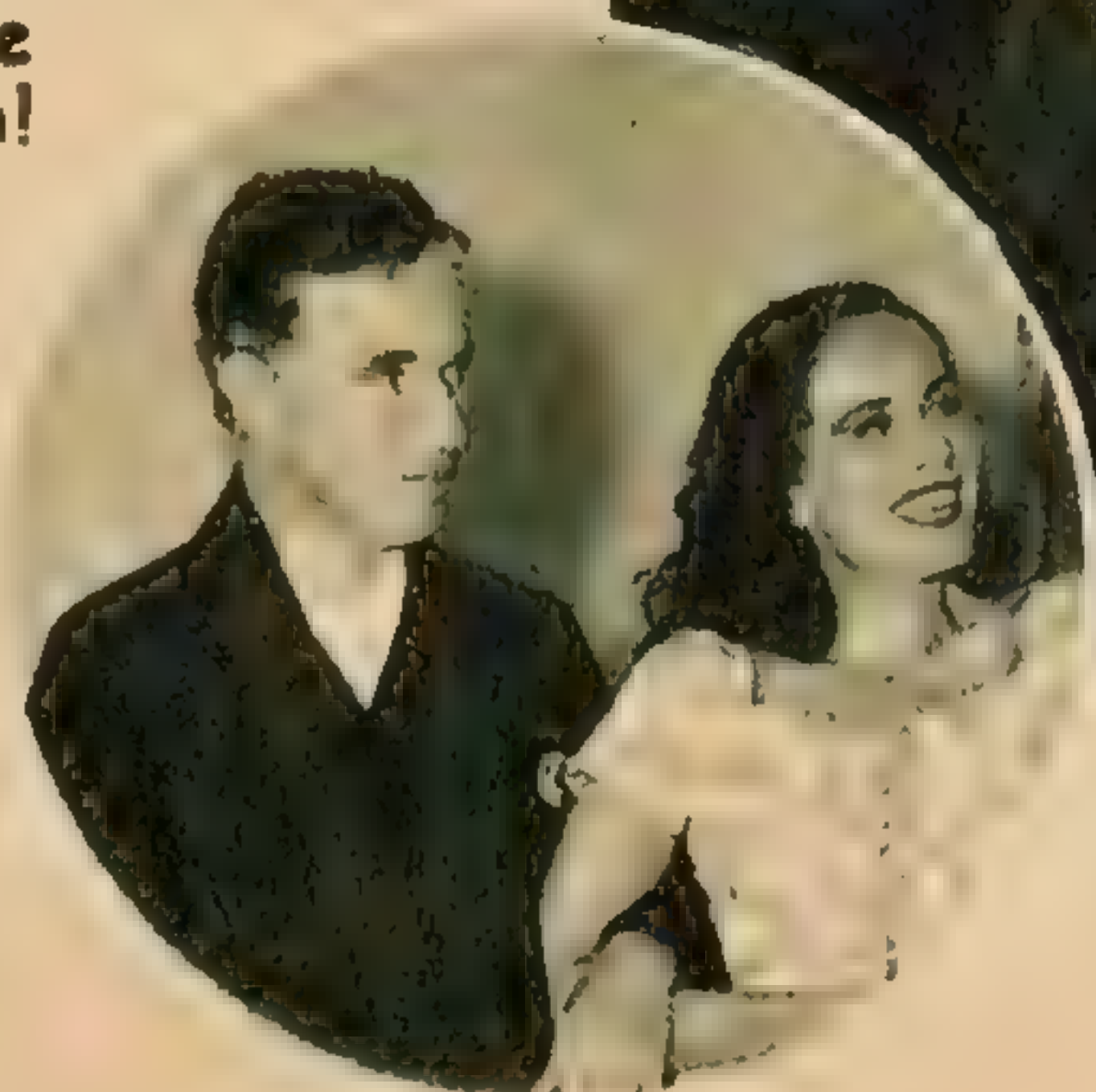
# Candid cameraman, in the rôle of EYE-WITNESS



I had to crash the District Attorneys' convention to snap this picture showing a couple of my favorites as pals of the law! Lyle Talbot and Mae West with District Attorney Buron Fitts, of Los Angeles county. In circle: Johnny Weismuller and wife, Lupe Velez at the prize fights



Stuart Erwin had nothing but dirty looks for Russell Gleason when Russ stepped between Stuart and June Collyer at Pat O'Brien's barbecue party. I got this picture and ran!



When Alan Mowbray threw a party for officers of the H.M.S. "Danea", a lot of film folk went nautical. Here you see Constance Collier, Herbert Marshall, Merle Oberon, Gloria Swanson and host



I found many unusual costumes at a party given by Countess Di Frasso. She is pictured here with Marlene Dietrich, the swan



Hugh Herbert's finger gestures provided a lot of laughs at the Warner party. I caught a shot of him teaching the art to Joan Blondell and William Gargan, on the left. In circle, Charlie Chaplin with Paulette Goddard at a recent party





"All my life, I've had a hunger in my heart . . . a hunger to love and be loved."

You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS  
by RAY HENDERSON  
America's Number 1 Songsmith!  
"When I Grow Up"  
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"  
"The Simple Things In Life"  
"It's All So New To Me"  
"Curly Top"

# Preview

from the latest hits of

**"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN . . . SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!**

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And . . . SURPRISE! . . . Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley . . . and that means tops in entertainment *for the whole family!*

## Shirley TEMPLE IN 'CURLY TOP'

with  
**JOHN BOLES**  
**ROCHELLE HUDSON**  
**JANE DARWELL**

Produced by Winfield Sheehan  
Directed by Irving Cummings

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."





# Flashes

your favorite stars!

*by Jerry Halliday*

**JANET GAYNOR  
AND  
HENRY FONDA  
IN  
The FARMER  
TAKES a WIFE**

Charles Bickford    Roger Imhof  
Slim Summerville    Jane Withers  
Andy Devine    Margaret Hamilton

Produced by Winfield Sheehan  
Directed by Victor Fleming  
Screen Play by Edwin Burke

From Max Gordon's Stage Play • Authors  
Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly • Based on  
the novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds

#### A STAR OVERNIGHT

... Henry Fonda zooms to stardom as the son of the soil who works on the canal to earn money for a farm.

#### JANET GAYNOR SCORES

the greatest performance of her career as the fiery canal boat girl who accuses the man she loves of COWARDICE!



**FOX**

## YOU... who loved "State Fair"... HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time... when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways... this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march... when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper... while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!



# BRINGING UP



Shirley's bottle of cold milk is the drink that refreshes her during work at the studio



Shirley's friends find the little star good company on the set. Below, Shirley shines up to her director, David Butler



"YOU MAY DRINK," said Mrs. George Temple, firmly, "down to there—no farther."

"There" was marked by a row of lettering on a bottle of Coca-Cola in the hands of a diminutive, curly-headed individual nattily attired in a man's overcoat approximately eight sizes too large, a derby hat ditto, and a pair of spectacles which, for the same reason, kept sliding down over a very neat but ineffectual nose.

Came muffled tones from small lips already busy with a straw: "Yes. Mommy."

Glub. One inch gone already. . . . Glub. The row of letters was reached all too soon.

Glub. "Shirley Temple! How much did I say you might drink?"

The derby-hatted one relinquished the bottle, regretfully—"You SAID only down to the letters, but I slipped a little. . . ."

Mrs. Temple bit her lip. "I see. . . . Well, slips do happen, sometimes, but—" meaningly, "they must not happen too often."

"Okay, Mommy," said Miss Temple and, tilting the derby over one eye, she shuffled back on the *Curly Top* set, kicking the overcoat out behind as a duchess would her train.

There ended my first graphic example of how Gertrude Temple is bringing up Shirley. I made an entry in my notebook:

*Rule No. 1: She has been taught to OBEY.*

All of this happened as they were shooting that scene in *Curly Top* wherein Shirley dresses up in overcoat, hat and spectacles belonging to a trustee of the orphan home where she is living—Trustee John Boles, to be exact.

Being a Shirley Temple fan, I have seen all of her pictures, but I never have seen that kid look quite as bewitching as she did in that outfit, spectacles and all. Everyone else on the set thought so, too. Correction: Practically everyone. Shirley, herself, was more interested in an intricate picture coloring project which engaged her attention between shots, and while Mrs. Temple may have thought her daughter looked more than a bit on the adorable side, she kept the idea well to herself.

● SHE BELIEVES in doing that. "I never praise nor compliment Shirley about her work or her personality," she has told me more than once. "I want to keep her natural and sweet. I praise her for being a good little girl but that is all. She isn't vain and affected, now, and I intend to see that she doesn't become so."



BREEZY POINT LODGE  
BREEZY POINT, MINN.

*No story I have read about my favorite star catches her dirty personality quite so well as this one.*  
W.H. Fawcett  
Publisher

HOLLYWOOD'S Publisher, Capt. W. H. Fawcett, is not afraid to play favorites when it comes to Shirley Temple!

At this point, I made another entry: *Rule No. 2: Shirley is not spoiled with praise.*

Mrs. Temple and I sat quietly on the sidelines a good deal during the filming of *Curly Top*. That is, she sat there all the time when Shirley was working and I when I could. We would talk casually, she and I, sometimes about the picture but usually about Shirley. Any mother likes to talk about her children. Gertrude Temple—rather tall, symmetrically built; black-haired, blue-eyed; a pleasant, unassuming person—is no exception, of course. But I don't think you can be with her an hour without realizing that her joy in motherhood is because Shirley is a winsome, healthy and happy little girl and not because she is a great screen star.

"Of course, Shirley's success in pictures has made life financially easier and more comfortable for all of us. Of course we are thrilled and proud. Of course I am glad it happened. But still, I am a domestic sort of person. I like to keep house and go to market and make my little girl's clothes and I could do it all again if it became necessary," she said on one of these occasions.

"What could make it necessary?" I asked her.

She answered quickly. "Why, Shirley's leaving pictures, perhaps." She hurried on as I started to protest against this calamity. "Don't misunderstand me. I cannot see that this will ever happen. Nevertheless, we would take her away from the camera forever if we saw her career—it seems funny to attach such a high-sounding word to such a little girl, doesn't it?—was injuring her in any way. If we saw it was threatening her health or happiness. If we saw it was making her vain or unnatural. If we saw it was de-



# SHIRLEY TEMPLE

by Marian Rhea

priving her of her right to a normal, wholesome life. . . ."

She paused, and I jotted down Rule No. 3 for bringing up Shirley to wit:

*Health comes first.*

"At present, this career is all to the good," she went on. "Shirley adores coming to the studio. Any child loves make-believe and that is all it is to her. Out there on the set—" with an eye toward a group composed of Shirley, derbied and overcoated, Etienne Girardot, playing a cantankerous asylum superintendent, John Boles, handsome as usual, and a couple of others—"they are playing a game. Listen!"

"Now, Mr. Girardot is going to pretend he is a bad old man and mean to little girls," Irving Cummings, the director, was telling Shirley.

● SHIRLEY THOUGHT that was a fine idea. "An' I'll pretend I feel bad about it," she informed him.

That's all there was to it. Cameras swung into place. The whistle blew. The game was on. In a minute, however, something happened. Shirley's glasses fell off, a mishap which tickled her funny bone smartly. Chortling mightily, she picked them up and put them on, only to have them slide off again.

She rocked with laughter. "Those ol' glasses, they jus' fall off all the time!" she informed those assembled.

"But you'll TRY to keep them on?" insinuated Director Cummings.

"'Course I will, but I don't think it'll do a bit of good," she told him. She appeared to be right, too. Plop went the glasses on the floor again.

"Jus' can't do a thing with 'em," remarked Shirley, guilelessly.

At this point, however, Mrs. Temple took a hand.

"Shirley," she said, quietly, "aren't you wiggling your nose just the least little bit?"

Shirley considered. "I don't THINK I am," she said, judiciously.

"Well, you'd better make sure," her mother told her. . . .

The glasses didn't fall off any more.

Mrs. Temple turned back to me. "She's an awful tease," she said. "She's doing things like that all the time, the little minx. However, she really is a pretty good little girl. She always has been. She was no trouble when she was a baby and has never been destructive nor sulky nor deceitful.

"I have," she said, "a theory as to the reason for her tractability. You see, she was a wanted child. My two

boys were practically grown and I longed for a little girl to care for and enjoy. So I had Shirley. I think that the basis of her unusually sweet disposition is the fact that so much affection was waiting for her.

"Faults? Her major one is that delight in teasing someone. You saw how she carried on with Mr. Cummings about the glasses. Well, she teases her brothers in the same way. She is inclined to bother them when they are studying and she wants to tag along when they are going places, much like any small sister does. They don't like it, sometimes. She's not a star to them. She's often a little nuisance.

"She has a dog, too, by the name of Roddy, that she seems to think should have the same privileges—perhaps more—than members of the family. But I disagree with her about that and so Roddy keeps his place.

"It is hard to correct her because her misdemeanors are such little ones, after all. But I know I must. I know that if she is a willful, spoiled little girl the fault is mine, not hers. I can always reason with her and the fact that she is inevitably so very, very sorry when she has been wrong makes things easier."

● THIS SEEMED to be about the time for another notation. I made it still smiling over the spectacles episode.

Rule No. 4: *Shirley is not allowed to get away with anything.* Meaning she may like to tease, but she doesn't fool her mother.

I changed the subject, then, and asked about Shirley's future. "What kind of a life do you want her to have? What do you want her to do?" I queried.

She answered slowly. "You may be surprised when I tell you I haven't so many concrete plans. How can one look ahead very far in any but a general way?

"It seems to me that Shirley can go on as she is now, perhaps indefinitely—going to school here on the lot when she is making a picture, perhaps having private teachers when she is not. Of course, I don't see how we can send her to public school if she continues to be a star, because the public does not—cannot, I suppose—treat such people naturally.

"But she can get her education just the same. And she can travel, at least by automobile. To go places by train or boat is simply too strenuous. People love her and [Continued on page 65]



Resting for a day at a nearby farm, Shirley found the pig pen a point of major interest



Circus day was a big event for Shirley, but Father and Mother Temple enjoyed it, too. Below, Shirley in a scene with John Boles







# JEANETTE MACDONALD'S MOST THRILLING MOMENTS

The moon shone down on the sauerkraut supper . . . Jeanette, the child, arose to sing, and then she discovered stark terror!

by  
ELIZABETH  
BORTON

## The Command Story

**I**F ONE'S LIFE story and character are really and essentially just the story of his personal discoveries, then my life began when I was about four banging on a toy piano on our front porch, with Mr. Natick, the paralyzed man in the wheelchair, on the porch of the adjoining house, looking on," said Jeanette MacDonald.

One of the most versatile and sparkling of cinema's singing actresses, Jeanette, in satin lounging clothes, with the scent of many dozens of cut roses close around her in the warm, luxuriously furnished room, is difficult to associate with the sort of childhood she describes—Elk's suppers at which she sang as a child and sauerkraut high school festivals.

Yet the light of candid humor in her green eyes, her careless sincerity, her laughter—these make you believe her. Besides, there is a sort of detail which marks any story as authentic. So Jeanette MacDonald's account of her personal discoveries is vibrant with truth and with a half-amused, half-tender interest in herself. . . .

"I never made the discovery that I had a voice or could be a singer. I always sang. I was something of a child prodigy . . . not the dreadful kind,

really. Not the pale, limp kind, who understand Wagner when they are three and win chess tournaments. No, I had a fresh clear voice and my adoring older sister taught me, parrot-fashion, to warble things like the 'Jewel Song' from Faust, and 'The Kiss.' I also sang 'John Took Me Round to See His Mother,' and other numbers that the gentlemen used to like. I can see them, clapping, their fat cigars in their

This Command Story is the editor's compliance to your written demand. Write now, naming your next subject

mouths all the time. I sang for church festivities, and for the Shriners, and the Woodmen of the World. They thought I was wonderful.

"But, I remember so vividly—even before I was a prima donna of eight, in demand at banquets—the moment when I decided that I would be a successful singer. It was on the porch, playing my toy piano. I was singing, and poor Mr. Natick lay with closed eyes in the wheelchair where he lived.

I didn't think it extraordinary that he never walked. I accepted him as he was, inactive, thoughtful—a sort of a man on wheels. Poor soul. My mother came out to shh me. 'You'll bother Mr. Natick,' she said. 'Be quiet.' But he opened his eyes and said to her, 'Oh, let her sing. I like it. And besides, she is going to do things with that singing some day.'"

● AROUND HER As we talked were the clean pale walls of her beautiful living-room. She has recently moved into Brentwood, into a new home. The rose-red carpet threw a glow like firelight into her animated face. Outside the sun shone on the sweep of green lawn and the blue water in her swimming pool.

"Curious, isn't it," she mused, "that I can't remember when my ambition began really, but I can remember Mr. Natick, on the little porch in his chair, and his thin pallid face. . . .

"Little by [Continued on page 64]



# A New Log of THE BOUNTY



Charles Laughton, as Captain Bligh, is 55 pounds lighter than he was as Ruggles



The new Bounty, under sail off Santa Catalina, thrills the heart

Clark Gable, mate of the Bounty, calls the crew

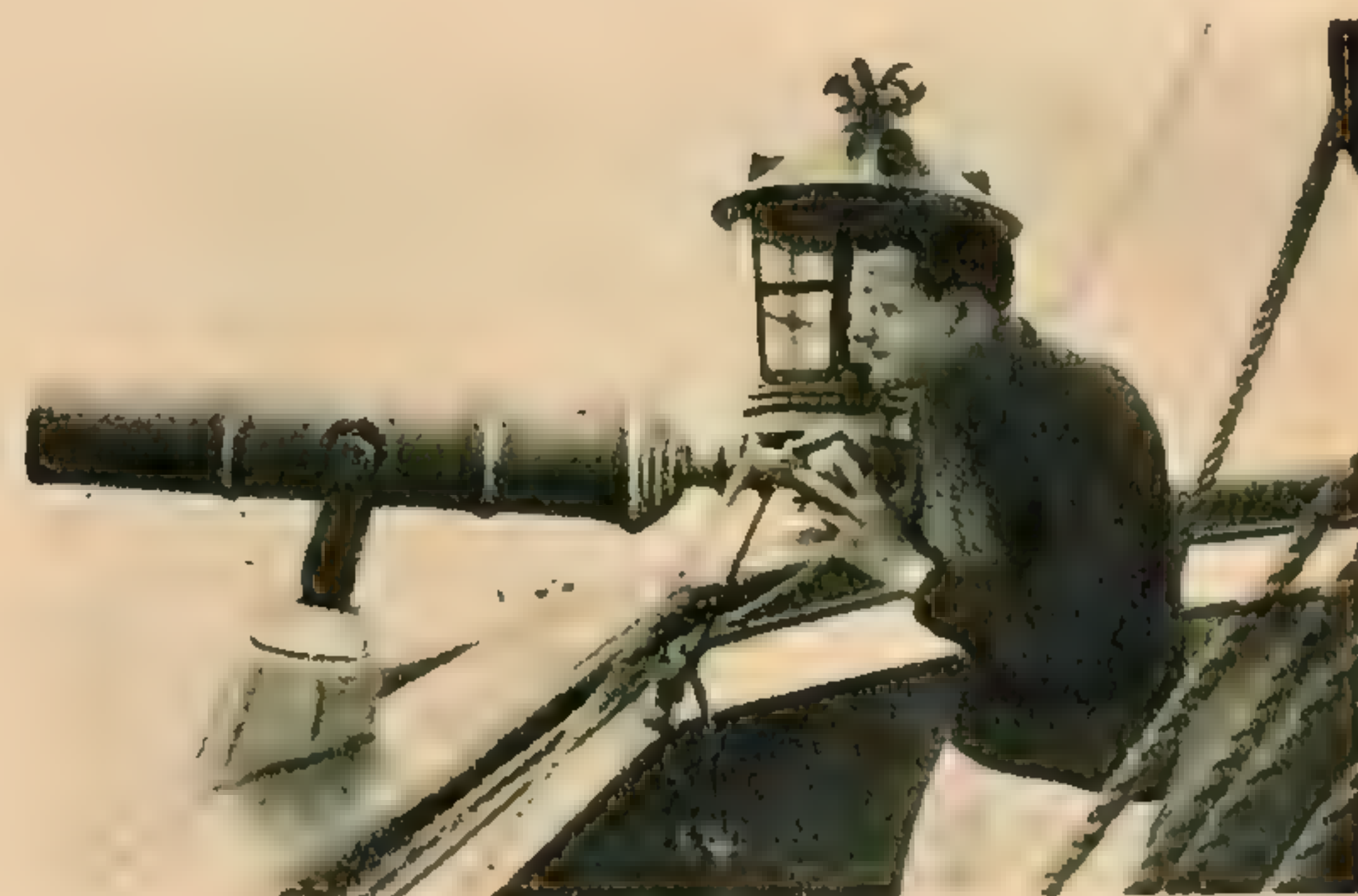
by JACK SMALLEY

A NEW TALE, of another *Bounty*, could be written around the adventures of that sore-beset crew filming this grand tale for Metro, for all of them, from Director Frank Lloyd on, have stories to tell of trials and tribulations.

But it all is well worth it, for without question here, in *Mutiny of the Bounty*, will be one of the greatest pictures ever contrived. I have lately returned from a cruise on this new *Bounty*, royally entertained by its builder, young James Havens, and found everyone as pleased as Punch with what has been accomplished.

And strange it is to compare the new *Bounty* with the old. One hundred and fifty years have gone by since hammers first rang in Spithead as His Majesty's ship, the *Bounty*, was building. Three years it took to finish her—the new one, even with the delay of a shipyard's strike, was done in three months, and had modern engines installed to boot.

[Continued on page 63]



The author sights the swivel gun at a shark off the *Bounty's* poop

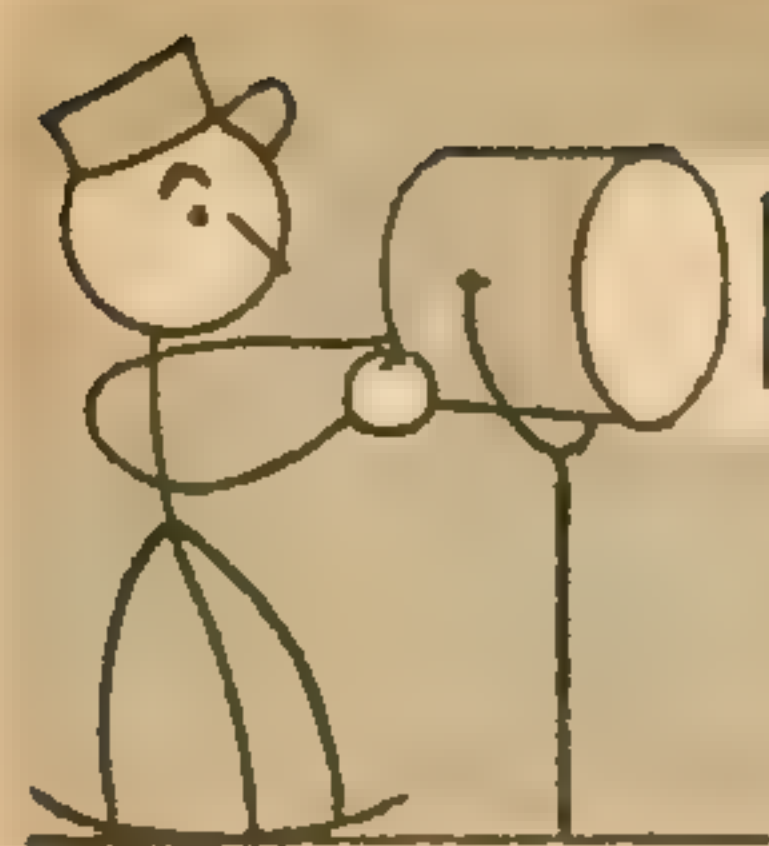


Looking down from the mainmast upon Gable, Laughton, and others in the cast of the *Bounty*



High drama—that dagger signals Tone that the verdict is death





# HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHTS

## Indian Uprising

It had been a long, hard day for Ralph Bellamy, Chester Morris, Johnny Mack Brown and their wives at the San Diego Exposition, what with signing autographs, visiting the Hall of Fame and the hundreds of attractions. Somewhat wearily the distinguished group arrived at the Indian village for an impressive ceremony. Ralph Bellamy was to be given an Indian name and made a brother of the tribe by Chief Thunder Cloud. It was a proud moment for Ralph when he became "Chenowah," meaning warrior and poet, after a noted Sioux Chief. After the ceremonies at long length were concluded, Mrs. Bellamy plucked her husband's arm.

"Chief Chenowah," she said plaintively, "can Squaw Tired-Of-Walking go home now?"



## A Million For Shirley

Those who are worrying about Shirley Temple's future, and fearing that the inevitable approach of awkward adolescence may cut short all too soon her chance to earn her just rewards, may rest content. Happily enough, Shirley Temple has become a name of great magic in fields commercial, and what with Shirley dolls, dresses, cut-out books, toys, picture books and so on, royalties paid the child are reaching astonishing proportions. She is, in fact, a major industry. Thousands of people gained employment because of her popularity; in one year her reve-

nues from manufacturers has reached \$350,000, and next year should place her in the millionaire ratings of Dun and Bradstreet. A doll book paid her \$15,000 the first two weeks it went on sale, making her salary of \$1,200 a week look like small potatoes.

These tidy sums are thriftily put away by Banker George Temple. Shirley, meanwhile, has her own notions of finance. During the filming of *Curly Top*, John Boles gave her a nickel. Having no pocket, she had to give it to Mother Temple to keep for her. Then she approached John, whom she adores.

"Mother got my nickel," she said. "Isn't it too bad? Now I haven't any nickel." She waited. "I said I haven't got that nickel any more, Mr. Boles."

John took the hint. She got another nickel.



## Familiar Eyes

They were taking tests on the Universal lot. A number of young men and women who were lucky enough to rate screen shots were going through their scenes.

Finally a petite, black-haired girl stepped before the camera and began enacting a brief scene. There was a career at stake and she was just a little nervous. She was supposed to drop her hat on an end table and her purse on a chair. She reversed the procedure, and the purse knocked off an ash tray with a loud bang.

They went through the scene again, but this time her voice cracked with

nervousness. They gave her a glass of water, and she promptly romped through the scene in great style.

She was just an extra, taken from the ranks of *Storm Over the Andes*, but there was something instantly recognizable about her. Especially her eyes. Jack LaRue's eyes, unmistakably. There was the key to her identity—she was Emily LaRue, Jack's "Kid" sister. Universal thinks it has a "find."



## Mundin's Mutiny

Herbert Mundin, that clever H'English comic (Barkis is willing!) is playing the cook aboard the *Bounty*. While the company filming the *Mutiny* was "marooned" on the Catalina isthmus for three weeks, Herbert begged and begged for permission to hire a boat and cross over to Long Beach. After a week of pestering, Director Frank Lloyd finally asked him why he was so insistent. Clark Gable and Charlie Laughton, Lloyd pointed out, were making no such demands, and they, too, were men of affairs.

Mundin finally confessed: "I want to go see a movie!"



## Pie Comedy

Joan Crawford got a yen for some of that pumpkin pie her mother used to bake, and after talking about those yummy pies for several days during the filming of *Glitter*, Brian Aherne asked her why [Continued on page 63]



Pow-wowing at the California Pacific International Exposition in San Diego: Mrs. Bellamy, Chester Morris, Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, Chief Thunder Cloud, Johnny Mack Brown and Ralph Bellamy





# Nelson Eddy's "Glory Road"

**N**ELSON EDDY, WHO sang the romantic leading part in *Naughty Marietta*, and made the most sensational hit that has ever been known, in one picture, by any romantic leading man, could be singing in the New York Metropolitan Opera Company! But he won't do it! Because he doesn't think he's good enough!

His fan mail has suddenly jumped from a small number of letters, which he had received from people who had seen him while he was on concert tours, to the astonishing number of nine thousand a month.

"I could go to the Metropolitan right now. I've had an offer to do it, but I know I'm not ready for it. I haven't had enough training and experience," Nelson Eddy said.

Think of that from the man who created such a sensational overnight hit in *Naughty Marietta*! It takes a man as truly great as Nelson Eddy is to believe in his own limitations as he does. He undoubtedly feels as Thomas Edison did—that there is no substitute for hard work. And Nelson Eddy has never tried to find a substitute for hard work.

"The work and study that I have done, was not only worth while, but absolutely necessary, for in order to become a concert singer, you must spend years in work and study," Nelson remarked.

● YOU PROBABLY WONDER if he prefers working in pictures because it gives him a much larger audience, than he would have on the concert stage or radio. It doesn't make any difference to him, as long as he can keep busy.

"I can't say that I prefer working in pictures to the concert stage or radio work," he said. "I like all of them. But the one thing I don't like about picture work is the forced idleness, between pictures.

"When I'm not working they tell me to go home and play. I don't want to play. I've been used to working twelve and fourteen hours a day, and when practically all my interest in life is work, when I have a lot of idle time on my hands, playing around doesn't appeal to me, for I have never been in the habit of wasting time."



Nelson enjoys outdoor sports, particularly yachting. But he finds his real contentment only in hard work. He is a lover of dogs

So you can see that the so called lucky break Nelson Eddy has had was really the result of hard work.

It is true that he had played only two small parts in the two years that he had been under contract to M-G-M before he was given the lead in *Naughty Marietta*. And many people probably wonder why a man of his talent was not given greater opportunity, in better rôles. They might think that the studio failed to recognize outstanding talent when they had it right on their own lot. But such was not the case, for they were well aware of the marvelous voice and the acting ability which Nelson Eddy possessed.

They were merely waiting for a suitable vehicle for him. One that would be worthy of his talents. And then they realized that they had found it in *Naughty Marietta*.

"I thought at one time that all you had to do to become a great singer was

to be able to sing the scales, a couple of ballads and an aria, and you had arrived," Nelson remarked as he lit a cigaret. "But I found to my sorrow that a repertoire such as that did not mean a direct route to the operatic stage. For I sang those two ballads and an aria, and when the audience called for an encore, I had to sing one of the songs over again, which was not so good."

● YOUNG PEOPLE WHO are studying singing will be interested to hear what he thinks about the greatest mistakes young, ambitious, students of voice culture make in preparation of their careers.

"Many young singers make the same mistake that I made," Nelson says. "They think that they can gain success without the proper amount of study, time and effort. And time is a very important element. You simply can't hurry [Continued on page 62]





# Bette Davis—

## Duse of the Dunes



Just as intimately informal as this snapshot is our story about Bette, by a friend

**W**HENEVER YOU RING the doorbell at Bette Davis' house, you invariably feel a little tinge of nervous excitement; it's rather like that moment before you walk onto a set to play a scene, a mild form of "stage-fright." Upon being ushered into the living-room, where Bette and Harmon O. ("Ham") Nelson are waiting, you always try to "get the jump on them," by asking at once: "Good evening, my chuck, who are we this evening, and where do we live?"

The response to this abrupt greeting is apt to be anything from "How yo'-all, honey-chile" . . . "Ello, laddie" . . . to "My deah Mr. Watson, chawmed!" That's all the cue that is necessary; then you should know what to expect. Since most of Bette's picture-rôles are "character" and usually dialectic to some degree, she keeps her ear and tongue limber by practicing the speech attitude of her current part.

During the filming of *Cabin in the Cotton*, one almost felt that her Hollywood home had become a house in the "dear old Southland." The most extraordinary period, however, was the

Of *Human Bondage* era. To walk into a lovely room, where everything is so tastefully appointed, and to hear a crass cockney-accent being ejaculated was something of a shock as well as very amusing.

This sounds rather "amateurish" and "artistic" when read in print, but Bette has a good reason for this style of vocal and linguistic calisthenics. She has explained it thusly:

"If you have any feeling for dialectics, it isn't very hard to obtain a parrot-like reading of your lines. It just takes practice, but there is always one stumbling-block: you never know when a scene is going to be re-written, and at any time the director may give you some new lines, which you've never seen before.

That sounds logical enough, doesn't it? And it dispels the stigma of "little art theatre" which the reader may have induced.

● A SHORT TIME ago, we went with Bette out to the night-club where Ham's orchestra was playing. We sat at a table [Continued on page 61]

### The Kibitzing Caddy

»

»

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»

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### IRENE DUNNE



"You look like a strong, silent man. Pick them up, caddy"



"Haven't I seen you in the movies, lady?"



"Say, wat's the name of your latest pictchoor?"



# Jack Benny's Television Blues

**H**E HAS A DATE every Sunday night with five million girls, but this does not make Jack Benny a gay Lothario. He can't see them and he certainly can't count their noses, yet we have it on the authority of NBC studios that Benny is the No. 1 date buster of the nation. When he's on the air the boy friends must shush.

What bothers Jack Benny about all this is not what the impatient boy friends think of their rival, but the fact that it won't be long before those girls will not only hear him, but SEE him.

You guessed it—television is rearing its ugly head in the peace of Benny's existence. He had it on his mind when we went to see him the other day at Metro, where he is in the spotlight as the main attraction of their super-feature, *Broadway Melody of 1936*.

When Mr. Benny of the Jell-O Benny's is troubled, a few wisps of pepper gray hair stand askew from where he habitually scratches his scalp a little NE of his right ear:

Television is bothering him, no question about it. He's been reading about the three big new television stations now building in Canada, not to mention the stations already going in this country.

"Believe it or not," says Jack, a semi-smile playing over his face, "but this television business has more angles

in it than a geometry book. Some of the angles offer a lot of swell possibilities. For instance, there is an excellent chance of improving on radio comedy. Up to now we have had to depend on innate humor and catchy delivery to get the laughs. Pretty soon we will have our faces to help us. At least, we hope they'll be of some help."

● BENNY LEANS over his chair and scrutinizes himself in a nearby mirror. He shakes his head sadly.

"I dunno," he says, "doesn't seem like my face should do me much good. Unless it comes to making faces. I used to be pretty good at that when I was on the stage."

He glances at the mirror again and



Jack Benny does a columnist in *The Broadway Melody of 1936*. The dancers are dreams that will live in the picture

makes a couple of experimental stabs at face making. It is quite apparent that our radio hero is rusty along these lines with [Continued on page 60]



"I know—you're Irene Dunne! Sign here, please"



"You're making a big hit, 'Miss Dunne!'"



"Don't be mad—here, have some of my apple"





# A Kiss Wouldn't Be Amiss for Una

**P**oor UNA MERKEL! She faces a life of loneliness and despair. Never will she hear the patter of little feet, the gentle touch of loving hands. Never will she know the thrill of being swept away by strong arms into some romantic paradise. Never shall her boudoir reek with the perfume of a thousand orchids, her soul drenched in the magic beauty of pale moonlight. Alas and alack! Una is doomed to spend a screen life of unrequited love.

When Una started out on her acting career, somewhere along the way a scenario writer decreed that all comics must go through life sinless and sexless. Theirs must be a solitary existence. They must live on laughs and be a breed unto themselves. There must be no time for love. Never by the flicker of an eyelash, could they

betray a tiny extra heartbeat. While their glamorous sisters get round-shouldered from wearing diamonds, they must remain pure and unsullied, satisfied with sackcloth and ashes, with an occasional old wise-crack thrown in for good measure.

For years Una has stood patiently by, watching the Crawfords and the Lombards walk away with the Gables and the Coopers. While Dietrich held her men by simply peeking out from behind a veil and Harlow simply held them, Una has turned romantic eyes to Stuart Erwin, Ted Healy, Andy Devine, Nat Pendleton and Charlie Butterworth and never drawn more than a handpat. She has even looked forward with anticipation to the four Marx Brothers. But even here it has been written. She can look but she mustn't touch. She must remain funny

up to the bitter end. Now this all might sound quite serious if Una was pining away into an emaciated existence. But actually she is one of the happiest and loveliest young women in Hollywood.

She has more jobs than she can fill. Studios are constantly bidding for her services. Everyone who knows her, loves her. She's as popular with the gateman as she is with the executive head of the studio. And here's a little secret from one who knows. She has just as much sex appeal as the gals who go round with heaving chests and free wheeling.

● **ON THE SCREEN** Una may wise-crack herself out of seven reels of loving, but in private life she knows how to hold her man. And that is where she has the laugh on Hollywood screen writers. Someday they are going to wake up to the fact that Una is just about the most romantic thing, with or without greasepaint. If writers could take a peek into the Merkel household, they'd see Una playing a rôle, where wise-cracks have no part.

Ronald Burla, who married Una on her parent's anniversary, is the perfect man in her life. She has been married for over four years and is ideally happy. Ronny still sends her corsages and they go dancing on Saturday nights. By profession he is an aeronautical engineer. Their careers are so widely different, there isn't a chance of getting bored or being in each other's way. With Una's father and mother, they all live under one roof. They take occasional trips together and their devotion has long been Hollywood legend.

Of course Una doesn't take her kissless screen life seriously for a moment. She's so darn glad to be working and grateful that there's such a definite spot for her talents. But she would like a chance at something romantic on the screen, simply because she is versatile enough to play those parts, too. Una knows she can play them. She started out in life playing the sweet young thing on the stage. But Hollywood's present to her was a nice fresh wise-crack, all done up in Cellophane. And Una has been handing them out ever since.

In true Merkel fashion and with true Merkel humor, Una's remarks on the situation, prove how she feels about it all. Just so you won't get the impression that Una herself is dissatisfied at playing [Continued on page 60]



Just when Una thinks she may get a kiss at last, they stick a door between her and Franchot Tone . . . what a life!





# Gene Raymond's Marriage by Mistake

ALL over the country girls wept and gnashed their teeth to read in the newspapers that Gene Raymond was marrying a San Francisco girl. In futile rage they tore up his pictures, they sent back his autographed photos, they deluged him with protests.

Knowing that it was all a dreadful mistake, we investigated the matter when Gene, a very harassed young man, returned to Hollywood to face the stacks of outraged letters penned by broken-hearted fans.

Standing bewildered among this heaped up fan mail, and sadly regarding the wedding presents which came from his more approving following, the usually jovial Gene didn't know whether to laugh or cuss.

For Gene may often have been a best man, but never a groom; he has never had a date with a girl and a parson, and it will be a long time before he gets down to the serious business of going benedict.

It all started when a girl who gave the name of Helen Zah called the city editor of a San Francisco newspaper and said she was to be married to Gene Raymond, giving a time and place. There wasn't a whole lot of time to waste checking a "scoop" like that. So the editor rushed the story to the Associated Press and United Press.

Gene wasn't in Hollywood, nor was his publicity expert. So the search turned east, and the wires turned hot. Finally they found his agent in New York, and got a promise for a statement very shortly.

The agent called Gene, roused him out of heavy 2 a. m. slumbers, and told him what the young San Francisco lady had said.



Wedding presents to a bachelor! Gene was appalled and dismayed. What to do?

## Love's Labor Lost « « « Paul Kelly



Gene's denial was elegant. It was concise. It was classic.

"Who is she?" he demanded in astonishment.

● THAT SHOULD be denial enough for anyone, but in case it isn't Gene Raymond gives you his solemn word that he has never contemplated marriage, that he still isn't thinking of wedding bells, and that he positively, absolutely is not married now.

All of which didn't solve the problem of the various and sundry wedding presents which deluged his apartment following Helen Zah's playful announcement. Gene thought it over for awhile and then decided he would send the many gifts back to his well wishers. It was something like being left at the altar in a ceremony that had gone floey.

The clock might come in handy, but of course he already has several around. He isn't an Englishman, so the tea set is rather extraneous. The plain and fancy cigaret boxes would make elegant ornaments for his apartment, and so would the paintings of *A Moment at Sunset* and *Niagara Falls at Daybreak*. But the knitted bootees! They stop him. They confuse him. After all, Gene is pretty human and he can blush along with the best of us.

The fan [Continued on page 59]



# WHY I AM A NORMA SHEARER FAN *by Sally Eilers*



Norma Shearer's magnetic personality holds sway not only over millions of theatre goers, but Hollywood notables themselves. Sally Eilers tells you why



Only recently the mother of a second child—this time a daughter—Norma Shearer is again making plans for her return to the screen. In circle, Sally Eilers

**T**HERE ARE very few people in the world who live completely within themselves. Most of us have ideals—someone we create with the perfections we hope to compensate in some small degree for our own imperfections. We live, I believe, not so much in what we are, as what we desire to be.

Norma Shearer is my ideal actress. Ever since I first saw her in *He Who Gets Slapped* with the late Lon Chaney, she has been my favorite. I met her for the first time during my extra days—when I was called to the set of one of her early films, and from that time on my admiration became something more than a "fan crush"—until today it is an almost idolic worship for a person who embodies all of the perfection I have ever hoped for.

This confession will, I am sure, come as a complete surprise to Norma Shearer herself, if she should happen to read it. It is because I stand in such real awe of her, I could never have her as a personal friend. The horizon recedes as we advance toward it. An ideal is like that—you can never come too close to it.

You remember Norma Shearer's *Let Us Be Gay*. Perhaps, you will remember I played one of the principals in that cast. That was my first opportunity to meet her personally. She was kind and gracious to me. She still is—today—when we meet at the homes of mutual friends. She never neglects coming over to speak to me—and I—well, I'm like any fan who suddenly comes face to face with their favorite film star—I just can't talk.

A typical instance of that occurred at a Mayfair party. It will seem amusing to you, but I assure you I was most embarrassed. She approached me in her usual, congenial manner, greeted me graciously and commented on how nice I looked. I blushed profusely, spluttered about for words, and finally stammered:

"—er—you're welcome!"

Imagine my confusion if you can.

● HAD IT been someone else other than Norma Shearer, I'm certain I could have managed something more eloquent—but, well—it was Norma Shearer.

Certainly as an actress she has been given no more applause or commendation than she deserves. Every inch of the way she has proven herself. She has never waited for breaks to come to her. She has worked with a tireless energy toward the goal she herself has set—and she has attained it through that self alone.

It is a pleasure to work with her on the set. She never tries to take advantage of her position as  
[Continued on page 58]

*Stars  
Own  
Stories*



# I GOT *Stung* by JACK OAKIE



Oakie was sick of going to parties;  
He went to the doc to fool the smarties.  
Roses are red and pretty when banked;  
But read how he had his tonsils yanked . . . .

WELL, IT STARTS when I get invited by the studio to go to one of those "Come-to-dinner-and-bring-your-fiddle" parties. "Nuts!" I figures, "Mrs. Offield's little boy is going to get sick right now!" So I go to a saw-bones.

I open my face—the face of a thousand mugs, they call it—and pointed down my gullet. "Doc," I says, "Doc, take a gander down this beautiful hole in an otherwise perfect anatomy and tell me what's the matter with it. I feel awful." Matter of fact, I feel swell, but then he doesn't know that so he puts on his specks and peers down my gullet, nearly getting blinded by my famous, flashing white teeth.

"Hm-m!" he says, "Hm-m!"

"Okay, Doc!" I answer, taking his nose out from between my molars. "That'll do. Just give me the bill and I'm on my way. This'll square me for not showing at the party, see?"

"Hm-m!" he cracks again, "Young man, you've got streptococci!"

"Stripped of what?" I ask, feeling to see if my shirt's buttoned.

He glares at me silently.

"You're cock-eyed, yourself, you old buzzard," I flips, not getting the drift of all this, yet.

To me, it's still a gag to get out of a party.

He blinks a couple and parries with, "You're a very sick man, Mr. Oakie. I'm afraid we'll have

to cut. I'll call the the hospital right now."

"Say," I query, "what goes on? Whose gag is this, yours or mine? You may be oke as a butcher, but I'm First Comic on this bill and you can't go topping my lines. . . Whaddaya mean, a hospital! I'm all right."

"I'm sorry to say you're not all right. Your throat is a hot-bed of streptococci and I won't answer for your life if we don't operate on your tonsils at once!"

"Now, doc," I soothe him, beginning to feel a little greenish all of a sudden, "you wouldn't kid an old pal, would you?" I try to chuckle but it sounds like a sucked straw in the bottom of a soda glass.

● INSTEAD OF answering he presses a button and in a minute a swell looking dame in a uniform with straw colored hair ankles in. Imagine an old dodo like him with such a sweetheart working for him!

"Hi! Toots!" I says, slipping her a free wave, but she doesn't give a rumble, doesn't even see me—just looks respectfully at the pill pusher while he tells her to reserve a room for me in the hospital—the fourth floor.

"What's that? The maternity ward?" I cracks, but instead of giving me a laugh they just look at me silent, like I was already a corpse in a medic school with the guy with the beard saying, "Gentleman, take a squint at this stiff. In all my experience, this is the most peculiar example I have ever seen—"

Well, anyway, it isn't the first time I have played to a cold house, so I grabs a cab to the slaughter house, buying myself a fist-full of nickels on the way. Just before I sign the register where you admit it's your own fault if you kick off, I wander into a phone booth and call the gang. What's the good of going to a hospital if you don't tell people about it?

Bill Fields make me promise not to marry the nurse and says he'll be right over with a case. Gracie Allen tells me about the time her brother swallowed the instruments and had to have an appendix operation to get them out. And Gary Cooper says it doesn't hurt much if you live. So I'm feeling swell when the nurse comes for me. A guy never knows what a heartless bunch his friends are till his tonsils start to fight!

● THEN THEY take me into a room with a bed in it that's covered with cranks and gadgets. Looks more like a model T Ford crossed with a cotton gin than a bed to me. The nurse tells me to disrobe. On the level! That's what she said—disrobe!

"Disrobe, man?" I squawk, "where's Jeeves, my faithful valet?" I haven't got a valet, but she don't know that and I figure maybe it'll impress her, but all she does is slam the door. I found out one thing in there. In a hospital you aren't Joe Glutz or Jack Oakie—you're just "the tonsillotomy in 424" or "the appendectomy in 407." Well, about then I begin to feel like an old piece of [Continued on page 49]

Stars  
Own  
Stories



NEW YORK, May 2. (Universal Service).—Katharine Hepburn, star and screen star, tonight refused to deny reports that she had broken off her engagement to Spencer Tracy, New York and Philadelphia, in order to marry her younger brother, Francis, who is married to actress Mary Astor.

NEW YORK, May 2. (Universal Service).—Katharine Hepburn, star and screen star, tonight refused to deny reports that she had broken off her engagement to Spencer Tracy, New York and Philadelphia, in order to marry her younger brother, Herbert, Miss Hepburn arrived tonight from Manila, P. I., where she filed her divorce suit.

Remaining in Los Angeles only a few hours after an airplane from England. Having

...the From the 1920s delicate as-  
sembled. Yet it would be a mis-  
take to assume that his ardent  
opposition toward the new deal  
represented unanimous business  
sentiment. Business, as usual, is  
almost hopelessly divided on the  
questions raised by the Adminis-  
tration's policies. Speeches delivered  
before the convention, for example,  
showed that the law is not  
dead, that the oil industry,  
like the NRA, whereas opposition  
to the new deal is not  
unanimous. In fact, the  
business community is  
divided on the new deal  
and the NRA. The new  
deal is not dead, and  
the NRA is not dead.

**THE HEA**

**HARINE I**

According to the report, expressing  
theme that business is again ready  
to stand on its own legs. Strawn,  
who once was a standing land

# DLINES

18.--(P)--A

crowd that jammed the high

# IFPBURN

crowd that jammed the huge  
house down to Broadway and  
two headlines: "Birth Control  
Coughlin" of Detroit and "Mrs.  
Thomas N. Hepburn, mother of  
Katharine Hepburn, the actress—  
run the scale of arguments for and  
against birth control."

Step behind the front page  
with us in this amazing ar-  
ticle and get a fresh glimpse  
of radiant headline dodging  
Katharine Hepburn  
physicians.

To these, Father Coughlin, appearing late in the day, made



Luncheon on location at the RKO ranch is a happy affair for everyone. This exclusive candid camera shot shows, from the left: Mortimer Offner, co-author of the story; Alice Adams; Eddie Killy, assistant director; Hepburn herself, smiling at Fred MacMurray

THE HEADLINE history of Katharine Hepburn, who says she makes a point of avoiding publicity and who hides her face whenever a demon cameraman pops up, should give you a completely new slant on that lanky, different looking actress, who has been such an enigma in Hollywood.

Katharine runs so fast and hard to escape headlines, that she gets bushels of them over trivialities. If a Hollywood reporter, or any newsman for that matter, thinks somebody is trying to duck him, he won't rest until he gets a story.

If it isn't your conclusion after reading this story that Miss Hepburn is a cunning old space grabber, I'll cheerfully eat my new fall bonnet. By pretending to duck publicity, she really is going right out after it and getting columns more than her gentle, obliging sistern.

If you follow this story behind the headlines, you may savvy how she has accomplished this, and how it all started when she arrived in town and discovered, to her great surprise, that nobody knew who she was.

Skip back through the files of the

two Los Angeles morning papers to three years ago when Katharine Hepburn arrived in Hollywood, fresh from stage triumphs in New York, stage triumphs of such importance, she thought, that her name would be known to all of Hollywood. At least, to studio reporters who were supposedly up on theatrical matters!

The Los Angeles *Examiner* heralded her arrival in town with the following headline:  
**BILLIE BURKE**

## ARRIVES HERE

Buried at the bottom of a four-paragraph story telling about the arrival of Miss Burke, was a line which read: "Her fifteen-year-old daughter, Patricia, and Katharine Hepburn, New York millionairess who has film aspirations, accompanied Miss Burke."

● IN THE Los Angeles Times of that morning, she fared a little better, but not much according to Katharine's lights, for she found in order to make the paper, she had to be compared to Lilyan Tashman. And it's a sad blow to any artist to be compared on any grounds to any other artist!

Her *Times* story read: "What will



Hepburn wore blue overalls as a part of her scheme to crash the headlines, but this candid shot with Fred MacMurray proves the slack-and-sweater stuff is mostly a myth

Lilyan Tashman do now?" studio attaches asked upon greeting Katharine Hepburn, new Radio acquisition who arrived here today from New York, clad in a most bizarre ensemble. Daughter of the late Barton Hepburn, New York banker and wealthy in her own right, Miss Hepburn seeks a film career. Despite her riches, she went on the stage three years ago and won success in her own right."

Well, now I [Continued on page 56]



# Bing Crosby's

## SONG OF LOVE

Just one more chance, to prove it's you  
Alone I care for,  
Each night I say a little prayer for  
Just one more chance.  
Just one more night to taste the kisses  
That enchant me,  
I'd want no others if you'd grant me  
Just one more chance . . . .

**B**ING HAD SUNG his way through life from the pirate days in the big orchard out in Tacoma to the night when he sang his song of surrender to Dixie Lee at the Coconut Grove. They were married a short time later while Bing's following was growing even greater. And then a discordant note crept into their lives.

Bing gradually became aware of the fact that two don't live as cheaply as one. He hit the Grove for a raise which he and his co-singers felt they deserved. They were big attractions. A bitter fight ensued and the boys walked out into a world that seemed in conspiracy against contract busters. The other two finally gave in, but Bing had Dixie to encourage him, to fight shoulder to shoulder with him and defy the world to hurt them. But no song came to his rescue and they got poorer and poorer.

At length they realized their fight was hopeless, but rather than give in to what they both felt was injustice, they moved to New York instead of surrendering. The fates were with them again—or so it seemed. Another song came along, another song with one of the weirdly symbolical titles that seemed to haunt Bing's life. This time it was his plea to the Fates for—just one more chance. One more chance to prove he had what the world wanted—that inimitable voice.

Both he and Dixie were overjoyed when he got his chance on the air. For

by  
**WILLIAM  
ULMAN, Jr.**

days he rehearsed and kept his fingers crossed. They were awfully broke and that job meant everything to them.

The morning the broadcast was to go on the air Bing woke into a gloriously happy day—flooded with sunlight and the love of Dixie—but he couldn't swallow! The singer's Nemesis, a sore throat, had him collared. Frantically, he begged the station to let him off that night—he couldn't even croak—but not to let him out entirely. They understood sore throats and they liked Bing so they reluctantly put in a substitute.

● THE NEXT day the throat was worse. The Crosbys were really worried. Nationwide hook-ups don't wait indefinitely for comparatively new singers to get well. It costs too many thousands of dollars to be sentimental about those things. . . . This

time it was Dixie who pleaded for just one more chance. She went to the station, realizing it was no time to bother with telephones or wires.

"Sorry, Mrs. Crosby, but I don't see how we can hold it up again."

"But Bing will be better tomorrow! I know he will! And, well, frankly—we need the money pretty badly right now. Just give us one more chance!"

"I don't see how—" he began, and then he saw the look in her eyes—and Dixie has high-voltage lamps, "—well, what does the doctor say about his throat?"

Dixie shook her head. "There isn't any doctor. I take care of this family!"

"Well, Doctor," he smiled, "will the patient be ready to sing tomorrow night—without fail?"

Dixie nodded solemnly, "Without fail!"

While Dixie sprayed her husband's throat that night she was singing her own version [Continued on page 54]



Dixie Lee and the twins



A musical life story about a famous crooner, this authorized biography will send old tunes rippling through your mind and bring you a stirring picture of Bing Crosby's life



# PREVIEWING THE NEW PICTURES

by JACK GRANT



Portraying a scene from *The Last Days of Pompeii*, this photo shows Preston Foster coming to the aid of the soldiers to subdue Bruce King, the giant Scythian captive, who has attempted to escape from the arena. In circle, Ann Harding, John Halliday and Gary Cooper during the shooting of the famous story, *Peter Ibbetson*



**THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII** (RKO-Radio). Preston Foster had just suffered his eleventh injury the day we looked in upon producer Merian C. Cooper's latest screen spectacle. It was a cinch, which in this instance is not slang, but a saddle cinch that broke when the two-hundred-pound Foster, wearing an additional seventy pounds of armor climbed aboard his horse. He suffered a nasty and painful spill and only by quick thinking escaped being trampled by another charging horse.

Such accidents are frequent during the making of any such great spectacle as *Last Days of Pompeii*. In fact, the superstitious—and who in Hollywood isn't—regard the presence of a jinx as an omen of good luck. All big successes, they say, have been jinxed in production. Strangely enough, the records seem to prove it.

According to Foster, the mere wearing of seventy pounds of costume is bad luck. His helmet alone weighs nine pounds and if you don't believe that is heavy, you don't need to ask Mr. Foster. Try carrying it around on your own head all day. When he counts eleven injuries, he is not counting just bruises and cuts. A brawny bit of a man, standing six feet two, he was badly battered up during the three months of shooting. We know. We saw the bruises.

Yet Foster has no complaints. His starring part of Marcus, humble blacksmith who becomes champion gladiator and wealthiest man in Pompeii, is one of the most lengthy in Hollywood history. He is in every scene, almost every set-up.

The story is not an adaptation of the classic Bulwer Lytton novel of the same name. It is an original by James Ashmore Creelman and Melville Baker. Screen play by Ruth Rose. The director is Ernest B. ("Monty") Schoedsack, long and lank partner of producer Cooper in other ventures (*Grass, Chang, Four Feathers, King Kong*).

Both are noted for attention to historical accuracy and months of research preceded the filming. Entire sections of the city of Pompeii were painstakingly recreated from reconstructed drawings based upon the archaeological remains. Largest of the sets are the Temple of Jupiter—occupying three full sound stages (30,000 sq. ft.) on the RKO Pathe lot—and the arena, a giant structure requiring an acre of ground. Yet the greatest trouble was caused by ancient Roman coffee urns. They look so much like modern coffee dispensers in use in one-arm restaurants today, it is feared they may seem an anachronism.

Contrary to popular belief, Pompeii was destroyed not by lava from the erupting Vesuvius, but by a fine volcanic ash which, when cooled, hardened to form a horrible tomb. The complete destruction of the city is best described by the fact that the ruins remained undiscovered from the First Century to the year 1594 and systematic excavations did not really begin



With a bevy of beautiful girls and a \$65,000 replica of a night club as a background, June Knight does a dance number in *Broadway Melody of 1936*. The cabaret scene is perhaps the most expensive one of its type ever constructed in a film studio

until 1763. The Hollywood-built Pompeii will be destroyed by the same means.

Thousands of extras found employment in the picture, for the Romans owned many slaves and households were filled with such servitors. There is a record of one Roman owning 4,116. This man, historical accuracy or no historical accuracy, was not made a character in the story. There must be some limits even in a million-dollar production. Imagine, the single item of wigs ran to a total of 8,000 copies.

Other important players in the cast include Dorothy Wilson, promising English newcomer John Wood, Alan Hale, who played with a broken foot, young David Holt, Basil Rathbone, Louis Calhern and Gloria Shea. They wanted to star Preston Foster, but he refused by saying, graciously, "The entire cast is too good to star anyone."

• •

**STEAMBOAT 'ROUND THE BEND** (Fox). You'll never guess what we saw when we visited this set. Will Rogers crying! Not crocodile tears but the real thing. There has been no more startling news from Hollywood since the billboards announced "Garbo Talks."

The oddest part about it was that [Continued on page 52]



# I TAKE A JUGGLING LESSON

from W. C. FIELDS

Baseballs, canes or words—Bill Fields can juggle them all. After reading this hilarious yarn, you'll be trying it, too

by ELIZABETH BORTON



"Don't hang on to what you catch," Fields tells Miss Borton. "Just sort of boost it"

IT WAS SORT of funny, how I came to take up juggling. Accidental, almost. This is how it happened.

I was driving over toward San Bernardino one day, and it was near dinner time, so I stopped and went into one of those little Italian roadside dining rooms—where you all eat at the same table, family style, you know. They had just brought me some soup and a basketful of rolls when a man came in through the door. Everyone looked up—there weren't many of us there—because he was muttering and roaring. First he'd mutter under his breath and roll his eyes around fiercely, and then he'd burst out shouting, in a very strong voice—strong but sort of hollow-sounding—

"Well, they thought they'd get away

with it, did they? Thought they'd sneak a pre-view over on me, did they? Well. . . ." And then he sort of started and shut up and looked behind him, and scrunched down, as if he expected somebody to kick him, and then he began muttering under his breath again.

He was a red-faced man, with sandy yellow hair, and little blue eyes, and a tremendous shiny nose that looked as if dogs had chewed on it, and it was all sort of swollen up. He had a highball, or what looked like one, in his right hand, and a light coat over his left arm. He sat down by me. I could tell then that it really was a highball he had. There was another man with him. A tall man, with a beery voice, and dark eyes. He had on a very peculiar-looking checked cap.

The red-faced man looked around and then he roared, "Well, isn't there any food around here? Where is everybody?" It's hard to explain about his voice. Once you hear it, you never forget it.

● THE WAITER rushed out and brought in some rolls, and soup. Then the strange thing happened. The proprietor's little boy plays the accordion there, and he often comes into the dining room, and plays during dinner. He came in, then, and started in to play one of my favorites—*The Skater's Waltz*. You know, it has a wonderful slow rhythm, and then a sort of a tiddly-tiddly part. Well, the red-faced

man got up as if he had been electrified, and he grabbed six rolls out of the basket, and started making them fly around in the air, in perfect time to the music.

All the time he was roaring, "Stop him, somebody! Stop him, for the love of God!" But before anybody could stop the boy, he had started playing that tiddly-tiddly part, and the red-faced man grabbed my roll out of my hand, and another one, and was juggling all eight in perfect time, yelling all the time, "Stop him, stop him! You're killing me! I haven't practiced this for a year!"

The boy was scared, and he stopped playing. The man with the nose collapsed into his chair, as if he was exhausted. He lifted up his highball and drank it all down, and then began sort of sighing. The man in the cap silently drew out a bottle, and filled up his glass again.

I leaned over and took my roll away from him. "What do you mean, going on like that?" I asked.

He smiled a funny quick, sly smile—he has little close-packed teeth—and he said, "It's the fire-horse in me. Can't overcome it. I used to start my act to that tune for thirty years." He took another drink.

[Continued on page 50]





# SALLY EILERS GOES TO A WEEK-END PARTY

In her bag is a compact selection of dual-purpose clothes. Sally's convenient chart will give you many valuable wardrobe suggestions

by MARIAN RHEA

**FASHION BULLETIN!** JOAN CRAWFORD IS WEARING BLACK SILK STOCKINGS! NET, THEY ARE, IN MESH EXTREMELY FINE. SHE HAD 'EM ON OVER AT THE M-G-M STUDIOS THE OTHER DAY WITH A VERY TAILORED AND VERY PLAIN WHITE LINEN SUIT. . . . HER SHOES WERE WHITE, ALSO. . . . PUMPS.

KATIE HEPBURN IN FLAT HEELS FOR EVENING! THIS IS THE INFLUENCE OF THAT NEW GRECIAN FORMAL GOWN OF HERS. THE GOWN IS WHITE CREPE WITH NO DECORATION. THE SANDALS, WITH ONLY THE BAREST SUGGESTION OF A HEEL, ARE SILVER KID.

SKIRT LENGTHS, AFTER MUCH INDECISION, ARE GOING DEFINITELY UP! YOU SHOULD SEE MERLE OBERON'S NEWEST DAYTIME CLOTHES. THEY'RE FOURTEEN INCHES OFF THE FLOOR.

WHITE WOOL FOR EVENING GOWNS! ROSALIND RUSSELL ONE OF THE FIRST EXPONENTS OF THIS IDEA.

SWAGGERLY SPEAKING—THERE ARE THOSE PIGSKIN GLOVES THAT PEGGY WOOD WEARS WITH SPORTS THINGS. THEY'RE PLEATED AT THE WRIST, A FEATURE WHICH GIVES FULLNESS WITHOUT DETRACTING FROM THE STRAIGHT, FITTED LINES.

"**H**URRY," SALLY EILERS was saying to her maid one Friday morning when I dropped in, hoping she'd give me a cup of coffee, "the train leaves at nine-fifteen. . . ."

"Leaves for where?" I questioned.

"The house party I'm going to," she told me. "It's going to be grand. . . ."

She took up her big white panama with the blue band, folded it up and put it in her dressing case. I gasped at such treatment, but she reassured me.

"Non-crushable," she explained.

While I breathed a sigh of relief, she picked up a piece of paper from her dressing table and began checking it off, as Freddie, her colored butler, brought in coffee and muffins.

"Let's see," she said, "brown accessories for this outfit I am wearing and for that gold and brown chiffon; white sandals for the white linen dress and pyjamas—" Then she interrupted herself.

"You know," she confided, "this planning a wardrobe for a house party is quite a problem. You must take along the right clothes and yet not too



All ready to get on the train! This taffeta frock and light weight woolen coat constitute Sally Eilers' idea of a costume for traveling. You can duplicate the coat by sending for Pattern No. 344

Here is a chart of Sally's wardrobe for the week-end!

	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
9 a. m.	(for the train) plum-colored taffeta dress, blue swagger coat, brown accessories	(for breakfast) blue pyjamas white linen sandals	(for breakfast) blue pyjamas white linen sandals
10 a. m.	same as above	(for tennis) white linen tennis suit	(for church) gold and brown chiffon dress brown accessories
1 p. m.	(for lunch) plum-colored taffeta dress	(for lunch at Country Club) white sports dress panama hat, white linen sandals, blue woolen coat	(for lunch) gold and brown chiffon dress
2 p. m.	(for tennis) white linen tennis suit	same as above	(for tennis matches) white sports dress panama hat, white linen sandals, blue woolen coat
5 p. m.	(for cocktails) blue pyjamas white linen sandals	(for cocktail party) rose and black cocktail ensemble, black accessories	same as above
8 p. m.	(for dinner) same as above	(for dinner at Country Club) same gown without hat and jacket	(dinner and train) plum-colored taffeta brown accessories blue coat



# How to Plan Your House Party Wardrobe

many. You don't want luggage in such quantities that it suggests a world tour. The alternative is to 'double-up' and that is just what I think I am doing very successfully."

"How are you going about it?" I asked her. I've had my own week-end wardrobe problems. . . . Haven't you?

"I made a chart!" she announced triumphantly. "I outlined just what I am going to wear, when and with what!"

"What do you mean—chart?" I insisted.

"Just this," she explained. "First, I listed the kind of clothes I would need on such a party—it's for three days, you know—and then I chose things from among my clothes that would be correct for more than one occasion, and 'doubled up' on accessories."

● WE WERE DRINKING our coffee and eating muffins and jam, but at this point, I forgot food. I was learning something. . . . And you will, too, if you read farther.

"This is what I mean. . . . For in-

stance, you see what I am wearing. . . ."

I did. It was her plum-colored taffeta with fine blue criss-crossing, made with little round collar, and her brown kid pumps. Selby shoes, these—"Evelyn" model in the "Tru-Poise"



A "love game," perhaps, with a lovely player. Sally's little linen tennis suit is becoming as well as practical . . . and indispensable on a party

line. On the chintz divan were her brown Cellophane straw hat, brown gloves and purse, and blue wool swagger coat (a kind of powder blue) that goes with the taffeta.

"Well," she explained, "I can wear this hat, gloves, pumps and purse not only with dress which is suitable for the train, but with my gold and brown chiffon dress to church on Sunday morning.

"And," she went on, "I can also wear the blue coat with my white linen sports dress! Aren't I smart?"

I agreed with fervor. And what is more, these revelations on proper house party clothes were just beginning. However, before we go on—

If you like the blue swagger coat, you can duplicate it! A pattern is available through HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service, Pattern No. 344, for only 15 cents! Not only is this little coat extremely smart, but it is easily made, what with its loose, simple lines, and is adaptable to many kinds of material.

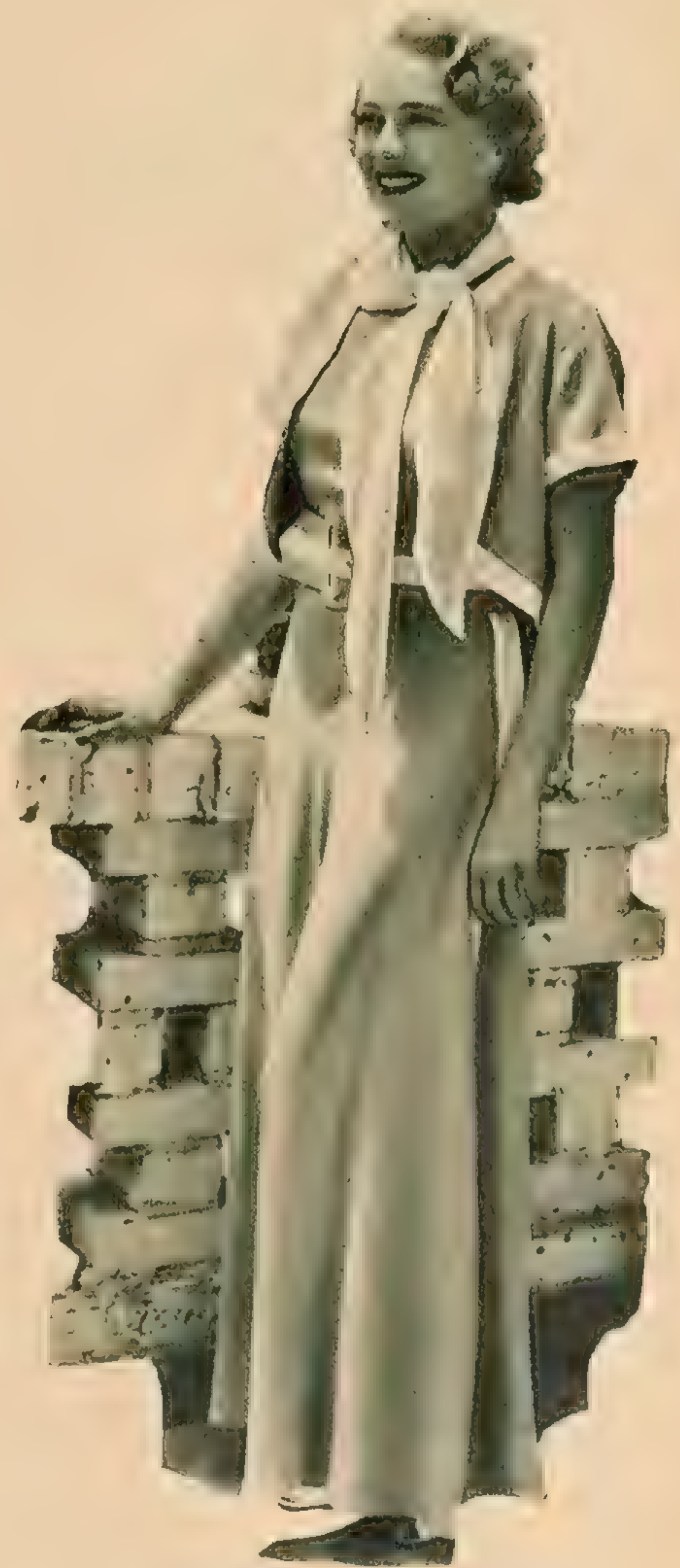
But to return to Sally's week-end clothes!

She was taking along her powder-blue pyjamas, trimmed in white and very jaunty with an Eton jacket and white scarf, also.

"I can wear these at breakfast time, or for cocktails or for almost any other occasion I wish," she smiled. "They're that kind of pyjamas. AND," she continued, pleasedly, "with them I can wear those white linen sandals which are exactly right for my white linen dress—another saving of space in my dressing case which would otherwise have to be used for an extra pair of slippers."

Speaking of her white linen dress, she showed it to me before Audrey (Audrey is her maid) packed it. I was crazy about it. The material was white linen, non-crushable, very heavy. It was made with epaulets and trimmed with big brass buttons and patch pockets.

A pattern for this dress, also, has been made up and is available to you through HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service.



Powder blue and white pyjamas plus Sally Eilers equals something pretty to look at. These pyjamas are versatile, too—being equally smart for any hour of the day



Here is Sally, bound for the depot. Her frock is plum-colored taffeta and she wears a powder-blue woolen swagger coat and brown accessories. Shoes in inset are Selby's "Evelyn" model, "Tru-Poise" line

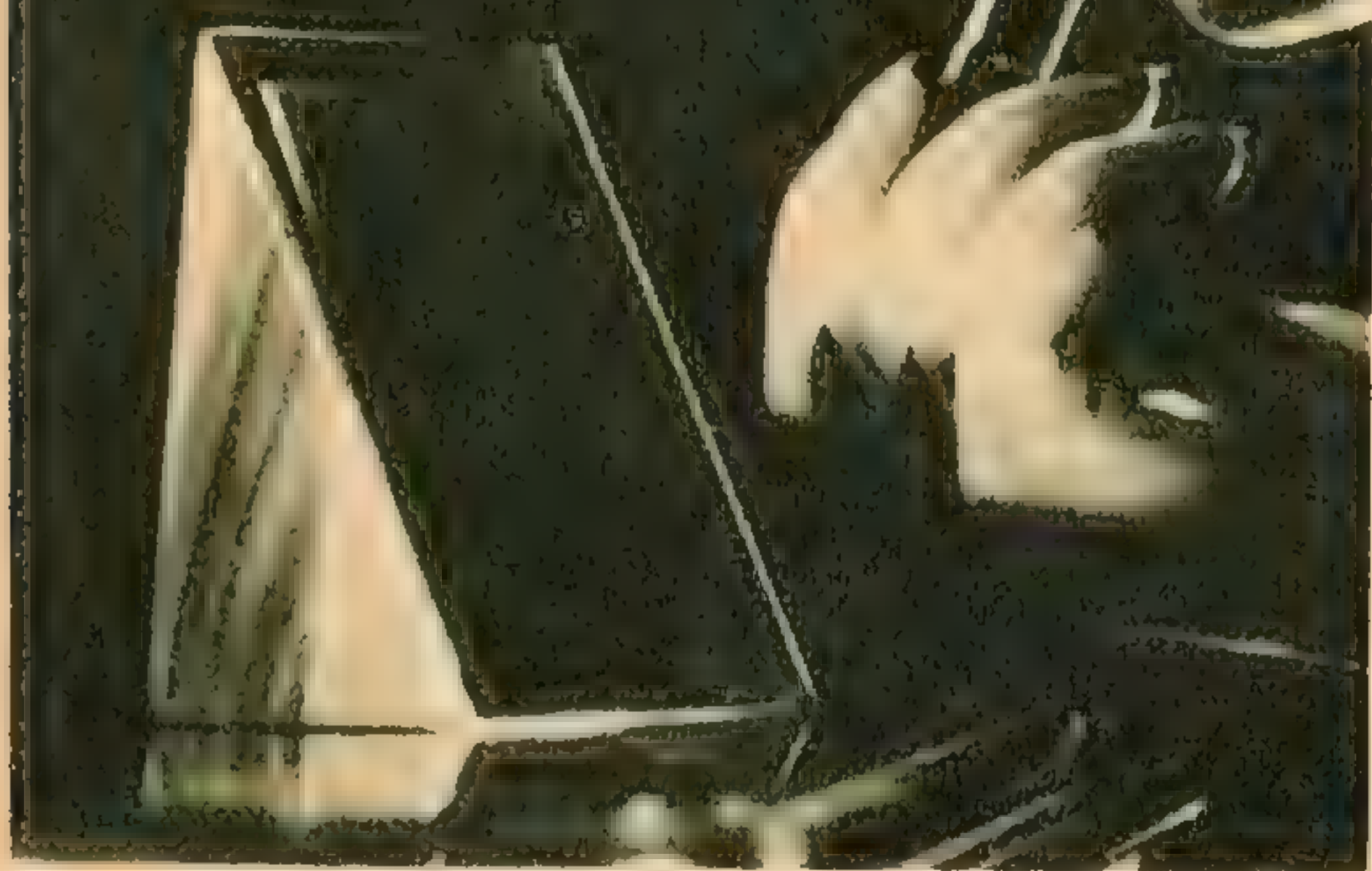


# Free!

## THIS LOVELY NEW MAKE-UP MIRROR

Given to Induce  
You to Try  
**YEAST FOAM  
TABLETS**

... the dry health  
yeast that brings  
quicker relief from  
constipation, indi-  
gestion and skin  
troubles.



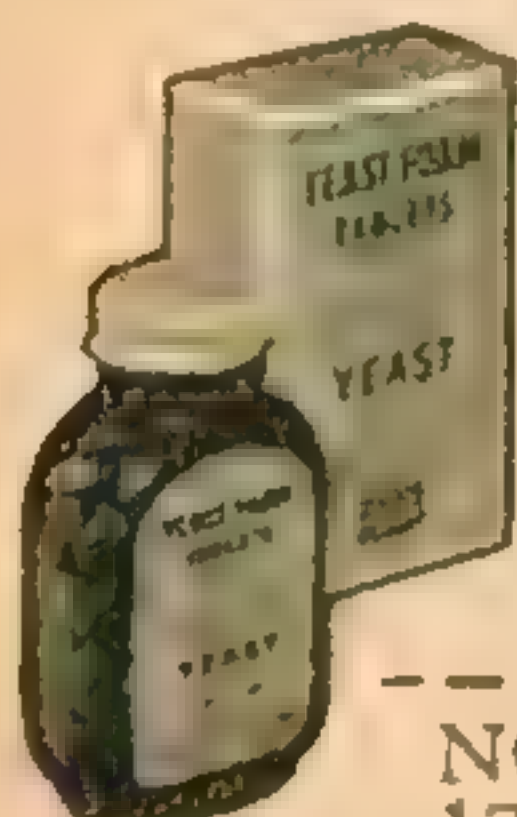
**YOU'LL** be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get absolutely free with a purchase of Yeast Foam Tablets. It's tilted at an angle so that you get a perfect close-up of your face without having to hunch way over your dressing table.

Set it anywhere and have both hands free to put on cream or make-up comfortably. Women say it's one of the grandest beauty helps they've ever seen. Send the coupon, with an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton, for your mirror now before the supply is exhausted.

This offer is made to induce you to try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern yeast that gives greater health benefits because it's dry.

Scientists have recently discovered that dry yeast, as a source of vitamin B, is approximately twice as valuable as fresh, moist yeast! In carefully controlled tests, subjects fed dry yeast gained almost twice as fast as those given the moist, fresh type.

Get quicker relief from indigestion, constipation and related skin troubles with Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll really enjoy their appetizing nut-like taste. And they'll never cause gas or discomfort because they are pasteurized. At all druggists.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,  
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy new tilted make-up mirror.

FG 9-35

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

## What Sally Wore to the Tennis Matches



Pattern No. 352. Because of its extreme chic and versatility (it can be made without sleeves) and because it has been hailed as one of the most important additions to Hollywood sports styles this season, it has been necessary to ask 25 cents for this pattern.

● **WITH TENNIS MATCHES** scheduled at the Country Club for both Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Sally said she planned to wear this dress on both days with the panama, the white linen sandals and the blue swagger coat—more “doubling up” to make her week-end wardrobe adequate for every hour of the day and night!

A cocktail party and dinner dance were also to be held at the Country Club on Saturday, she said, and showed me what she was doing, “sartorially speaking,” about that.

“I am taking along my rose and black cocktail suit, which also has the power to blossom forth into a formal gown

for evening,” she said. Still more doubling up! By this time, aren't you perceiving she is past mistress of this art?

This outfit included a floor-length dress of black, rough crêpe with dusty rose bodice, rose jacket and she wears it with a little black hat with tiny veil, and black and silver sandals — the “Mikell” model of Selby's “Styl-eez line.”

[Continued on  
page 42]

Sally in white linen sports dress and blue-banded panama is ready for tennis matches at the Country Club. She takes along the blue-woolen swagger coat that goes with the taffeta traveling dress, and wears the white linen sandals that go with her blue pyjamas. You can duplicate the sports dress or choose your own variation. Order Pattern No. 352



352



# QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!

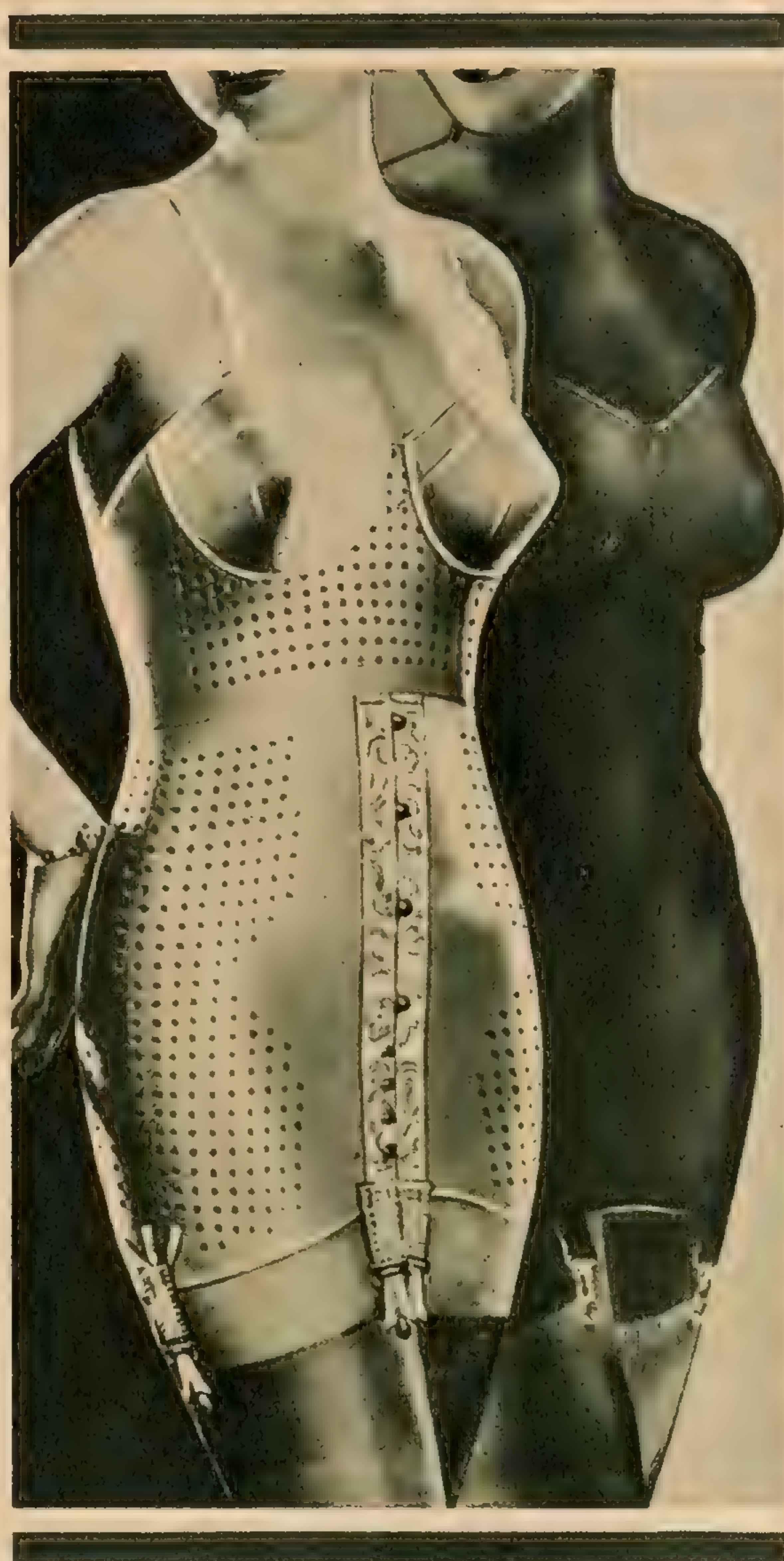


Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs

■ Nothing ruins the graceful lines of an expensive gown more than billowing hips . . they are quickly brought back to beauty with the gentle massage-like action of the Perfolastic Girdle.

The Bulge "Deniere" Reduces Quickly

■ It is so easy to overcome the after effects of too healthy appetites . . simply don a Perfolastic Girdle and watch the curves smooth out at the spots where Fashion says reduce.



Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear

■ Until the development of the new Perfolastic Brassiere the woman whose figure was marred by unsightly "rib-rolls" had to reduce by expensive massage. Now the massage-like action does it.

Abdominal Fat Is Most Common of All

■ Prominent "tum-mies" are almost universally due to relaxed muscles and resulting fat. Perfolastic will correct the appearance at once and then surely and safely reduce it, without dieting.

## Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days . . . or no cost!

**T**housands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense. You will be thrilled . . as are all Perfolastic wearers.

### APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you cannot realize that every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat has accumulated—*nowhere else!*

### NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . no dangerous drugs to take . . and no

diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

■ No longer will surplus fat sap your energy and steal your pep and ambition! You will not only be gracefully slender, but you will feel more like doing things and going places!

### MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!

And how is it done? Simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material. Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

### "REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" WRITES MISS HEALY!

■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

**DON'T WAIT! SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF PERFORATED RUBBER!**

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon *now!*



### PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 79, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

**10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

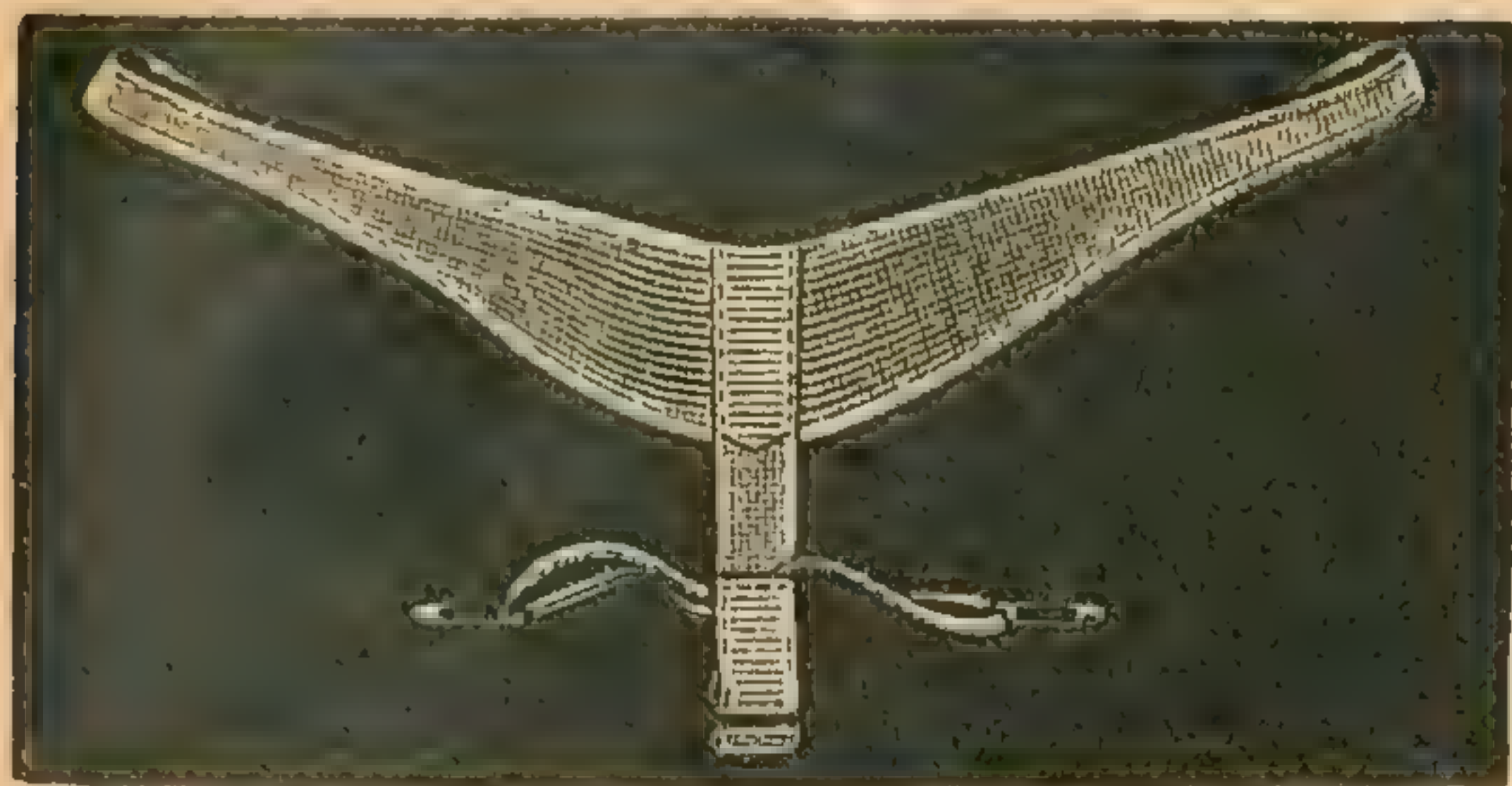
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard



# WELCOME AIDS FOR Difficult DAYS



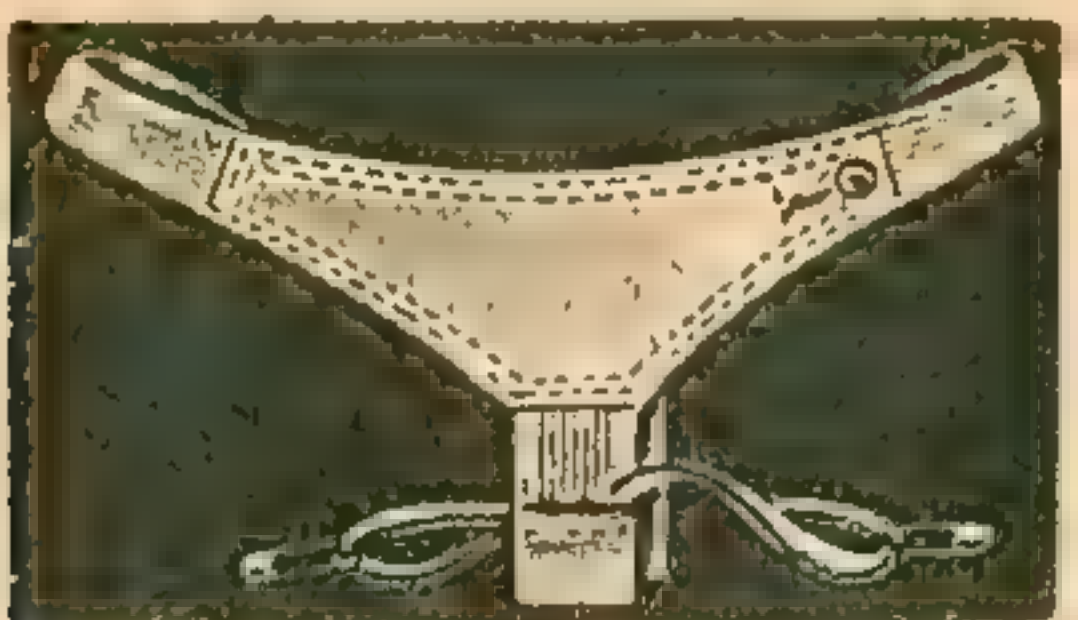
Silhouette belt by Hickory—STYLE 1300

The Silhouette Sanitary Belt by Hickory, by a patented process, is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Silhouette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, light-weight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed, ironed—65c



STYLE 1340

The Hickory Petite—adjustable—narrow boilproof Lastex, Satin Pads, perfectly comfortable and secure . . . . . 35c



STYLE 1387

A popular Hickory Shield Button Style—combination satin and boil-proof Lastex . . . . . 50c

## Sanitary Belts by HICKORY

Made in a wide variety of styles . . . . 25c to 75c

If your dealer hasn't the Hickory Belt you want, send us his name with your remittance. Please state style and desired size: small, medium or large

**A. STEIN & COMPANY**  
1157 West Congress Street, Chicago

*You'll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, too*

## Sally's Club and Church Gowns



Cocktails should taste better in this costume. Sally in rose and black ensemble is a picture of chic. Later, she doffs hat and jacket and appears, in a dinner gown. Her silver and black slippers are the "Mikell" model of Selby's "Styl-eez" line



350

Off for church on Sunday morning, Sally wears her gold and brown chiffon and the brown accessories. You can make a dress like this one of Pattern No. 350

## Sally Eilers Goes to a Week-end Party

(Continued from page forty)

● SALLY showed me, too, the gold and brown striped dress she planned to wear to church Sunday morning.

The dress was made with shoulder yoke, wide, interesting sleeves, elbow length and a brown taffeta girdle that tied in front with a bow. A pattern for this dress also, is offered you by Hollywood's Pattern Service, Pattern No. 350, for only 15 cents.

### Coupon for Your Convenience

Hollywood's Pattern Service,  
529 So. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me patterns checked. I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ in stamps or coin.

My size \_\_\_\_\_ My bust \_\_\_\_\_

352—Spectator sports frock . 25c

344—Swagger coat . . . . . 15c

350—Afternoon frock . . . . . 15c

Fashion magazine (10c if you order a pattern) . . . . . 15c

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

HOLLYWOOD



# LOVELY TO LOOK AT

*Sunny Golden Hair—  
Arms and Legs Alluringly Smooth*

**M**ake nature's own allurements *your* secrets of charm and attractiveness. Gain captivating appeal with natural-looking hair — smooth, blonde, silky arms and legs. Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. And notice how your friends admire your fresh, bright appearance.

**BLONDES:**—If your hair is dark, faded or streaked, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to restore its natural golden beauty. Marchand's imparts sunny radiance to dull-looking hair, secretly and successfully.

**BRUNETTES:**—Make your hair more alluring. Impart fascinating highlights, a glowing sheen to your dark hair. Or lighten dark or fading hair any natural shade of bloneness desired. (You can do this as quickly as overnight with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or gradually, if you prefer, over a period of weeks or months.)

**BLONDES and BRUNETTES:**—Have arms and legs seductively smooth. Don't risk "superfluous" hair removal. Whether on face, arms or legs, use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to blend "superfluous" hair with *your* skin coloring and *add* to your dainty attractiveness.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package can be purchased at your drugstore. Start using Marchand's for head, legs or arms. *Today.*

**TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!** A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—**FREE**—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. (See coupon below.)

**MARCHAND'S  
GOLDEN HAIR WASH,**  
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the **SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT** of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, **FREE**, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... F.P. 935

## MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH



## From Office-Worker To a Well-Paid Hotel Position



**Agnes Edwards, Office Worker, Without Experience, Becomes Executive of Apartment Hotel**

"6 words—'Please send me your Free booklet'—meant the difference between success and failure to me. I was a good stenographer—but thoroughly dissatisfied with my salary and opportunities. Then I saw the Lewis Schools' advertisement, 'Hotels Call for Trained Men and Women,' and sent for their FREE book. Here was

everything I wanted—fascinating work, good pay, splendid opportunities, and I enrolled.

"Now I am Housekeeper of this Apartment Hotel. I owe my success to Lewis Leisure-Time, Home-Study Training."

### STEP INTO A WELL-PAID HOTEL POSITION

Good positions from coast to coast for trained men and women in hotel, club, restaurant and institutional field. Hundreds of graduates put in touch with positions in last six months as Managers, Assistant Managers, Housekeepers, Hostesses and 48 other different types of well-paid positions. Living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Lewis graduates, both young and mature, winning success. Good grade school education, plus Lewis Training, qualifies you at home, in leisure time. Registration FREE of extra cost in Lewis National Placement Service, which covers country thru special arrangement with the more than 23,000 Western Union offices. Mail coupon NOW!

### OPPORTUNITY COUPON

Lewis Hotel Training Schools,  
Room LP-9860, Washington, D. C.  
Send me the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity,"  
without obligation, and details as to how to qualify for  
a well-paid position at home, in my leisure time.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

## Free for Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

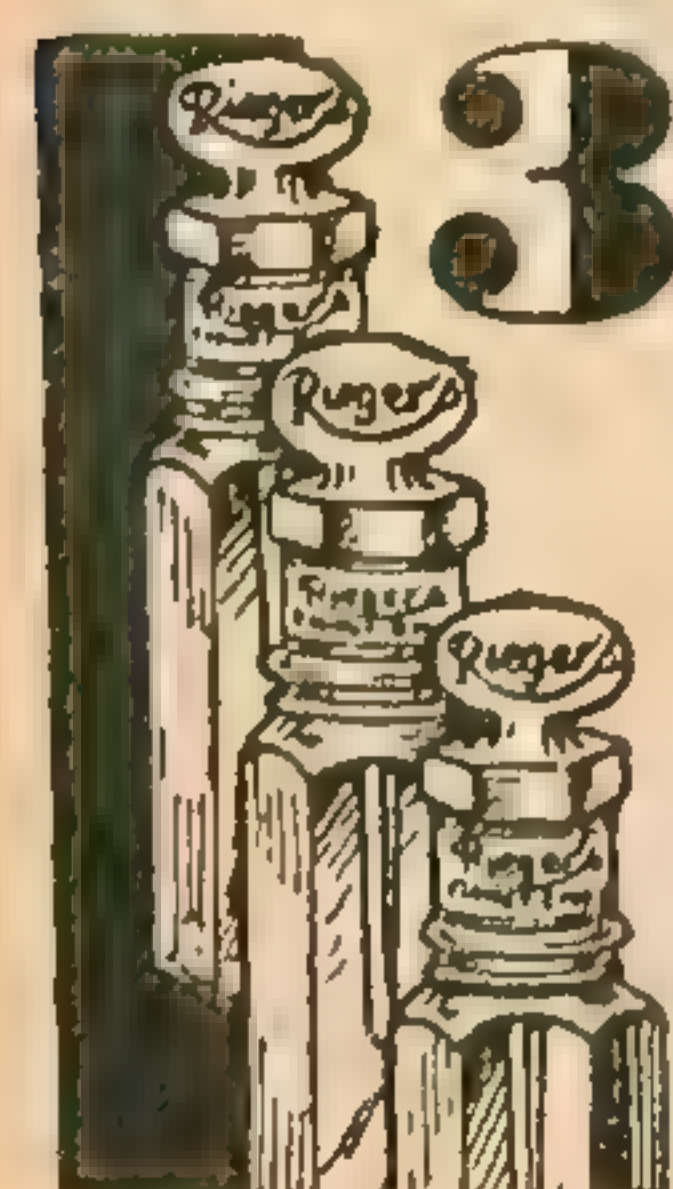
Frontier Asthma Co., 324-W Frontier Bldg.,  
462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.



### "DARK-EYES"

"Swim or Cry" -- NEVER FADES OR RUNS  
PERMANENT DARKENER for Eyebrows and Eyelashes  
Absolutely Safe... Not a Mascara... One Application lasts 4  
to 5 weeks. Trial size, 25c. Reg. size, 12 Applications, \$1.

Name .....  
Address .....  
"DARK-EYES" LAB., Dept. 10-J, 412 Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.



### 3 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells  
regularly at \$12.00 an ounce. Made  
from the essence of flowers:—

Three odors:

- (1) Esprit de France
- (2) Romanza
- (3) Fascination

A single drop  
lasts a week!

To pay for postage and handling send  
only 20c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bot-  
tles. Only 1 set to each new customer. 20c!

Send only  
**20¢**

**Redwood Treasure Chest:** Contains 4-50c  
bottles of per-  
fume selling at \$2.00 an ounce — (1) Hollywood Bouquet,  
(2) Persian Night, (3) Black Velvet, (4) Samarkand. Chest  
6x8 in. made from Giant Redwood Trees of California. Send  
only \$1.00 check, stamps or currency. An ideal gift. \$1.00!

PAUL RIEGER, 245 First Street, San Francisco, Calif.

# MARY BRIAN'S BRIDGE LUNCHEON

Mary Brian's helpful hints  
will go a long way toward  
making your next luncheon  
a real topic of conversation

by ANITA BLAKE



Mary pours a cup of tea for Lois Wilson  
undismayed by three tables of bridge. Lois  
marveled at her perfect planning

**T**OLUCA LAKE was clear and blue  
below Mary Brian's lovely little  
white house with the green  
shingled roof, and its green shutters  
were hospitably open on this warm  
sunny day. She had luncheon pre-  
pared for twelve, and her own plans  
might very well help you in preparing  
for your neighborhood bridge party.

Northern Lights was stationed at  
the door, fitting most effectively into  
the green and white picture. Northern  
Lights is Mary's huge white Alaskan  
husky, sent to her all the way from  
Nome by an admiring fan.

At Northern Lights' first welcoming  
growl, Mary herself appeared at the  
front door to greet her guests. Mary  
was wearing a red and white print  
frock, youthful and becoming, not at  
all flurried and flustered as some hos-  
tesses might be who are having eleven  
other girls in for luncheon. She had  
prepared practically the entire menu  
herself. If you wish to add a new touch  
to your own little party, Mary's tips  
should prove a great help.

She took me in to survey the living  
room where three luncheon tables that  
would later be bridge tables, were set  
—one in front of the fireplace which,  
with fire unnecessary on this sunshiny  
day, was banked with greenery; one by  
the window which gave a lovely view  
of the lake, and one near the opposite  
wall, underneath a watercolor land-  
scape the work of Mary's own brush.

Everything looked very pretty, the  
tables with exquisite linen luncheon  
cloths, gleaming silver and amber  
glass dishes.

### YOU'LL LOVE TO MAKE "MARLOWS"!

At a smart summer luncheon in Hollywood, dessert consisted of LEMON MARLOW tinted in rainbow shades, and frozen in delicately colored paper cups. Tiny cakes with pastel frostings accompanied the Marlow.

At a Hollywood beach party, HOLLYWOOD HAMBURGERS, made after a recipe used in a tremendously popular little Hollywood hamburger shack, simply "Wowed" the party.

Write Hollywood Magazine's Food Editor, 529 S. Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn., and ask for the FREE recipes for:

LEMON MARLOW ..... Free  
HOLLYWOOD HAMBURGERS ..... Free  
MILLION DOLLAR ICE CREAM ..... Free

(A simple favorite recipe with many variations)

Other leaflets you'll want are:

Soda Fountain Treats You Can Make At Home ..... 5 cents  
Pickles Which Have Won Prizes ..... 5 cents  
Bridge Bites For Summer Hostesses ..... 5 cents  
Jellies and Jams Which Have Won Prizes ..... 5 cents

DON'T FORGET TO INCLOSE A STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE!

HOLLYWOOD



● MARY WENT on out into the kitchen where things were equally in order—melon cocktails in the refrigerator, all ready to go into their ice imbedded glasses; creamed fresh mushrooms and sweetbreads, with pimienta; asparagus bundles . . .

But then the door bell rang and Mary left the kitchen to welcome her guests. They arrived almost all at once and soon were seated and eating what everybody said was "extra and ultra delicious!"

The menu began with melon cocktails, then mushrooms and sweetbreads in cream on toast, asparagus bundles, jumbo olives, celery hearts, bread sticks and stuffed tomato salad, and, for dessert, lemon foam, macaroons and tea or coffee.

Mary used casaba melons, firm and sweet, for her cocktails, dicing them evenly, and squeezing a little lemon juice over the top.

After this, came the main course, and here is her recipe for the mushrooms and sweetbreads in cream, serving twelve:

- 6 tablespoons butter
- 6 tablespoons flour
- 3 cups milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- dash of white pepper
- 3 sprigs of parsley, cut fine
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimienta
- 1 pound small mushrooms
- 1 pound sweetbreads

Melt butter in big saucepan. Add flour and cook thoroughly. Add seasoning. Boil sweetbreads. Let cool and dice, being careful to eliminate fat and bits of skin. Fry mushrooms in little extra butter until golden brown. Add mushrooms, sweetbreads, pimienta and parsley to cream sauce. Heat thoroughly. Serve on thin squares of toast. Canned mushrooms may be used if desired.

● MARY USED only about half the stalks of her asparagus, making each piece only four or five inches long. She cooked it with a small amount of water, salted, in a covered pan. Vegetables shouldn't be cooked too long, she pointed out.

To give a decorative touch, she boiled eggs hard, removed the shells and cut them up in circles. Then she removed the yolk and slipped the stalks of asparagus into the white rings, serving two bundles on each plate.

Mary's salad for her luncheon was simple. She just peeled small tomatoes of uniform size, scooped out the inside, draining off the liquid and chopping the solid parts into pieces. With this, she mixed the following ingredients:

- ½ cup chopped pecans
- 6 tablespoons Miracle Whip salad dressing
- ½ cup chopped celery
- ½ pound Philadelphia cream cheese

Stirring this up carefully, so as not to make it too mushy, she refilled the shells.

SEPTEMBER, 1935



## HOW DOES YOUR SKIN STAND THE TEST?

By *Lady Esther*

Every man instinctively plays the part of a beauty contest judge.

Every man's glance is a *searching* glance. It brings out faults in your skin that you never think would be noticed. Even those faint lines and those tiny bumps that you think might escape attention are taken in by a man's eyes and, many times, magnified.

How does *your* skin meet the test? If it is at all dry or scaly, if there is a single conspicuous pore in your nose or even a suggestion of a blackhead anywhere on your face, you may be sure that you are gaining more criticism than admiration.

Many common complexion blemishes are due to nothing less than improper methods of skin care. You want to be sure to *really* clean your skin. You don't want to be satisfied merely to remove the surface dirt. You want a method that will reach the imbedded dirt. At the same time, one that will *lubricate* your skin and counteract the drying effects of exposure to the weather.

### The Care The Skin Needs

The care your skin needs is supplied, in simple form in Lady Esther Face Cream. This cream does more than merely "grease" the skin. It actually cleanses. It reaches the hidden, stubborn dirt because it is a penetrating cream. There is nothing stiff or heavy about Lady Esther Face Cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin and gently and soothingly penetrates the pores.

"Going to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt, it breaks up and makes it—all of it—easily removable. At the same time, as Lady Esther Face Cream gently cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaliness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and supple.

When you give the skin this common sense care it's remarkable how it responds. Blackheads and enlarged pores begin to disappear. Those faint lines vanish. The skin takes on tone—

becomes clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

### Make This Test!

If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, just do this: Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then, when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

### At My Expense!

Let me prove to you, at *my* expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too, in *actual* daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

With the 7-day tube of cream, I will also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. As you test the cream, test also the shades of face powder. Find out which is your most becoming, your most flattering. Learn, too, how excellently the cream and powder go together and what the two do for the beauty of your complexion.

To get *both* the 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream and the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, all you have to do is mail me your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below. If you knew what was in store for you, you would not delay a minute in clipping the coupon.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (16)

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me without cost or obligation a seven day supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your face powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

**FREE**

Copyrighted by Lady Esther Company, 1935



# NEVER TOOK A LESSON FROM A TEACHER

—yet Bob is the envy of his music-loving friends

You, too, can learn to play any instrument this amazingly simple way. No expensive teacher. No tiresome exercises or practicing. You learn at home, in your spare time. Yet almost before you know it you are playing real tunes! Then watch the invitations roll in—see how popular you become. Yet the cost is only a few cents a day.

## NEW EASY METHOD

You don't have to be "talented." You can't be too young or too old. No teacher to make you nervous. Course is thorough, rapid, simple as A-B-C. First you are told what to do—then a picture shows you how to do it—then you do it yourself and hear it. In a short time you become the envy of your friends, the life of every party.

## DEMONSTRATION LESSON FREE!

Send for free demonstration lesson, together with big free booklet which gives you details and proof that will astound you. No obligation. Write letter or postcard today.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,  
369 Brunswick Bldg., New York City, N. Y.



## LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano, Violin,  
Guitar, Saxophone,  
Drum, Ukulele,  
Tenor Banjo,  
Hawaiian Guitar,  
Piano Accordion,  
Or Any Other  
Instrument

# Scientific Advance Stops ITCH



SKIN  
OUT-  
BREAKS

## Head-To-Foot Effectiveness



RASHES  
ECZEMA

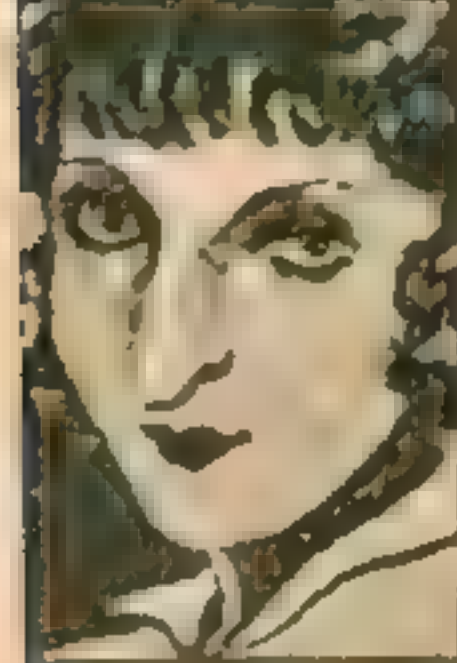


FOOT  
ITCH

WHY writhe and squirm helplessly under the unbearable torture of itching? No matter what the cause, amazing Hydrosal will give almost instant relief and help nature to heal the sick, irritated skin. Millions have found it a veritable blessing for any kind of itch, eczema, rashes, poison ivy, bites, athlete's foot, pimples, prickly heat. Successfully used by doctors and hospitals for years. Now available to the general public for the first time. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping. Ask your druggist for HYDROSAL—liquid or ointment—30c or 60c size.

# Hydrosal for Itching Skin

# YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED



Straight regular features! Charming new beauty! They can be yours. Dr. Stotter (grad. of University of Vienna) reconstructs faces by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Large Lips, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, etc., are all quickly corrected. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet "Facial Reconstruction," (mailed in plain wrapper.) Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 48-E, New York



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HOLLYWOOD'S

*hair school*

# TRY THE HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SYSTEM

A fresh appearance should be as important to you as it is to the stars. Here are some tips that will help you all around the clock

by MAX FACTOR

SEPTEMBER—THE MONTH of exciting changes. Possibly you're going to college. Or, more adventuresome yet, starting out on your own in the world. In either case your passport to success is your appearance. And if you want the kind of dependable good looks that will carry you through without a hitch from nine to five, you must have a system.

Hollywood does. Star and extra alike follow the beauty ritual as if their lives depended upon it. As a matter of fact, their professional lives do. Is yours less important? Can you afford to try the hit-and-miss technique with your greatest asset? No, you've got to be sure you are at your best every hour, every day. For it's dollars to doughnuts that the minute your hair is straggly that's the time the big customer comes in. And there's that "gone" feeling when the eyes of the boss fall on fingernails you've neglected!

No, if you don't want to "face the music," you've got to face your mirror and work out a system. The trick, you see, is to discover what makes each feature look its best—and then to keep it looking its best seven days out of the week!

Be frank about it. Start at the top—with your hair. You know the most convenient hair-do for office hours is the long bob, softly waved, with the ends pinned under in a neat line. For evening you can brush it out free as the wind and twist that extra braid *a la* coronet across the top of your head—but more about that later.

Now for your forehead. Is it high and narrow? Bangs or short "blow" curls would be a good answer to that problem. But if it's broad and low, sweep the hair back and keep it high.

● EYEBROWS ARE JUST as interesting as you make them. With a little training and the help of an eyebrow pencil you can double your attractive-



Marian Marsh keeps one eye on her mirror and frequently refreshes her make up

ness. Try it. What look do you want especially to have? Sophistication, for instance, is emphasized by a winged eyebrow that sweeps up at the end. The semi-circle variety—which makes a girl seem eternally surprised—belongs to the ingénue. But be careful for it's apt to cause the eyes to appear quite small. Straight brows denote strength and efficiency—although they're deadly on a square-ish face which needs to have them arched. The most romantic kind are the rounded brows which follow the natural bone structure. But whatever sort you

HOLLYWOOD



decide to have, you'll find that rubbing cleansing cream into them at night and shaping them with a brush will give you that look of special good grooming.

And the eyes—beaded lashes and obvious effects with eye-shadow have about as much place in an office as an evening gown. But that wide-awake, sparkling glance is all-essential. The new eyelash make-up will give it to you. It softens and darkens the lashes without making them hard looking. And there are shadows which are a mere overtone, intriguing but undetectable!

Your mouth needs the most careful study of all. It's senseless to go through life thin-lipped when you can have the full, lovely lips of youth by drawing them in. With the edge of your lipstick outline your upper lip, raising it to the desired arch, but be sure you give your mouth a distinct form and no blurry lines. Fill in by blending the rouge with the tip of your little finger. Compress the lips together and there you have a symmetrical, excitingly new mouth. But if it's too large to begin with, hold the lip make-up a trifle inside the natural lip line and emphasize the color on the upper lip a little more.

● WHEN YOU'VE made absolutely certain you know how to play up each feature to its best advantage—then comes the first step in the beauty ritual. And that's having a box where everything you need for everyday use is right at hand. "But that doesn't sound important," you say. But it is! Every actress knows the value of having a box divided into compartments, one for the brush and comb, another for the daytime cosmetics, a third for the evening make-up and so on. That way they do not roll around in the drawer and get "snowed under" so that you forget to use them!

It's a wise plan to keep a "beauty kit" in your office desk too where you not only have the makings for a fresh make-up but a small bottle of cologne for those headachy hours and a vial of toilet water to brighten up the fag end of the day.

It's such little things that mark the difference between the superior type of business girl and the second-rater. The superior type looks bathed and brushed and thoroughly cared for. During office hours she avoids gay perfume and obviously decorated eyes like the plague.

Her lipstick is *natural*.

If she's a blonde she uses *brown* eyelash make-up and a *brown* eyebrow pencil.

Her nail polish is *normal pink* because she knows that blazing red finger nails are still poison in most offices.

● SHE IS TERRIBLY fussy about baths, shampoos and deodorants. And although she uses no perfume there's a delicate fragrance about her of some flower toilet water or sachet.

But in the evening—that's something else again. She does a dove-into-peacock transformation. Out comes her brightest lipstick. She uses that new lustrous or an African red nail polish—unless her hands are very tanned from summer. Then she sticks to the rosy color because it makes brown hands look younger. Her perfume has the illusive tang of the Orient. Her hair is brushed out in a way that would make her employer gasp. She looks and is a different girl—for that's what keeps her personality nimble and alive!

SEPTEMBER, 1935



# She Cheats

(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs — perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

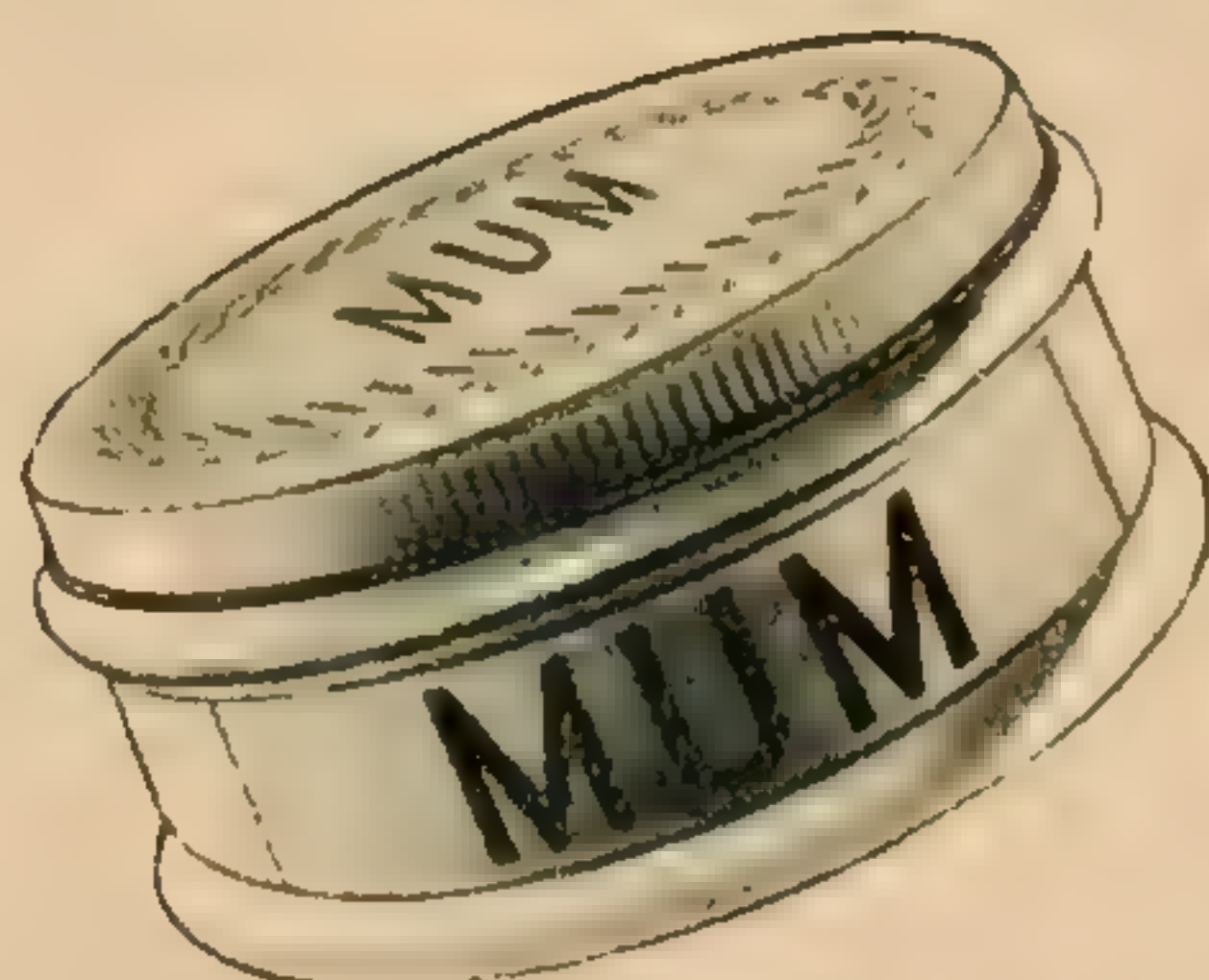
That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time — even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the odor of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

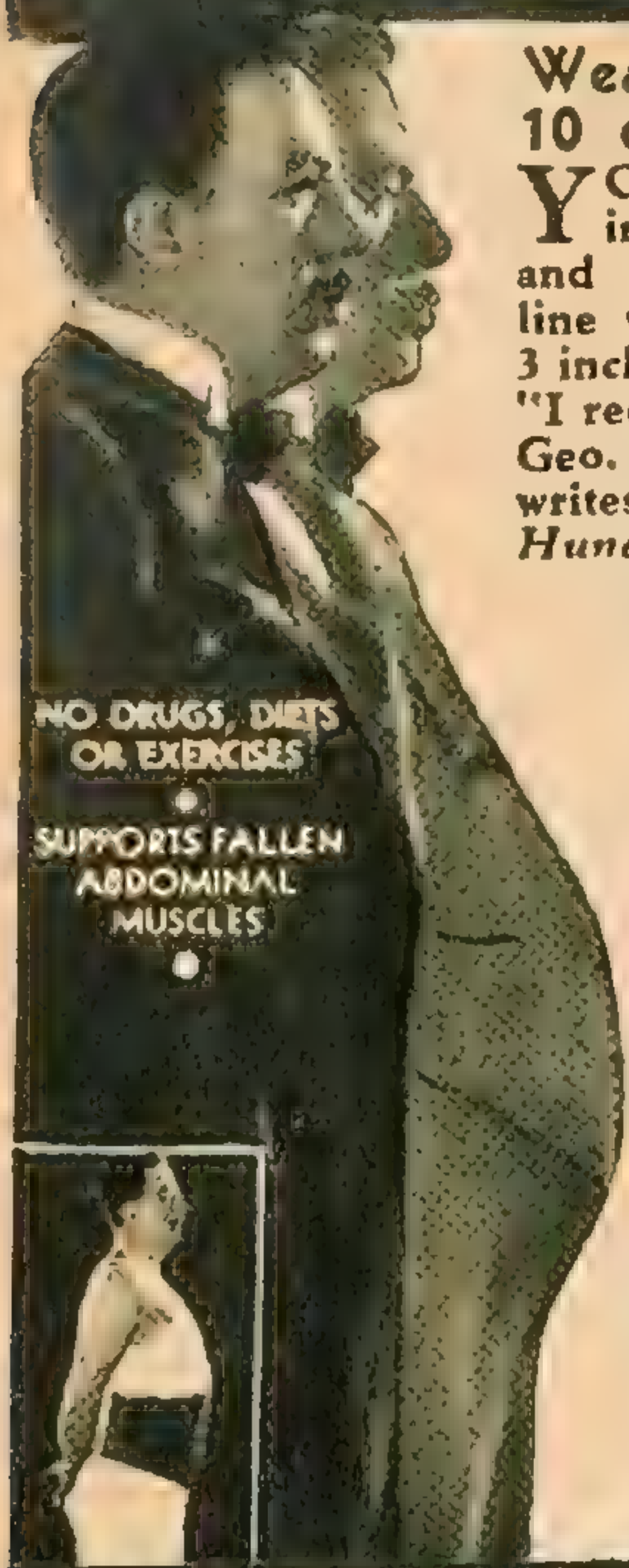


## MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!



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MY WAIST 8 INCHES  
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Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense! YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches" . . . writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson. . . . Hundreds of similar letters.

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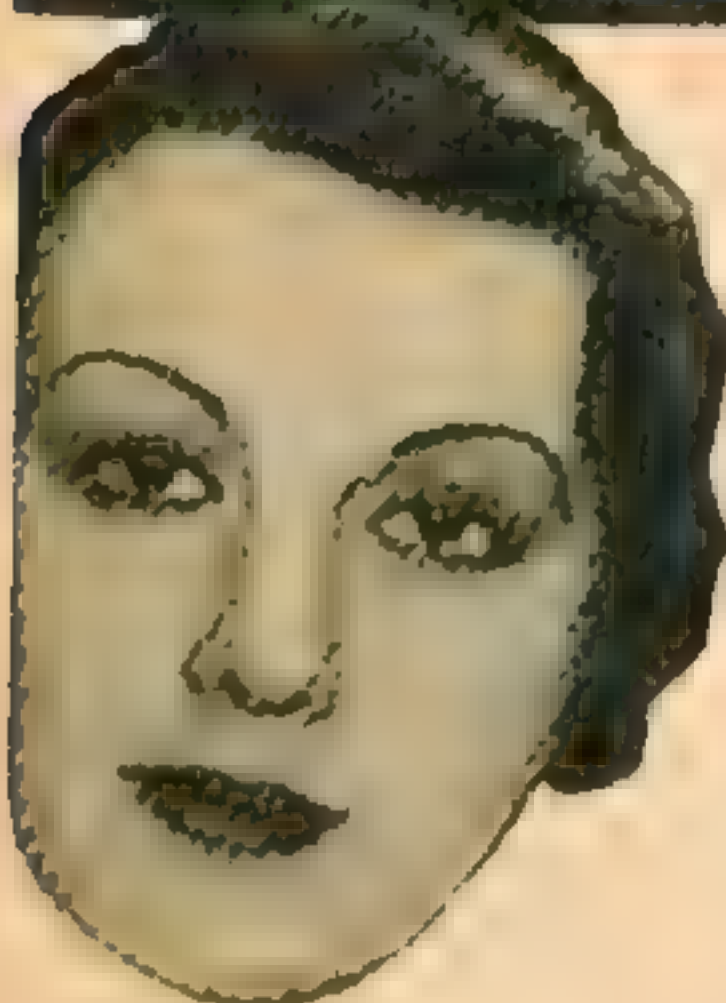
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five short days the supreme thrill is complete—a clear, fresh, satin-soft skin that looks years younger and shades whiter! All surface blemishes and freckles vanish! Relied upon by thousands to keep young-looking and alluring! Only 55c at drug stores.

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## Harry Carr's Shooting Script

(Continued from page eighteen)

### Ramon Produces

I have seen a lot of excited producers but not another one with the frenzied enthusiasm of Ramon Novarro, who has left the business of play-acting to manufacture a series of dramas. He writes the plays, makes the scripts, directs the camera work and the actors, and cuts the film.

And he might surprise us by doing all the jobs well. Since I knew him first as a very young boy there has been always some fine scheme buzzing around in his active brain.

### Gosh

Warner Brothers swear they are going to make *Anthony Adverse* into a picture, no matter what happens, the publisher having come out to make arrangements. They had better make a picture like the Chinese stage dramas, where the plot goes on for months with a couple of chapters every night. I began to read *Anthony Adverse* in childhood's happy hours and not at the age of 93, so I feel I have a good chance to finish the book.

### Too Much Hurrah

If they had picked out a good story for Anna Sten in the ordinary way and put her on in that; then looked for another, there might have been less gnashing of a set of lovely Russian teeth.

When Sam Goldwyn found her in Europe, he came back with the bag pipes squealing and all the cannon firing and himself in a state of excitement that was all but apoplectic.

Sam accumulated all the writing genius this side of Suez and nothing would suit him for the delectable Anna of less significance than another version of the doxology.

As might have been expected, La Sten and Goldwyn have parted professional company and Anna is nosing around for another job.

### Barbary Coast

*Barbary Coast* which Miss Sten was to play—until the reform movement scared them away from it, is finally going into production with Miriam Hopkins, Edward Robinson and Joel McCrea.

How they are going to make a pure version of *Barbary Coast* that will get by the censors puzzles me.

I used to know the dirty old coast and all of the dens years ago when I was a kid reporter; and some of the gags that the girls worked to extract money from the unwary were very funny. They never were so much interested in taking in real suckers as tapping the wise guys who thought they were wise.

### Another Chance

George Jessel and Harry Richman are both fiddling around with offers from Hollywood.

Although big shots in New York, they both retired from Hollywood on the occasion of their other tries with very much ruffled feathers. To be candid, their pictures were gosh-awful.

### Girl Shows

Among other things that bore me to agony and tears are girl shows on the screen. And *George White's Scandals* bored me worse than most girl shows.

No director, no matter how good, with the assistance of a writer no matter how good will ever get to first base with the love story of two vaudeville hoofers.

And another thing we have seen girls tap tapping on wheels and on stairways and off stairways; flopping on their backs with their legs kicked up in the air. In fact everybody is fed up on girls and legs.

### Lyda Roberti

I can darn near forgive George for the *Scandals*, however, on account of this Polish girl Lyda Roberti.

There is something terrific about her—with her wide tartar cheek bones and her big strong mouth. She hasn't had her chance yet—something crude and powerful and tragic. But this girl has depths that no part yet has sounded.

She is made for epics; not gargantuan giggles.

### The Old Guard Goes

You see, children, here is how it was. The nice old grandmother suddenly threw off her hood and said, "The better to eat you with, my dear," and then she ate Hollywood.

Anyhow that is about what has happened to Paramount. The innocent-sounding re-organization seems to signify that Ol' Devil Wall Street is not only within the gates but intends to run the works personally and by hand.

Otterson, the new president of Paramount is a tycoon of the Western Electric which is a limb of General Electric; which is a twin child of the American Telegraph and Telephone. The old chief of Paramount, Adolph Zukor continues on in an advisory capacity. This is the first break in the sacred circle of the group of producers who made motion pictures; but it will not be the last. It will be noted that one of the executive board of Paramount is a representative of a British insurance company; English money seems to have captured at least a corner of the works.

### Heirs Not Apparent

It has always been the ambition of the Old Guard of pictures to leave the power, the glory and the management to their sons.

With the possible exception of Junior Laemmle, not one of the sons of movie royalty is to be found headed for his father's shoes. What is much more probable is that the Old Guard will pass out themselves. Hollywood is on the eve of the most sensational shake-up of its history.

### Nephews, Nephews, Nephews

Uncle Carl Laemmle nearly sold Universal not long ago but the deal fell through because the intending purchasers refused to take the nephews with the other studio equipment. Uncle Carl said firmly: "No nephews; no sale."

HOLLYWOOD



## I Got Stung

(Continued from page thirty-three)

salami waiting to be sliced so I can climb up on the prop bed easy-like, figuring it may be a break-away on account of being so full of levers and cranks. But nothing happens so I just lay there feeling kind of heroic when a brunette with eyes that are good for convalescents comes in and hangs a board on the foot of the bed.

She starts out again without a word and I begin to burn. After all, if I'm going to get carved up for the first time in my life somebody ought to anyway talk to me!

"Say, talk-dark-and-beautiful!" I sallies, "I'm not dead yet. Hows about a little smile?"

"Oh! Aren't you?" she comes back, cool as a cucumber.

I'm still gasping over that one and wishing I'd gone to that lousy party instead of out-smarting myself this way, when a knock-out comes into the room with a big, white tray full of tools. She puts them down and comes over to the bed with one hand behind her. Then all of a sudden this treacherous femme whips the hand out and jabs a knife into my ear! Well, I like to died on the spot! You know, head-lines—"Jack Oakie Gets His From Homocidal Maniac," or "Hospital Murderess Whittles Oakie."

I LET OUT a yelp and she shushes me while she soaks up the gore on a blotter. Me, I'm supposed to just lay there and take it! I get nervous about the whole and near call it off right then. There's no telling what might happen to a guy in a place where they let powerful dames ramble around snipping chunks off a fellow too sick to defend himself!

"Say, nurse," I chirp, trying to make the best of it even if I am beginning to feel a little groggy and like taking a nap, "What is that you just gave me?"

"Twilight sleep, they call it."

I just groan. No telling what will happen next! The dumb bunny thinks I am going to have a baby! . . .

. . . The next thing I remember is trying to spit out the two baby wild-cats that are having an argument in my throat, but that only makes them madder. . . .

In the morning I wake up dreaming that Joe Penner has just cut my head off for walking on one of Suzabella's lines. After I dig the sand and rocks out of my eyes I look down at myself. Great-Day-In-The-Morning! I'll never forget that I have a white nightgown on with a red cross splattered all over the front! They are coming too fast for me! I am rocked back on my heels.

"Wah anh?" I ask the nurse.

"Oh, that! That's a nightgown Loretta Young sent you. I thought you'd like it so I put it on while you were still under the anesthetic. . . . Here's the card that came with it!"

I look at it. It is touchingly sweet and tender, like all my women are with me. . . . "Dear Jack: So now you can't talk back! Hurray! . . . Here's a little nighty I just ran up for *The Crusades*. Think you'll look just too, too divine in it. The gusset goes in front. . . . Loretta."

Later the nurse shows me a stack of thirty-two insulting telegrams from kind friends to whom I wish no bad luck—that is, not more than getting their tonsils out on their honeymoon!

SEPTEMBER, 1935

# NATURALLY SKINNY FOLKS!



How Kelpamalt Helped Me Gain New Strength and Add The Powerful Extra Pounds That Enabled Me To Win The World's Championship!

*Jimmy Braddock*  
THE NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

**Reveals Secret of His Startling Improvement—How He Built up Iodine-Starved Glands—Recommends Kelpamalt to Every Weak, Skinny, Rundown Man and Woman who Wants to Add Extra Lbs. of Good, Solid Flesh, Rugged Strength and Tireless Energy.**

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Braddock knew that without any considerable increase in weight he could not acquire the crushing strength and shattering power needed to win the contest. At the suggestion of a noted conditioner of famous athletes, Braddock turned to Kelpamalt, which experts in nutrition and health authorities all over the world hail as the finest weight and strength builder to be had.

In 6 short weeks, the new champion packed on 26 rugged pounds of good, solid flesh and acquired the driving, dynamic power behind his punch that spelled victory.

Braddock knew what he needed when he started Kelpamalt. For, this new mineral concentrate from the sea gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinniness—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic—but the same iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Braddock says, "Never felt better—and I want to state that a big share of the credit for my victory—for the wonderful condition I was in—is due to Kelpamalt. I never had more endurance, felt stronger or tired less in all my experience in the ring. And the 26 lbs. which Kelpamalt helped me add, put real power and drive behind my punches. You can tell any skinny, weak, underweight man or woman Kelpamalt is the greatest weight and strength builder there is."—James J. Braddock.

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100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.



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**OHIO NURSE LOST 47 Lbs.**—Gladysse L. Ryer, Registered Nurse, V. A. F. Cottage 2, Dayton, O., writes: "I lost 47 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS though I did not diet. Though I lost all this fat my skin is firm and smooth."

**REDUCED 34 Lbs.**—"I reduced 34 lbs.," writes Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Ia., "they are pleasant to take and dependable. I feel fine since I lost that horrible fat." Others write of reductions in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. Why not do as these women have done? Start today with easy to take, tasteless RE-DUCE-OIDS, in tiny capsules prepared and CERTIFIED for you by Scientific Laboratories of America. Not an experiment, successful for years. Ask your druggist.

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## I Take a Juggling Lesson

(Continued from page thirty-seven)

"Are you a juggler?"  
"I was. I got another job now. Better hours."

"What's your name?"  
He said his name was Dukenfield.  
Well, I couldn't place him, and he looked pleased at that, in a small-boy kind of a sneaky way.

I HAD ALWAYS wanted a specialty, you know—I can't tap dance, or play any musical instrument—and this seemed like an inspiration.

"What would you charge me," I asked him, "to teach me how to juggle?"

He drew himself up proudly, and then he looked around him, in a secretive sort of way.

"Six rolls, or three golf-balls or cigar-boxes, or hot-water bottles, bricks, and oranges mixed? Or canes?" He looked hopeful, like a child asking Santa Claus for something. His face was as red as fire, and his nose seemed to be swelling up with emotion.

"Hey," the man in the cap cautioned him. "Hey, you can't do that."

"Shut up. Why can't I? I ought to practice anyway. I never did practice hot water bottles, canes and bricks mixed! It'd be a pip. A lulu. A LOLLAPALOOZA!" He was roaring again. Everybody at the table was watching us.

"Why," I said, "I'd love to juggle anything!"

"You'll have to give up everything for your art," he whispered. "Especially liquor."

"But . . .?" I looked at his highball.

"Pooh," he said. "I could juggle fifteen gorillas, double-time, if I quit drinking. But people wouldn't believe their eyes. So what would be the use? I might as well drink, and keep down my strength." He reached in his pocket and drew out a bunch of keys on a ring.

"Lookit," he whispered, looking all around again, as if somebody might be listening. "These are the keys to my liquor cabinets. There's one in my bedroom, and one in the dining room, and one in the kitchen, and one in the den, and one in the movable bar that I take out on the tennis court, and one in my car," he said. He took the keys off the ring, and began juggling them. It was grand.

"I Do THIS every now and then," he said, under his breath, confidentially, "and they all sit around with their tongues hanging out, hoping I'll drop a key. But I never do. No, I never do. Never do."

"Will you give me lessons?"

"I certainly will. Delighted. You'll be my first pupil. You better begin practicing at home, the way I did. With three empty tomato cans. Don't get distressed if you can't catch 'em at first. Nobody can. And don't wear tights. I hate jugglers that wear tights. Wear an old pair of trousers, such as you might have picked up near a railroad track."

I looked a little bewildered, I guess.

I asked him when I could have my first lesson.

"Come over to my house next Wednesday. Three o'clock. I'll get off from work early."

"Where do you work?"

"Oh, over here on Marathon Avenue. Hollywood."

"What do you do?"

"I kind of kid along. You know."

He gave me his address—somewhere in the San Fernando Valley, and I left.

I was afraid he would have forgotten, but he hadn't. I drove into the driveway near his house, and there he was, on the tennis court, in white flannels, about ready to serve. I stopped the car to watch. It was marvelous. He threw up five balls, and while they were spinning around like fury, he suddenly hit one of them with his racket, and the man receiving service was so mixed up he missed it. Then, while the other man was taking his position in the other section of the court, a servant rushed over to my friend and handed him a highball. Oh, it was Mr. Dukenfield all right.

"Hell-loOOOO!" he hollered, as soon as he saw me. "Got your cans?"

HE HAS a lovely big house—sort of an orange farm. He had someone take me inside, while he finished his tennis game. The bedroom was all done in cream and ivory—very feminine. I was surprised.

"He just rents this place," they explained to me. "The only thing in here that is Mr. Field's, is that afghan. He says it expresses him."

Well, it's a fierce afghan . . . all dark green and bright red and brown and purple . . . sort of a defiant afghan.

"Mr. Fields?"

"Yeah. His stage name."

Then I remembered. I knew I'd seen him somewhere.

I looked out of the window and saw him coming toward me across the tennis courts. He walks back on his heels, with a sort of a scared swagger that may break into a run any minute—if you can imagine. My, his face is red. Amazing. He had a highball in his right hand.

"Can't we start the lesson outside?" I asked him.

"Lord no. You have to have a ceiling. You judge everything by the ceiling. That's why changing theatres is so hard. You judge your distance and your rhythm by the ceiling you know. Look." He picked up three apples off a dish and started them going round and round, whistling "The Skater's Waltz," softly.

"See my eyes?"

His funny little eyes were very intent—looking up high—higher than the apples he was juggling.

He stopped.

"Say, those cans are no good. They're the wrong brand of tomatoes. We'll start you on golf-balls."

He showed me that three is easier than two, and five easier than four. Evens are hardest. If you start you'll see why. It's a matter of rhythm.

"It's all rhythm," he explained. "And spacing. Or perhaps you'd call it timing."

IT ISN'T How you throw the balls, but at what moment, and how high. Oh, it's terribly hard. I began to get onto it just a little. That is, once I caught two balls out of the three.

"It takes years," he said, sadly. "I started when I was a poor kid—tramping around the country—due to a small unpleasantness with my father, the blankety blank. Pardon me. I was a dutiful child. He told me to get out, and I did. Some-

HOLLYWOOD



times I was hungry. But you know, if you go around by the houses early enough, you can get milk . . . sitting out by the porch, you know . . . or bread! And pies . . . on window sills getting cool . . ." His eyes shine like a fanatic's when he's talking about food that's left around.

"It took me five years to get a job juggling three balls. And about eight more, sometimes practicing twelve hours a day, to get a job in vaudeville, juggling seven. Then, I had to learn to mix."

"Another thing you have to remember about juggling is that you don't hang on to what you catch. You just sort of brace it, and start it up again. You keep the rhythm and the timing in your hands. . . .

He stopped for another highball. "I have to keep up my nose in the style to which it's accustomed," he explained. "My nose and my reputation."

"You do your designs, and get your speed, with uneven numbers of balls or whatever you're juggling," he went on, when he was ready to resume. "But you do your faking with the evens. Look."

He juggled four balls to look like six, by making them cross over each other's path as he threw them. It's a fascinating gift—being able to draw those moving designs in air.

"I used to juggle on the stage in old clothes, made up like a tramp, with whiskers, to hide how young I was. I had been on the stage for years before Ziegfeld signed me. He made me go on without my whiskers. My God, I was ruined. I was naked! I was scared stiff!"

I started work with my three golf balls again. He helped me by calling out the moment at which to toss the ball.

Everything would be all right for a couple of minutes. Then I would miss, and we would both start crawling under sofas and things looking for the implements. It was really great fun. Mr. Fields would laugh every time I missed. And every time I got going good he would cough and make me miss.

"If we ever get your juggling mixed, we can get you in the pictures," he promised. "If you can master the walk. Try it."

I tried to walk like he does, but there's an art to that too.

"Well, time, time . . . and practice. When you get so that you can juggle for a few minutes without missing, come back, and we'll start you on two balls. That's harder. Come over to the studio where I work. Say you've got a high-ball for me. They'll have to let you in."

"Okay."

Then he sighed. It was time for me to leave.

"So long, honey!"

I got into my car, and started the engine.

Mr. Fields had come out on the porch, and was juggling keys. They flashed in the sun. The four men on the tennis court stopped in their tracks, and started sneaking up on him. But he caught all the keys and snapped them on the ring again.

"Heh, heh, heh!" he laughed tauntingly.

Then the biggest man menaced him, and he caved in like a scared puppy. They menaced him right back into the house. I could hear him roaring and shouting and pleading as I drove away.

I expect I'll be able to get my second lesson in about six months. Maybe more. I have to master the three golf-balls before I go back.

SEPTEMBER, 1935

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS

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## Previewing the New Pictures

(Continued from page thirty-six)

Rogers was not required to cry. The scene they were shooting was the wedding in jail of the swamp girl "Fleety Belle" (Anne Shirley of *Green Gables* fame) and the river boy (John McGuire who crashed the movies with seven cents and won himself a new Fox contract). Rogers, Francis Ford, Eugene Pallette, the sheriff, and Stepin Fetchit were witnesses to the ceremony as "Listen to the Mocking Bird" was played for wedding march. The scene happens to be identical to a marriage in jail that really occurred in a Mississippi river town. Ben Lucien Burman, author of the novel from which the picture was adapted, was a witness.

If you will watch for this scene, you may notice that it is played all in a long shot—that is, not broken up in many closeups. As stated, Rogers was not scheduled to cry, but the sentimentality of the situation overcame this master of sentimentalists. Director John Ford noticed the tears coming to his eyes and continued shooting past the end of the sequence. Rogers, unhampered by not having more dialogue to say, began to ad lib about the ring. And Gene Pallette followed suit. All the business stayed in and you will see it on the screen. When the director finally called "Cut," there wasn't a completely dry pair of eyes on the set. Even the crew were furtively reaching for handkerchiefs.

Irvin S. Cobb, who plays a rival steamboat captain, the villain of the piece, walked over to wring Rogers' hand in silent congratulation. "Don't tell anybody about this, Irv," Will said, still sobbing. "If it gets out that I'm a dramatic actor, I'll never be able to kid dramatic actors again."

Despite his wise crack, don't allow anyone to tell you that Rogers can't act when he wants to. He is turning in a whale of a job in this, his first dramatic story. Yet when he isn't "emotin'" in front of the cameras, he is the same old Rogers with a laugh and a gag for John Ford, director of *The Informer*, who was with Will before in *Judge Priest*.

**BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936** (M-G-M). The fellow next to us whispered, "Do you know what this one set cost? Sixty-five thousand dollars!" It was a roof garden, all silver and glass and neon lights, with the New York sky line twinkling at night in the background. "It looks well worth it," we whispered back.

The entire cast of M-G-M's biggest musical were assembled on the stage for the finale... Jack Benny, top favorite of radio comedians, Eleanor Powell, hailed as the world's greatest tap dancer, Carl Randall, occupying similar prominence in ball room dancing, Frances Langford, singer of blues extraordinary, and dozens of other great acts from stage and radio imported especially for this production. Established screen favorites present included Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, June Knight and Robert Taylor. There was a line of Dave Gould's specialty dancing girls. The brunettes far outnumbered the blondes in the chorus. Is the Hollywood idea of chorines changing? Gould says it is.

As we approached the group of stars sitting on the side lines waiting for di-

rector Roy Del Ruth to complete the next set-up, they were talking about shoes. It all started with the discovery that Eleanor Powell's mother wears each new pair of Eleanor's shoes for three weeks to break them in for her. It was agreed that greater love hath no mother. Then it came out that Jack Benny changes his shoes three times a day—sort of a superstition. Sid Silvers broke down and admitted that for luck he had worn the same pair of shoes for nine years on the stage. He had them on that day.

**PETER IBBETSON** (Paramount). All Hollywood will watch the fate of this picture with anxious eyes, for there is no better barometer of public taste than *Peter Ibbetson* has been for fifty years. The delicate, fanciful love story of Peter and the Duchess of Towers through life and death has been a success only when the public has tired of sensationalism.

*Peter Ibbetson* as a novel from the pen of George du Maurier first made its appearance some fifty years ago. It enjoyed a sensational sale for nearly a year, then unaccountably dropped off for seven years, whereupon, it just as unaccountably began to sell again. Its entire history as a book has been like that. Publishers everywhere watch its sales and whenever it picks up, rush other delicate love stories to the markets.

Dramatized as a play by Joan Nathaniel Raphael and Constance Collier, *Peter Ibbetson* has experienced an equally checkered career. Sometimes it is a tremendous success; other times an amazing failure. The screen has attempted it only once previously. As a starring vehicle for Elsie Ferguson, its title was changed to *Forever*.

Now we are to have *Peter Ibbetson* again with Ann Harding, Gary Cooper, John Halliday and a distinguished cast under the direction of Henry Hathaway who made *Bengal Lancers*. How you receive it will dictate the course of Hollywood during the next season.

**DR. SOCRATES** (Warners). Marking a wide departure for Paul Muni, you will see him in a romantic lead for the first time on the screen. He is wearing a mustache for the part of a young country doctor who is forced to attend a band of Public Enemies and finally captures the gangsters by a neat trick. If you read the best-selling novel by W. R. Burnett, author of *Little Caesar*, you know what the trick is. But we'd never tell.

When we visited the set, the picture was only in its third day of production, so there isn't much we can tell you about what happened in its making. The several bank hold-ups and the machine gun battle between G-men and gangsters had not been filmed. We had, however, several chats with the trim-mustached Muni, our old pal Wilhelm Dieterle, fresh from his triumph as director of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Ann Dvorak, who is playing the hitch-hiker heroine, and Barton MacLane, the gangster chief. We report all enthusiastic about *Dr. Socrates*.

HOLLYWOOD



## GADGET GOSSIP



Dorothy Lebaire's new electric mixer does two jobs at once. For a hurried breakfast she can make orange juice while the machine beats up the batter

• DOROTHY LEBAIRE, whom you'll remember in *Hoosier School Master*, has a kitchen contraption that is remarkable to say the least. It is a kind of combination egg beater, orange squeezer and what-have-you which she uses for a variety of purposes, including that of getting breakfast in nothing flat. It's called the Hamilton Beach mixer and works by electricity. You can beat up an omelet or whip up waffles and squeeze your morning orange or grapefruit juice at the same time. It is also grand for quick cake making and projects like that.

• • •

• IF YOU USE a cook book, it is a good idea to cover it with oil cloth since, otherwise, it is bound to get soiled during culinary operations. Many Hollywood cooking enthusiasts prefer the card filing system for recipes. Then you only have to be bothered with one small card while concocting a chosen dish.

• • •

• DID YOU KNOW that pineapple, canned or fresh, is one of the most beneficial of all fruits? It is rich in mineral salts, is easily digested and has certain germicidal qualities that make it very good for sore throat, according to Jeanette MacDonald. . . . If fresh pineapple is chosen and is being used in pudding or gelatin, it should be scalded first, she says. She also warns that fresh pineapple should not be eaten with cream since this combination forms an acid injurious to the system.

• • •

• A PIECE OF blotting paper underneath a doily is a good resting place for bowl or vase of flowers. No dampness can possibly injure polished surfaces, then.

SEPTEMBER, 1935

# IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THEY ONCE CALLED ME SKINNY!



## New "7-power" ale yeast giving thousands 5 to 15 lbs. quick

DON'T think you're "born" to be skinny and friendless. Thousands with this new, easy treatment have gained 5 to 15 solid pounds, normally attractive flesh they never could gain before—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now say the real reason why great numbers of people can't seem to gain an ounce is they fail to get enough health-building Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. But now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of men and women have put on pounds of firm flesh—in a very short time.

Not only that, but thousands have also gained a naturally clear complexion, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

## 7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add energy.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, new health comes—you're a new person.

## Results guaranteed

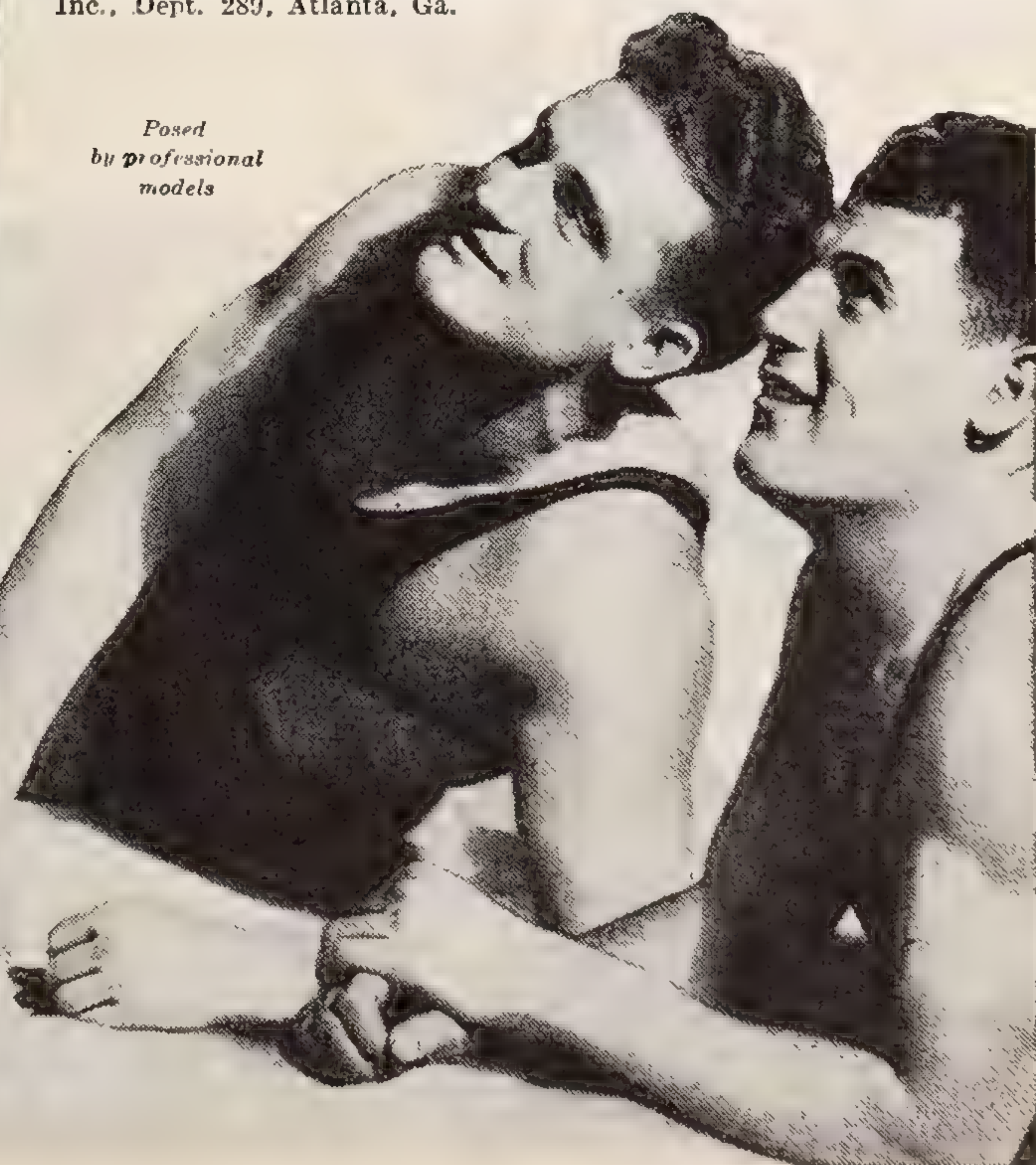
No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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W. STILES KOONES, MANAGER

# PICCADILLY

## Bing Crosby's Song of Love

(Continued from page thirty-five)

of a song that was to sweep the continent the next night.

"You've one more chance, to prove—" she smiled,

—it's me alone you care for,  
Each night you'll say a little pray'r for—  
Just one more chance. . . ."

### PLEASE

*Please, lend your lit-tle ear to me, please  
Lend a ray of cheer to my pleas  
Tell me that you love me too.*

*Please let me hold you tight in my arms,  
I could find de-light in your charms,  
Ev'ry night my whole life through—*

"Ladies and Gentlemen — 'The Big Broadcast of 1932'— presenting for the first time on the screen such celebrities of the air as Kate Smith, Burns and Allen, The Mills Brothers, Bing Crosby. . . ." That's really as much of the advertising matter that went out from the Paramount Studios in Hollywood as we have to read. Bing had had his chance . . . and where he'd enchanted hundreds at the Grove, he'd now enthralled millions on the air. And the millions clamoured to see their idol.

Bing and Dixie came back to Hollywood victorious—but worried. Bing was a singer, not an actor. He wanted to sing in front of the camera, but he hated mugging. And they told him he'd have to act. To Bing that meant mugging.

Again his featured song seemed titled to exactly fit his mental state. He spent weeks going around the studio with a worried expression, saying "Please!" to executives, directors, everybody. Not, of course, that he wandered into the august precincts of Mr. Cohen's office warbling, "Please lend your little ears to my pleas." That would have been lese-majesty, or something, and most embarrassing.

But he did go to Frank Tuttle, the director, and beg him not to put him into any spots where he'd have to try to act. He swore he couldn't. He swore he didn't have the looks. . . .

● OBLIGINGLY, THE STUDIO cut down his "acting" scenes to the minimum story requirements. And in fear and trembling, Bing went through them with no thought of technique. When the picture was finished, Bing was ready to go back to New York and the mike. He was sure he was a flop and kept telling Dixie so. When his option was taken up, he was the most surprised man in Hollywood. But Dixie . . . well, that was another story.

"Of course I'm not surprised, honey! I figured you'd click all along," she giggled, "what do you think I married you for?"

"Well, gosh! Why not tell a guy!"

"You wouldn't have believed it. . . . But you will go through with it, won't you?"

"I don't know. It's all sort of surprising."

"It was Dixie's turn to play up the musical comedy motif by slipping her arms around his shoulders and singing—

"Please, lend your little ears to my pleas"—

### LOVE IN BLOOM

*"Can it be the trees that fill the breeze  
With rare and magic perfume?  
Oh, no, it is-n't the trees, It's Love in bloom!"*

He was pacing up and down the corridor at the hospital. He was pale, and the palms of his hands were damp. He paused in his nervous pacing back and forth to look out the window. After all, he kept telling himself, she's got the best doctor that money can buy. Everything'll be all right. Don't get into a sweat. This sort of thing happens every day. But—oh, well, she's such a sweet kid! She's always stuck around with me, thought of me first in everything. She's been swell. And then, there's been Gary Evan—and now. . . .

"Mr. Crosby. . . ."

"Yeah?" he whirled about, "how is she? She okay?"

"Yes, indeed! And Mr. Crosby . . . so are your two new baby boys!"

"Two of them!" Bing's mouth dropped open in amazement and then: "Gee, that's swell. . . . Can I see her now?"

"Yes, but just for a minute."

Dixie was holding on to his hand tightly as he sat by her bed. She turned her head toward him.

"Love me?"

"Gosh, honey, you know I do!"

"How's about a little song, then? A nice one?"

Bing stifled a sigh of relief. If she could talk that way, everything must be okay, just like the nurse said. He grinned at her as few people have ever seen the great Bing grin.

"Sure, kid, and I've got just the right number, too!"

He bent toward her ear and crooned to her in his softest voice. . . .

*"Can it be the spring that seems to bring  
The stars right into my room?"*

*Oh, no, it is-n't the spring, it's Love in bloom!*

*My heart was a desert, you planted a seed,  
And this is the flower, this hour of sweet fulfillment.*

*Is it all a dream, the joy supreme,  
That came to us in the gloom?*

*You know it is-n't a dream,  
It's Love in bloom. . . .*

They were pretty happy, those two youngsters, just then. But they had a lot more ahead of them, and two little kiddies to take care of.

### SOON

*Soon, maybe not tomorrow but soon  
There'll just be two of us*

*Soon you and I will borrow the moon  
For just the two of us—*

● "THEY'RE COMING To the post!" the announcer called on the radio.

"Mr. Crosby wanted on the set!" called the assistant director on Stage Nine.

With a groan Bing left the little portable radio in the corner and reluctantly went back to work. An assortment of props, grips and juicers stood around the radio and grinned. And well they might! One of Bing's horses had just lost the third race at Santa Anita. And he'd just paid off. It seemed as though that was all he

HOLLYWOOD



ever did these days—pay off, He hadn't seen his colors win once and several men around the studio were figuring on getting the wife that new Ford next month if it kept up.

The split second the director called "Cut!" Bing was off the set like a bullet headed at break-neck speed for the radio. In sight of the men he slowed to a walk and dug into his trouser pocket. There was no need to hurry. The gang was grinning harder than ever. . . . The payoff again!

Grimly he sang as he dished out the long green. He sang "Soon" with a meaning the song writer had never thought of and he sang it with a will.

He was called back to the set again just as the horses left the paddock for the fifth race. Disgruntled, he went to work, but when the camera turned he forgot everything but the song he was singing to Gail Patrick. At the end, Director Sutherland came to him, his face suffused with emotion, his hand out.

"That was swell, Bing! Congratulations!"

"Oh!—uh, thanks, Eddie, thanks! But excuse me please just a second . . . Zombie's in the fifth at Santa Anita and I want to find out. . . ."

"Well, what the devil do you think I'm congratulating you for? . . . Zombie won!"

Work was called off for the balance of the day.

## WISHED ON THE MOON

*I wished on the moon for something I never knew*

*Wished on the moon for more than I ever knew*

*A sweeter rose, a softer sky, an April day. . . .*

● THE BIG BROADCAST of 1935 was over, marking three years of work since he first went on the screen. He'd been lucky. He'd been very lucky—money, friends, Dixie and the three kids, a stable of his own with horses that were beginning to win for him. Yes, he thought as he settled down in the chair on the verandah of his Santa Fe rancho, he'd been lucky! The moon was out and the night-blooming jasmine was in the air. Dixie was at the piano.

He sighed contentedly.

The phone rang and he was called in. It was Ev calling from the studio to announce a new contract for a million a year and only one picture to make. When Ev was through, Larry got on the phone to tell him that he'd just gotten a cable from Ainstree to the effect that Zombie had won the Grand National Bing had no sooner hung up than the phone rang again. New York calling. The National Broadcasting outfit had a proposition if he'd only go back on the air once a month; they'd erect a special studio for him, a new portable one so he could broadcast wherever he was with no more inconvenience than lighting a cigarette; they'd pay two million a year.

Not bad, thought Bing, as he hung up. Not bad! Of course, it was a shame to have to go to New York on such a swell night but the big new Boeing down back of the paddock would make it in a few hours. He kissed Dixie good-bye and was off in a roar of motors.

They had the contracts at the airport for him to sign so he wouldn't lose time getting back home. They also had a wire for him from home—Dixie had presented

SEPTEMBER, 1935

# Change Bread to Cake!



**EAGLE BRAND COCONUT STRIPS**

Day-old white bread  
Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk  
Coconut

Slice bread  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch thick. Trim off crusts. Cut into strips  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch by 2 inches long. Spread strips on all sides with Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, covering well. Then roll in dry shredded coconut, broken fine. Brown under low gas flame, or toast on fork over coals.

● Dee-li-cious! Tastes like Angel Food, delicately coconut-frosted! No one will believe it's so easily made! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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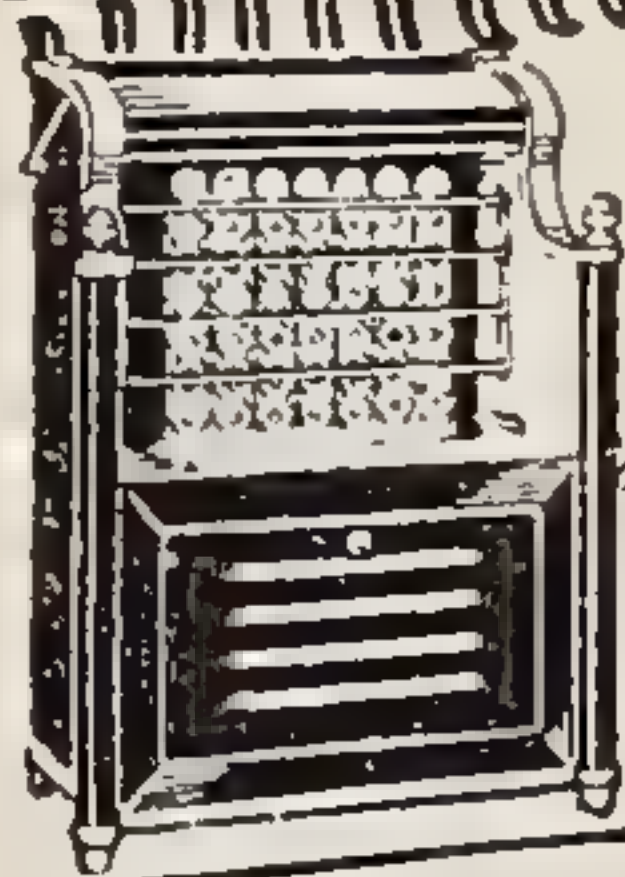
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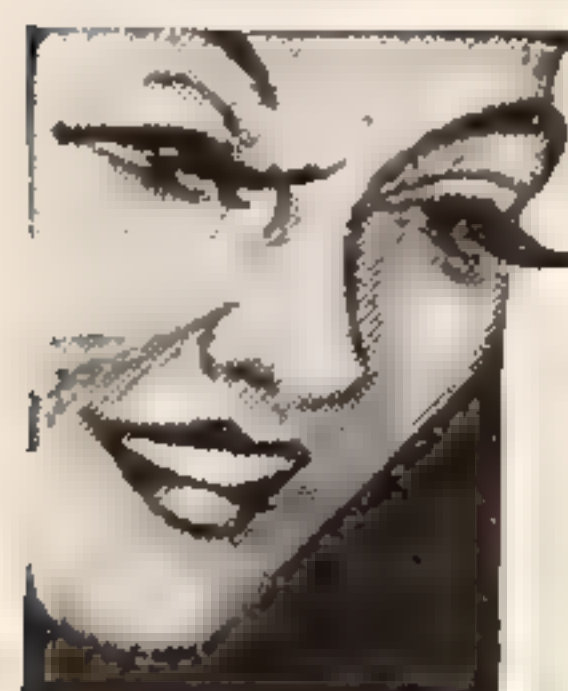
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"Bing! . . . Bing! Wake up! You're snoring your head off!"

Bing shook the sleep out of his eyes and looked around. The moon had dropped back of the stables.

"Bing! Will you please wake up and go answer the phone? . . . It's Larry calling from the studio."

"Oh, yeah!" he brightened visibly and

muttered vaguely, "Sure, the new million dollar contract. . . ."

"Say, Bing," said Larry over the phone, "sorry to disturb you so soon, but you've got to be back in Hollywood the first thing tomorrow."

"New contract, Larry?" asked Bing, still half asleep.

"New contract, Hell!—re-takes on the 'Big Broadcast.'"

Bing hung up. He drooped off to bed. As he opened the window he glanced up at the moon.

"Oh, phooey!" he grunted.

## Behind the Headlines

(Continued from page thirty-four)

ask you! Everything was wrong, according to Katie's lights. In the first place, she thought she was important enough to merit more attention on her own. In the second, the facts that were printed were wrong. She wasn't the daughter of a millionaire, she didn't have any money, she was married to a nice, salaried young man, and her family was fairly prominent in eastern intellectual circles—certainly not in the circles of the vulgar rich!

I am told that right here, Miss Hepburn, who has a fairly good intellect of her own, sat down and did some figuring. If she were going to succeed in Hollywood, in this fantastic circus-like town, of which she had heard so much, she was going to have to put on a three-ring performance of her own in addition to doing her work intelligently and honestly. Who had been the most successful in attracting attention? Garbo. And how had Garbo achieved her sensational publicity? By refusing to see anybody and by living the life of an eccentric.

And that, my readers, is the very interesting tale behind Miss Hepburn's first headlines in Hollywood.

● IMMEDIATELY SHE started to work, she saw to it that she was known as that crazy New York actress who always wore blue overalls. She rented an expensive foreign car and, quite the farmerette lolling on its luxurious cushions, was seen everywhere in it. I'll never forget the stir she occasioned by driving ostentatiously right up to the door of a projection room on the Radio lot when the press were gathered to see an Ann Harding picture. She scuttled into a front seat where no one could miss seeing her. It was a swell performance. Everybody was gawking and as "everybody" included the newspaper correspondents and magazine writers, Katie really did a good job.

It was good foundation work for her next headline:

### NEW ACTRESS STEALS FILM

On October 22, 1932 a reviewer wrote—and he expressed the opinion of many—"Not in years has a new face registered so indelibly as that of Katharine Hepburn. She carries off acting honors in *Bill of Divorcement* from even such a one as John Barrymore."

This story of the making of this picture is a honey. Anxious as Katie Hepburn was to make good, she had adopted an eccentric temperamental rôle, and she had to play it to the hilt. Her first row came

over her costumes. She absolutely refused to approve any of them.

Finally, George Cukor, who had shown the courtesy and patience of Job, looked up at her and said, "Do you like your own dress—the one you are wearing?" "Certainly," replied Miss Hepburn, "it was designed for me in Paris." "It is a terrible thing—you look like a dishrag in it," he told her. "You have no ideas about clothes at all! Now you listen to me!" Hepburn was so startled, she did.

This battle over clothes gave Cukor an idea. He was exceedingly tough, not hard-boiled or rude, but just determinedly tough with her, and from then on the picture rolled smoothly. (As have all of Cukor-Hepburn pictures. They've been hits where her others have flopped!) Cukor calls Miss Hepburn not Katie, but "Ella," and forever throughout the making of that first film, he was shouting at her, "Get off your high horse, Ella!"

● OUR NEXT headline is not a headline.

It's simply an item in a gossip column in a magazine which says, "Well! Meet Katie Hepburn, the new elf of Hollywood. Sprawling over a chair, long legs encased in a pair of dirty overalls and feet in run-down sneakers and wearing a sweat shirt, Miss Hepburn told a couple of Hollywood reporters, when they asked her if she were married, 'I really can't remember. I ought to remember, but I don't believe I can.' And when they inquired if the story that she had a couple of children in New York was true, she said, 'I don't know.'"

The story behind this apparently inane interview of Miss Hepburn's, which was the one that started the flood of interest in her innocent, peace-loving husband and gave Hepburn gobs of space, was a studio tiff. The publicity department told her she couldn't get away with this Garbo pose; she'd have "to cooperate."

"All right," responded Katie, "lead me to the interviewers. I'll answer all their questions about my private life, but I'll answer them the way I please!" And so she did! All of which was fine ground work for the next headline, popping up under a New York date line of December 20, 1933:

### FIND MATE OF MISS HEPBURN IN NEW YORK

"The finding of Katharine Hepburn's husband in a modest studio house on East 49th Street in New York with the name plate on the door reading Ludlow Ogden Smith was no surprise to Katharine's

HOLLYWOOD



friends. They said, 'That's been no secret for years. Katie herself never made any secret of it until she went to Hollywood. Then for reasons of publicity, you know. . . .'

● AND HERE'S the dope on Mr. Ludlow Ogden Smith, who was more startled than anyone else to find that he was "Mr. Katharine Hepburn" in the eyes of the movie public and who didn't like it a bit. Thirty-one years old, a mining engineer and getting along reasonably well in his profession in New York, Ludlow Ogden Smith was madly in love with Katharine Hepburn, his wife, when he put her on the train for Hollywood. I've never met Mr. Smith, but I'm told he is quite charming, dark-haired, alert eyed, tall, broad, and would be quite good-looking except for a growing baldness.

Graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with extra degrees, with two years additional work at Oxford, he was born and brought up in a great colonial house in Stratford, Pennsylvania. Both his mother's and father's people had settled the region and been prominent in the community since the days of the Revolution.

His romance with Katie started at a Junior Prom at Bryn Mawr where he had gone as an extra man. He was bored and looking for his hat when a skinny, lanky, freckled-face girl grinned at him and said, "You're not leaving so soon?" "Of course not," said Smith. "I was just going for a walk on the campus." She grinned again and said, "That's funny. So am I." They went for a walk, and there began their romance. They were married as soon as she was graduated.

I don't imagine he had any idea what would happen to his marriage, nor could he foresee the great boomerang publicity his movie star wife had started that was to be. Meanwhile, on December 22, their friends were reading with mingled emotions of amusement and surprise, the following, which speaks for itself:

#### SOCIAL REGISTER DROPS KATHARINE HEPBURN

Philadelphia, December 22, 1933. "Katharine Hepburn was missing from the 1934 Philadelphia social register today. Friends expressed surprise, but said she and her husband probably lapsed their subscription to the books since they now lived in New York."

And then:

#### FATHER COUGHLIN AND MRS. HEPBURN DEBATE BIRTH CONTROL

● WASHINGTON, January 19, 1934. "A crowd that jammed the huge house caucus heard Father Coughlin of Detroit and Mrs. Thomas J. Hepburn, mother of the screen actress, run the arguments for and against birth control. Mrs. Hepburn said, 'I have ceased to worry about people being shocked. . . . Human beings have always done so many stupid things under the most rightful terms, it is difficult for us really to use our intelligence about anything.'"

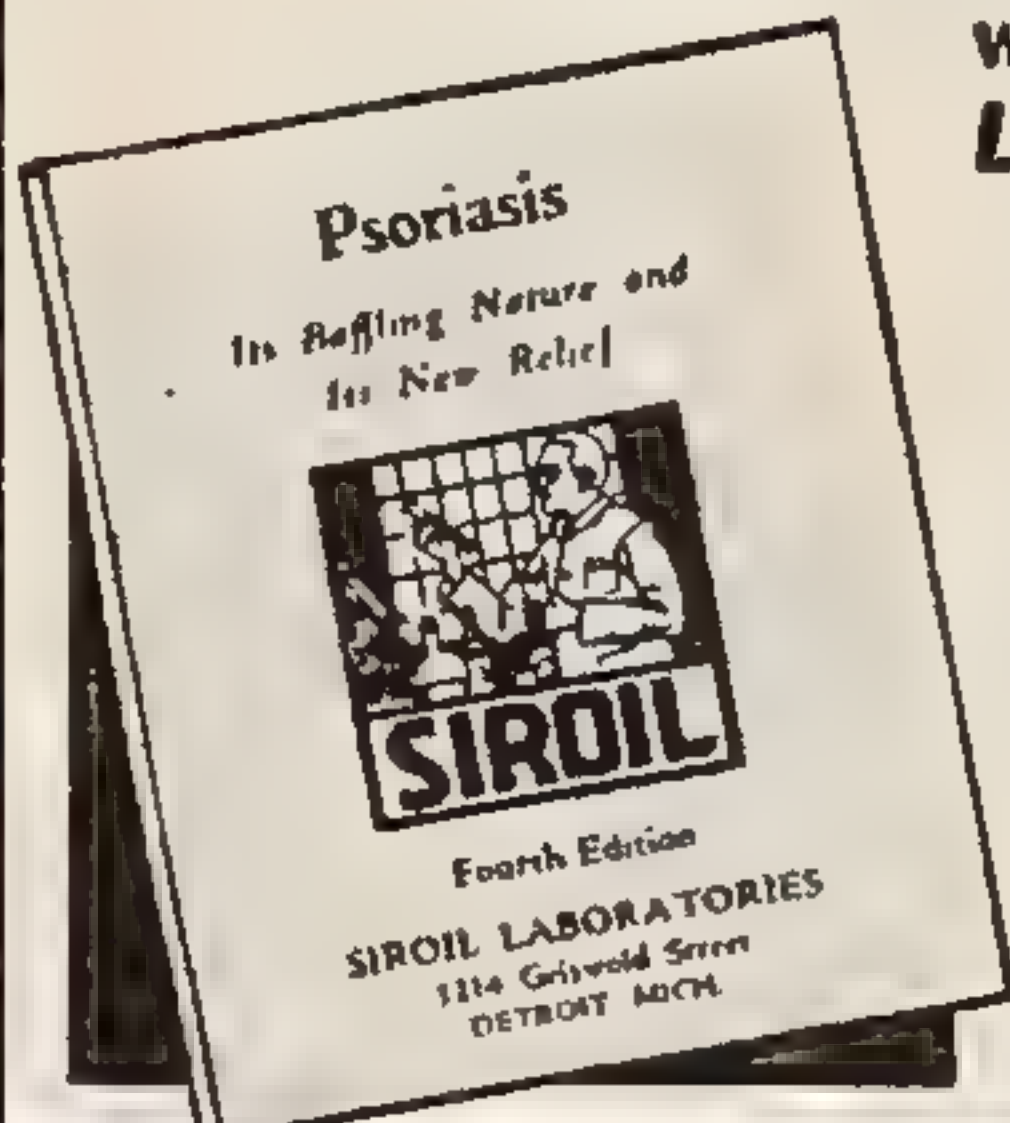
Interesting, I say, not so much for its subject matter but because of the light it throws on Katie's family. They are intelligent, progressive people of high civic and humanitarian ideals. Katie had been brought up in stimulating mental atmosphere to think for herself and to act for herself. It also shows the family flair for

SEPTEMBER, 1935

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OF LAST YEAR

"Katharine Hepburn and Charles Laughton share top honors in Motion Picture Academy awards of the year." If Miss Hepburn cared about the award, she never admitted it. While the celebration was going on in Hollywood, she was racing up a third class gangway to board a ship for Europe, knocking reporters and cameramen to one side.

● AND NOW COMES the divorce which couldn't be obtained quietly in Reno or Paris or any ordinary divorce city. No, Miss Hepburn, in her burning desire to escape reporters, went all the way to Yucatan! Here's the first headline on May 7, 1934, over a cable from that tropical country:

## EARLY HEPBURN DIVORCE SEEN

May 7, 1934. Merida, Yucatan. "It was intimated today that Katharine Hepburn and her husband, Ludlow Smith, had agreed to divorce terms, and Miss Hepburn will leave shortly from here to New York with a Mexican decree. The terms

were settled at a conference at Progresso, a seaport near here."

The divorce was air tight and so arranged that Katie could immediately remarry if she wished—or did she want to start marriage rumors?—and the following day comes:

MISS HEPBURN  
WON'T WED NOW

"Wearing a *cafe au lait* silk dressing gown over white silk pajamas, Katharine Hepburn stood in the hall of her home today and replied to a question about a possible immediate marriage. 'That's the very farthest from my mind right now,' she said. 'Where is Leland Hayward?' she was asked. 'Mr. Hayward is my manager. He is on the West Coast. But I'm not thinking about Mr. Hayward. I'm going up to Hartford to visit my parents probably tonight or tomorrow.'"

The rumors persisted, however, and on November 23, 1934, when she and Hayward boarded a TWA plane for New York under assumed names, reporters dogged their footsteps again with more stories resulting.

● Recently came a chatter item that she and Hayward are already married secretly, but they deny this. Whether true or not, you will certainly hear more about it soon and, if not, about some new freakish Hepburn stunt, for she has a knack for getting in print. She is one of the cleverest space grabbers the town has had! Don't you agree with me, or do I have to eat that new fall hat?

## Why I Am a Norma Shearer Fan

(Continued from page thirty-two)

the wife of a producer, or her own high standing as a star. She is the most conscientious worker I have ever known—a demon for even the trivial things. Instead of depending upon technical advisors, script girls, and others employed for that work on her set, Norma Shearer prefers keeping strict tab on everything herself. She is interested in every detail, but this interest is manifested in a quiet, dignified manner. I remember, for instance in *Let Us Be Gay*—I was wearing an organdie dress for one sequence in the picture, when she walked up casually to me and suggested that I "best not sit down in it—it would look mussed on the screen." So that I might sit down at least while eating, however, she made arrangements, personally, for me to have the frock pressed after the luncheon hour.

Upon another occasion, a script girl called Miss Shearer's attention to the fact that she was wearing her scarf differently from the way she had worn it in the scene before. Norma thanked the girl charmingly, and told her she was quite sure the scarf was right, despite what her notes might read to the contrary. The two went into the projection room to see the "rushes" on a previous scene. Norma was proven correct, but the entire proceeding was conducted in such a good-natured, tolerant manner, that the script girl was not for one moment allowed to feel embarrassed.

● I HAVE NEVER seen an actress who inspired higher respect from the men who work with her. Rough language is never heard on her set. Harmful prac-

tical jokes are not carried out in her presence. She has great sympathy for "the other fellow," and could not bear to see anyone's feelings hurt, or to be made "the goat" for the sake of someone else's pleasure.

You cannot work with her without hearing from all sides stories of the amazing trusts and devotions she holds for those people who have been loyal to her. Her hair-dresser "Helen," who has been with her for some nine years, wanted to buy a car several months ago, and Norma loaned her the money—in cash—to pay for it, so she would not have to be burdened with the extra carrying charges.

In a similar instance, when her personal maid who has been with her for several years, announced that she was forced to leave her to expect a "blessed event," Norma gave her three months salary in advance in a lump sum so she might anticipate her great happiness with added security. So very few of these gracious generosity seldom reach print, unless some Shearer fan, like myself, in unbounded admiration for her, reveals them.

Her thoughtfulness for others is generally known, and admired, however, for she shares even her personal privileges with others. When she orders her coffee mornings on the set, she orders enough for the entire crew. Coca-cola is ordered in the same amount on warm afternoons.

● THIS SAME CONSIDERATION was evidenced in an even more tender way during the making of *Let Us Be Gay* (the last picture she made before the birth of



Irving Thalberg, Jr., her first child). The late Marie Dressler, although working in the picture, was desperately ill at the time. Norma Shearer spent every possible moment anticipating her wants—caring for her at a time when most women would have looked for those little attentions themselves.

Her fairness is one of her most admirable qualities. Where she might quite logically expect certain concessions due her position, she not only does not expect them, but she does not encourage them in any way. To me, there is something divinely human about that.

I can say with sincerity, that the woman, Norma Shearer, has all the smartness, beauty and dignity of the actress. She has poise without striking a pose. There is not one sign of affectation in her entire

make-up. Watching her in public and on the screen has made me far more careful of my own clothes and grooming than I might have been otherwise.

Few women indeed could perform the dual tasks of a professional career on the screen and motherhood as well as Norma Shearer. Even now, with a daughter just born to her, Norma is planning to carry on her screen career and yet do full justice to her two children. I think that is a fine example of her astonishing vitality and ambition.

I am sure I have never attempted in any manner to pattern my appearance, my career, or my life after her; but I have, I willingly admit, as her fan, held her judgment, her person, and her achievements as examples of real-life perfection.

## Gene Raymond's Marriage by Mistake

(Continued from page thirty-one)

mail really worries Gene. He has always read his many letters conscientiously, and he feels a certain bond of attachment between him and his admirers.

Some of the letters were almost tragic. Gene managed to laugh a little over his own plight, but when he read what some of his fans wrote, it made him feel sick at heart. "They didn't wait to find out what I had to say about these so-called wedding plans, or else they never saw my denial," Gene remarked.

He pulled out one letter with his own picture attached. The girl had sent it back to him shortly after he had answered her request for a photo. The letter said:

"You have betrayed my trust in you by getting married. I am sorry I cannot accept your picture. This is good-bye, not *hasta luego*." *Hasta luego* is the Spaniard's way of say "until later."

● A GOOD MANY women berated him because he had remarked in a recent interview that he wouldn't be married for at least five years. In front of him was a letter from an eastern city:

"I will never go to see you again in a picture. You have broken your word, for not only once but repeatedly you have been quoted as saying, 'I will not marry until I have finished my career.'"

Apparently it had not occurred to any of them to write him and ask him if it were true that he was getting married. They only believed what they had read in the papers and they congratulated him.

Another woman wrote: "I once wrote you that if you ever got married I would send you a bouquet of poison ivy." The bouquet was forthcoming.

One girl returned an autograph which Gene had tossed out of the window while on personal appearance in Detroit. He had been forced to toss slips of paper with his autograph out the window because he couldn't possibly attend to it personally.

Gene picked up a letter in refined handwriting. The stationery had embossed initials neatly arranged in one corner.

"There isn't anything funny about this sort of letter," Gene remarked. He was right. It was perfectly apparent that this

girl had life made pretty miserable for her by intimate companions.

An excerpt from the note read:

"I have been waiting for months for an autographed picture of you. My sewing club circle has teased me, but I could take it. Now, however, you have gotten married, so don't bother sending the picture."

Gene is going to send the picture anyway, because the young lady had been badly misinformed.

● ONE GIRL wrote that she was sorry now that she hadn't taken the silver cigaret case on his dressing room table the day that scores of fans crashed his dressing room while he was making a personal appearance in Detroit. She said: "I didn't take it because I felt that it probably was something you prized, it was so beautiful. I am sorry now I didn't, because you will probably give it to HER."

Another fan wrote: "I did want a large picture of you, but due to the fact that you are married I shall be glad to get a small one. My gallery is divided into two sections, the big pictures of the bachelors, and those of the married fellows which go on another wall in small frames."

From Rhode Island came a letter which said: "We school girls were all very disappointed to hear of your marriage. I don't exactly know why we should, because after all I suppose the closest we could ever have expected to get to you anyway was sitting in a theatre and seeing your image on the screen."

A very pathetic letter from another girl reads: "Why did you do it? I have just torn your picture to shreds. I shall never bother to have an ideal again, for you have destroyed it. Good-bye. Good luck."

Gene pushed the letters aside ruefully and began puttering with one of his gifts. It was a silver paper knife bearing the inscription of the World's Fair in Chicago in the gay '90's. Somebody's keepsake, given to him as a token of real admiration.

"It's tough," he said thoughtfully. "Very tough. But there isn't very much I can do about it except to try and explain."

—LARRY PANKHURST.

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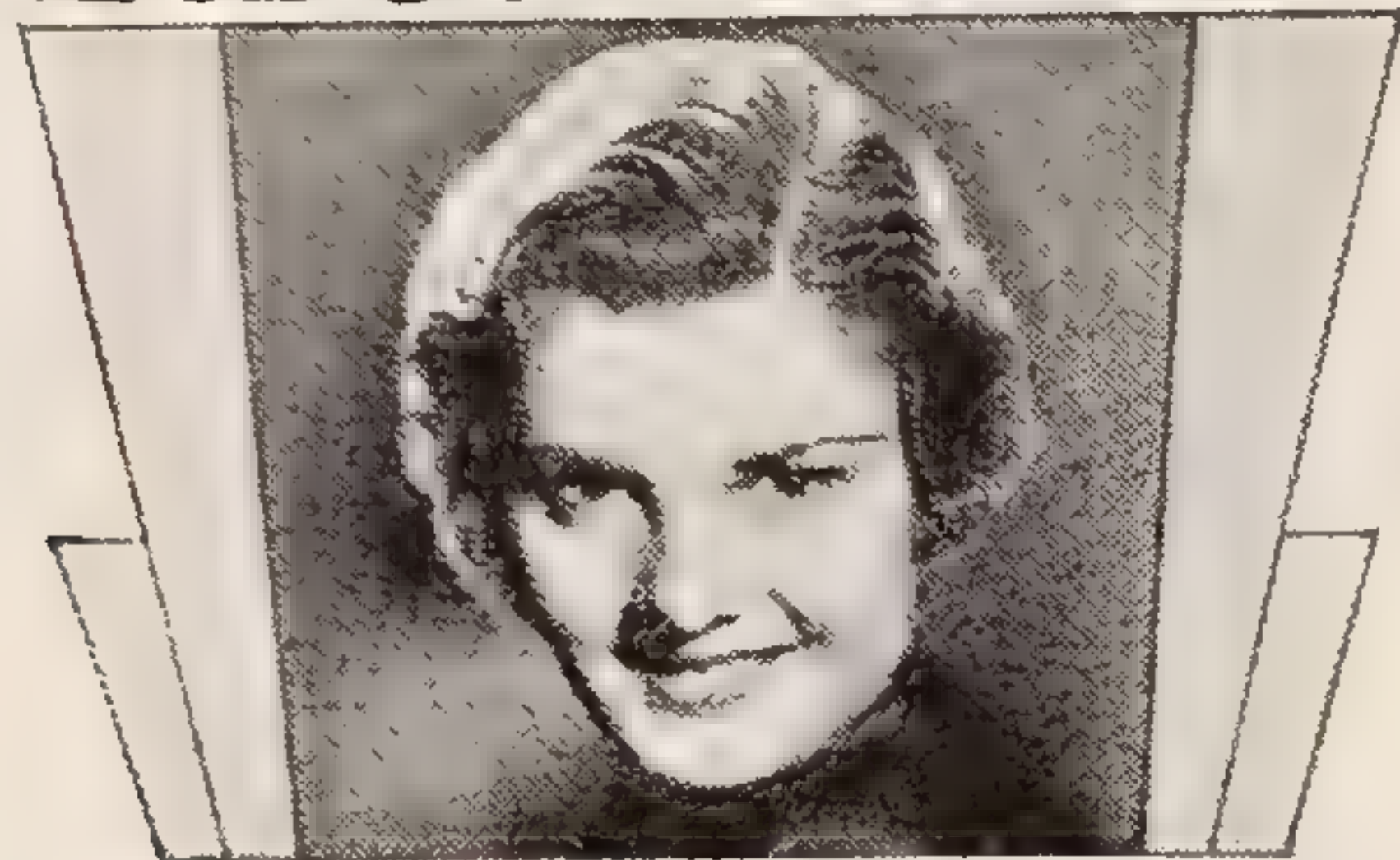
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## A Kiss Wouldn't Be Amiss For Una

(Continued from page thirty)

a woman who talks alone, here is what she has to say:

"Hollywood writers evidently think that a woman who makes a man laugh, has to be treated like she has the small pox," (says Una, with the ever-present twinkle in her eyes.) "They feel that there's a time for laughing and a time for loving. And they just can't mix the two. When you're a comic on the screen you just have to forfeit your rights to the final clinch and leave it for the gals with the gooey eyelashes.

"When I made the *Merry Widow*, I thought my chance to play a different rôle had come. The studio called me and said I was going to play the Queen. Most of my scenes were to take place with the King in the royal boudoir. I was to wear filmy gowns and clinging negligees. When I heard the news, I said to myself, 'Merkel you must have something that gets 'em.

• "THE FIRST DAY of shooting, I arrived on the set looking my most seductive. Then who should walk in but lovable George Barbier, that grand character actor who was to play King to my Queen. I don't mean this unkindly toward Mr. Barbier, as there isn't a sweeter or nicer actor to work with. But I think way down deep inside, I half-expected, half-hoped I'd have a Gable or Fredric March waiting for me. Maybe it's just as well. Once I did some publicity pictures with Clark Gable and I became so self-conscious because I didn't look like Garbo, I almost sent him a note of apology.

"I've received thousands of fan letters since I've been on the screen. But up

until recently, not once did anyone ask me to advise them on love.

"Recently a letter came from a girl in Canada. She was about to become a bride and going through all the last minute jitters. She wasn't quite sure if she was doing the right thing and wanted me to make up her mind for her. I got so emotional over the situation, I felt like Beatrice Fairfax herself. I sat down and wrote her a long letter and practically offered to dash up to Canada and give her a sales talk."

Shortly after Una gave out these statements, our telephone rang early one morning. It was the Merkel herself and she sounded like her mean old Aunt out in Patagonia had just passed away and left her the family fortune.

"It's happened," cried Una, mirthfully. "Someone has had a brainstorm and decided to give me a couple of hot moments. The studio just called to tell me that I'm going to play the romantic lead opposite Franchot Tone. It's the first time I've ever worked with him and I'm just a little bit nervous.

"I've gotten so used to Charlie Butterworth, I'm going to have to polish up on my technique. Now that romance is actually coming into my screen life, I'm a little scared. Well, I asked for it, so I'll show 'em that a Merkel can take it. But I bet by the time this picture\* is over, I'll be so happy to get back to comedy again, I'd be willing to act with Rin Tin Tin."

—JERRY ASHER.

\*This picture called, *One New York Night* was recently finished. And Una Merkel never did get kissed!

## Jack Benny's Television Blues

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

the sole exception of Face No. 4 which resembles nothing so well as a nicked Idaho potato. This No. 4 face should go well over any medium, but we have a strong suspicion that Mr. Benny's exhibition is strictly a private matter. No. 4 face is probably not destined for radio consumption.

Jack's rôle in *The Broadway Melody* (1936 version—Time marches on and on in Hollywood) should be convincing proofs that he would be good in television broadcasts. He does a Winchell rôle in this new film. He reminds you just a little bit of Winchell. You have a hunch that he might have been a newspaper columnist if things had happened differently. Instead, he just play-acts at being a gossip chaser and the result is very pleasant indeed.

Benny's chief business in the film is to take raps at a young Broadway producer, played by Robert Taylor. Verbal raps, of course. Eleanor Powell is the producer's onetime college sweetheart who comes to town and takes advantage of Benny's heckling by pretending to be a famous French dancer that Taylor hasn't been able to locate or sign up. Benny helps her out with frequent remarks about her in his column, and of course things work around to the ultimate clinch between Taylor and Miss Powell.

• It's ALL VERY happy business, and sort of goes to prove that Mr. Benny might have television presence, just as he has had stage presence in the past and radio presence in the present.

At the same time, this radio plus vision business is adding a few gray hairs prematurely to Benny's head.

"When I went from the stage to radio," Jack moans, "I thought I was giving up memorizing of lines forever. Now they're dragging television to the front, and we soon won't be able to read script over the radio.

"And another thing. Think of the costumes we will have to wear. Why, every radio station will have to add a tier of dressing rooms. Instead of being able to toss our manuscripts aside and walk happily off to the night club, we'll have to fight grease paint and uncomfortable clothes! We'll be back of the footlights again, but without an audience. Gosh—every broadcast will seem like a dress rehearsal. What an inspiration! I think I need an aspirin."

And when television does come along, Hollywood probably will be the radio center and maybe Mr. Benny and a lot of others will have to kiss New York good-by. Mr. Benny, indeed has the television blues!

—TED MAGEE.

HOLLYWOOD



# Bette Davis—Duse of the Dunes

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

near the music, dressed in our best "going-out-to-places" finery. One of Ham's own compositions was being played, and he was about to sing a chorus of the song. We knew better than to indulge in any idle chit-chat at such a moment. We just waited, listened, and watched a lovely young lady, who was enraptured by the performance of her favorite "band-leader!"

One couldn't help thinking, watching this delicately-colored, intense, little sophisticate, of a girl who came into the lobby of the Cape Playhouse, a professional stock company, at Dennis, Cape Cod, seven years ago. The girl upon whom we were musing wore a blue print-dress, and down her back tumbled a cascade of ashen-blond hair, with a tiny blue ribbon tied perkily across the top of her head. We hardly expected to see "Alice," fresh from Wonderland, come walking into the lobby of the rustic theatre by the sea! Rather shyly she spoke: "Could you tell me where we can find a place to live? My mother, sister, cat, and all of our worldly possessions are piled in that Chevvie out there, and we'd like to get settled!" And so we all started out to comb the dunes to find a home for the Davises.

Two hours later they were "dug-in." After all the unloading and arranging had been accomplished, the four of us (the cat had left on a tour of inspection) flopped down to rest, and get acquainted. Without too much modesty Miss Betty (this was before we knew how to spell it) informed us that she was an actress.

To receive your first stock training in a company which boasted casts containing such names as Peggy Wood, Alice Brady, Basil Rathbone, and Henry Hull among many, is very good fortune indeed. And so, until her break arrived, Bette agreed to usher in the theatre at night, and walk on in the mob-scenes, if needed. Humble crumbs they may be, but what sweet bread to the beginner! Nor was she the only young one who fluttered about the playhouse like a moth; the Cape seemed full of them that summer.

● MR. RAYMOND MOORE, the manager, made the suggestion that the earnest young Thespians do a play, and take it on tour about the Cape, under the sponsorship of the Cape Playhouse. It would not only be good training, but it would also advertise the Playhouse. The piece selected for this venture was *The Charm School*. Bette played the leading feminine part. A shy young Englishman who suffered effusive embarrassment during the love scenes, played opposite her.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the unit would strap scenery and props on the top of an antiquated Buick (an investment of thirty dollars), and stuff the cast in any place where it would fit. Looking like a disreputable band of gypsies, it boiled off to a neighboring hamlet, to inflict its golden talents upon the local tax-payers.

The company played town-halls, church auxiliary rooms, or school gymnasiums, wherever there was room enough to allow them to act in front of anyone who was patient enough to sit there and watch! The scarcity of stages made it necessary to arrange picnic-sup-

per tables on saw-horses, and to play upon them. Such innovated platforms had a variety of draw-backs; they rattled with every step; they squeaked and shifted at the most inopportune moments; and the company was always very nervous during the big scene in the Second Act when the entire unit of fourteen (14—count 'em—14) was on the stage. At any moment they expected to go crashing through to the floor of the building; luckily they never did.

The only mishap of that tour occurred one night when Bette and a girl named Helen Spaulding sat on the sofa at the same time. The legs broke, and the sofa toppled over backwards. Need one relate the effect this had upon the audience? Several young boys in the first row clambered up on the stage, helped the ladies to their feet, straightened the sofa, and returned politely to their seats in the front row . . . and the performance went on!

● THAT EPOCH-MAKING tour of *The Charm School* terminated in early August, because there were no more villages left on Cape Cod, to invade. Shortly after this Bette got her first real break—the rôle of Dinah, in *Mr. Pim Passes By*, starring Laura Hope Crews. The part called for Dinah to sing an old English song, called "I Passed by Your Window." While Bette rehearsed, Mrs. Davis scoured the Cape for a copy of that song. Mrs. Davis, by some strange coincidence, fell into conversation with an elderly gentleman in Hyannis; he turned out to be the organist in a church in that town, and he had a copy of the coveted song at his home! Every evening Bette rehearsed the song, accompanied by the nice gentleman, in a quaint little old New England church.

The opening-night of *Mr. Pim Passes By* is still a live topic at the Davis camp. At three o'clock in the afternoon Bette was convinced that she had lost her voice, had forgotten all her lines, and was going to be seized with some insidious plague. Bette wasn't able to eat a thing at supper, but Mrs. Davis, whose good sense and judgment has always prevailed, compelled her to peck jitterishly at bowls of corn-flakes, with blueberries and cream! From that auspicious moment this delectable dish has become a traditional opening-night repast for Bette. Whether or not one is superstitious, corn-flakes with blueberries and cream are too good to ignore!

Somehow Bette managed to scramble into "Junior," the Buick and get to the Playhouse. All the way she kept quaking and mumbling: "I can't do it! I know I'll be awful! I won't be able to think of a line! I'll bet my voice cracks!" No amount of comforting would appease her state.

By the time the curtain had rung down, everyone knew that Bette had clicked. It was the start of a great career that inevitably was to lead her from such comparatively minor professional stage work to stardom in the movies.

Bette has soared to the heights, but even now, when the sun sinks down over the blue Pacific near Hollywood, she often thinks of Cape Cod and the Playhouse—days now far distant in yesterday, but still very close to her heart.

—W. W. WATSON.

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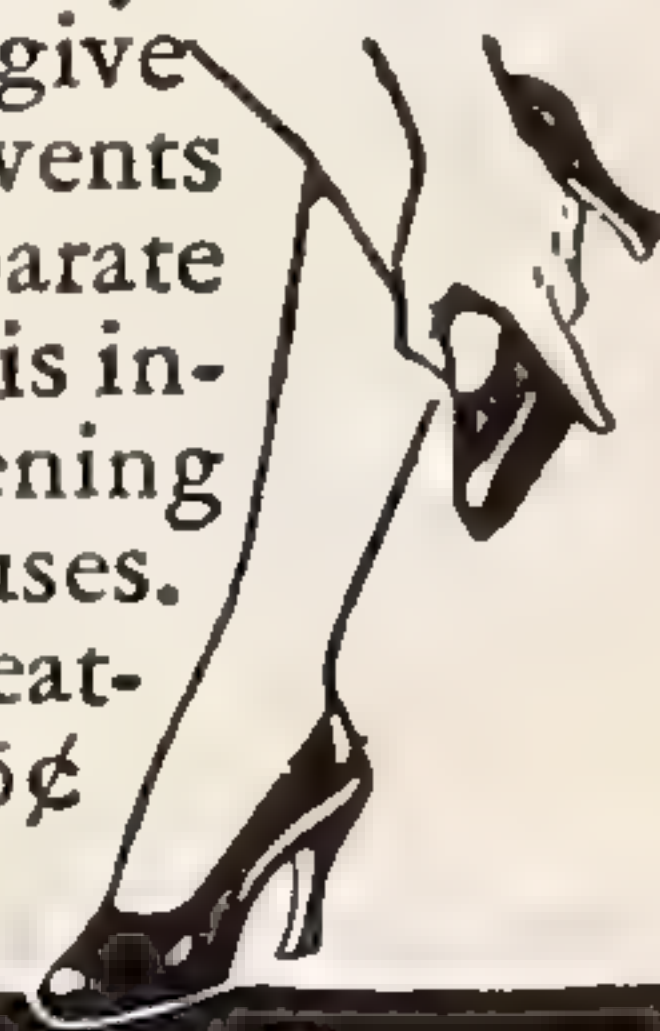


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31x5.50-17	3.35	1.15	
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15	
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15	
30x5.50-20	3.45	1.15	
31x6.00-16	3.75	1.45	
31x6.00-17	3.40	1.15	
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33x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
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33x5	3.75	1.45
35x5	3.95	1.65

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## Nelson Eddy's "Glory Road"

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

success. That is if you want it to have a solid foundation.

"They will study for a time under some local teacher, who tells them they have a promising voice, and then they go to New York, or some other large city. There they often meet a teacher who assures them that in six months time he can have them singing in the New York Metropolitan. And the young student believes them. Why, they think, should they spend several years in study, when they can accomplish the same thing in six months?"

"But it can't be done in six months, or even several years. They can't do it even if they're good. For it takes five years at least, and sometimes twelve or fifteen years of hard work."

Nelson sings thirty-two operatic rôles, and six languages; English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish.

He has been to Europe three times, and has studied in Dresden, and Paris, and is now making another trip to Europe.

Nelson thinks marriage in Hollywood is the same as marriage anywhere else, it all depends upon the people.

"Marriage can be a success in Hollywood," he insists. "I've known a number of couples who have made real successful and completely happy marriages. But at the same time you see some that you know cannot last more than a few months at the most."

(Nelson Eddy has never been married nor engaged. But that doesn't preclude him from having these opinions.)

"Generally speaking I think an actor or actress shouldn't marry another in the profession, for in time one almost always overshadows the other, and that's bad. They try not to be jealous, but they just can't help it. Many times I have seen singers whose marriages were spoiled in this way. They would be in New York, looking for work, and one of them would get a job there, while the other would have to take a less important job in some state far away. And that would be the beginning of the end of their marriage."

● NELSON, BORN in Providence, attended Rhode Island Normal School, and finished his education through correspondence schools.

His father and mother were both excellent singers. His parents were neither rich nor poor.

He's been a newspaper reporter, copy reader, and advertising copy writer.

"My ambition, metaphysically speaking is a development of my soul," he says. "I find as I accomplish one thing that I set out to do, other things spring up before me. I see a cavity that should be filled with study, training, knowledge, or whatever you want to call it. I call it development."

He doesn't prefer any particular type girl. Just as long as they are alive, as he expresses it, that is all that matters.

And he has no definite ideas as to whether he'd rather do costume pictures or pictures of the present day period.

"I'm such an infant in this business that I really haven't any preference about what type of rôles I like to play. I like either costume pictures or those of the present, just so long as I'm kept busy, that's all I ask."

He came to Los Angeles, in 1933 as an

unknown substitute artist. He took the concert by storm, and was given eighteen encores. Then an M-G-M screen test and contract followed.

The studio, not wanting to give the public too much of him, is making arrangements to make one big picture a year, in which he will be given a singing leading part.

For three years he has made successful concert tours, and his contract at the studio permits him to tour the first four months of each year.

Nelson plans to continue these tours as much as his work will allow him to do so. He has found that the constant public contacts have helped to develop an audience understanding. He can tell almost instantly whether he is holding the attention of his listeners through little matters that escape most observers. Thus he has been able to "slant" his programs so that they will obtain the whole-hearted response of any audience.

The tours have served another purpose—Nelson has developed a broad understanding of people through his traveling. He does not see the world only from a Hollywood hilltop. He glimpses it from every possible vantage point.

● MANY ARTISTS claim they felt a great restlessness and discontent until they had gotten started in their chosen professions, but it was not so with Nelson Eddy.

"My singing career came about gradually. I started to sing in church when I was ten years old. Then my voice changed and I started taking lessons from a teacher, who told me I had a pretty good voice, so I kept on studying. I began to get jobs now and then for five and ten dollars. Then I got up to twenty-five dollars a performance, singing at clubs and small theatres. I felt like I was right in the big money then, so I decided to double my price."

"Well, I did lose two or three jobs by boosting my price, but I finally got fifty. And then later on I doubled it again, and was soon making enough money to devote my entire time to singing. So you see I just gradually worked into my profession of concert singing."

He likes to play tennis and ride horseback. And he likes yachting too. He used to do a lot of it in the east, but he hasn't had a chance to do any of it since he's been out here. "That's real he man's sport for you," he says. "Why, you tear the skin off your hands, playing around with the ropes."

"I've got a hobby, too, and it's the most modern and complete recording system I could buy. I like to make records so I can study my own voice. And I admit I like to play around with all the little gadgets, for I like mechanical things."

"Then it comes in handy in other ways, when my friends are worried about their own voices, they come to my place and I make a record of their speaking or singing voice. In that way we can listen to the record and discover the mistakes they are making, and how best to overcome them."

He's really a swell guy. And one of the most intelligent men we have ever met. Very natural too, and he hasn't any affected mannerisms of speech.

—CHARLES A. McNAVIN.

HOLLYWOOD



# A New Log of the "Bounty"

(Continued from page twenty-five)



Gable and Director Frank Lloyd consult the script for a take aboard the *Bounty*

The yearly wage earned by Captain Bligh, even with his petty thieving of ship's stores, wouldn't pay the salary of Charles Laughton for ten days. Laughton went into this rôle with characteristic abandon; so intense is his desire to enact each new character differently that he reduced fifty-five pounds to become Captain Bligh. Those who have seen Charlie at mealtime may appreciate this stupendous sacrifice; to others it would be beyond belief. Laughton is Bligh. He has taken to even hating himself.

To Clark Gable, playing Fletcher Christian, has come the opportunity he has long desired—the chance to show his real powers in a character rôle. In other pictures he has played himself. Now he becomes a man of baffling moods, chafing under cruelties, seething with hatreds born of injustice, until he leads the mutiny and sets Bligh adrift in an open boat.

Clark is ordinarily sunny of disposition. His rôle will offer a strange contrast. An expert shot, he amused himself shooting at sharks that trailed the *Bounty* every time she put out from the cluster of huts at the isthmus of Catalina.

● After seizing the ship, Fletcher Christian returned to Tahiti and then sailed into the unknown with part of the crew and a group of native girls. Mating with the natives, they formed a colony on Pitcairn Island and when a boat finally found them, many years later, only one white man was left alive.

A movie of the present colony on Pitcairn was shown the actors while at Catalina; the traces of mingled ancestry are plain on the features of these people, and their language is an odd mixture.

Among those who refused to go to Pitcairn was Roger Byam, from whose point of view the story of the *Bounty* as written by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall is related. The authors, who live at opposite ends of Tahiti to avoid getting on each other's nerves, went to the island to escape from civilization after the World War, much as the mutineers sought refuge at Pitcairn.

The rôle of Roger Byam was one of the biggest plums of the year in Hollywood, and it fell to Franchot Tone by the same sort of accident that put him in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. Another

actor withdrew to take a different picture assignment and history repeated itself when the *Bounty* was cast. Robert Montgomery was broken-hearted when other work interfered and Tone got the job.

The rôle fits him glove tight, and depend on it, Franchot will emerge a star when the *Bounty* is shown. He, too, did his share of suffering for the sake of Metro, to make the *Bounty*. A paining tooth was no fun, marooned as he was at the isthmus, but a boat finally was hired and he had the tooth yanked without delaying production.

Metro chose wisely in casting Franchot, for bear in mind that Gable leaves the picture after the mutiny, and so does Captain Bligh, Laughton and Tone must carry the picture from then on.

Tone, left at Tahiti, has a very tender romance and marriage with a native girl who bears him a child. Searchers from England, aboard the *Pandora*, capture him and start home. The *Pandora* is wrecked, but Tone finally comes to trial and is condemned to death, for mutiny. Those are thrilling sequences in the film, and Director Lloyd is doing them full justice. It is planned to actually wreck the *Pandora*, a smaller sailing ship than the *Bounty*.

The *Bounty* itself was burned at Pitcairn by Christian, but whether the ship will be destroyed for film purposes has not yet been decided as this is written. I think it would break Jim Havens' heart to see his precious boat done to death.

Every man in the large company has done his share to help make the film a success. There were a number of minor casualties despite every sort of precaution. You can't make an exciting picture of this sort without some risk!

Only three of the eighty-three important character rôles in the picture have been mentioned, but you'll see scores of famous faces in this picture. All are going to win honorable mention from grateful fans when the saga of iron men and wooden ships is brought to the screen in this grand tale of love and hate, mutiny and death, reliving the days when the *Bounty* was the proudest ship afloat, and its captain was the meanest man alive!

## Joan Crawford's Pie Comedy

(Continued from page twenty-six)

she didn't drop a hint or two at home to her mother.

Several days later Joan's mother sent a luscious pie over to the set, and everyone was eager for a taste. It certainly was delicious. Joan was mighty proud of that pie, until somebody declared that it wasn't a pumpkin pie, it was made with carrots.

Joan wouldn't believe it until she had cornered her mother and forced her to admit that it was made with carrots. Then it all came out—when Joan was a little girl she refused to eat carrots. So her mother baked them up as pumpkin pies and Joan never learned the truth until now.

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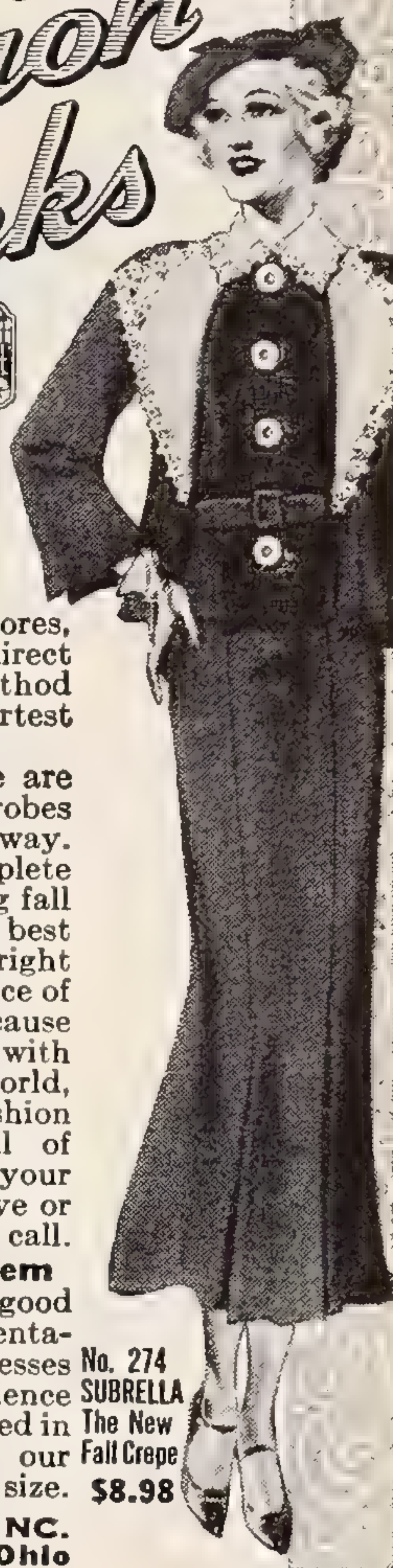
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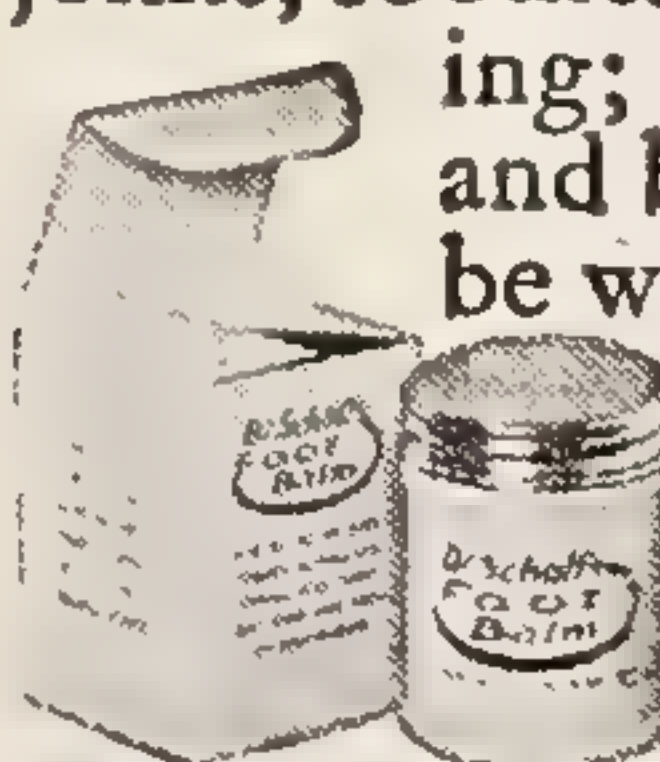
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## Jeanette MacDonald's Thrilling Moments

(Continued from page twenty-four)

little, clubs and churches started offering to pay my parents if I would sing. They took the money gladly, putting it into dancing lessons and piano lessons for me. But there was a teacher at school who hated it. She thought I was being exploited. I was always staying out, you see, to sing somewhere, and finally there was an awful day when she sent three people to see us to ask about me. They were Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children representatives. I remember them sitting, stiff and disapproving, in our parlor. Mother cried, and I was made to answer questions. That was another discovery for me. I discovered that no one, no matter how smug, can withstand honest, sincere anger. I was only a child, but I knew what their leading questions were for. They were to discredit my mother, to make people think my own darling parents were mean to me.

"Suffice it to say that in the end the report went back to the teacher that the little girl seemed happy in what she was doing, the money was being used for her further training, and she seemed as intelligent and well-informed—with the exception of arithmetic (and they never were able to teach me that!)—as any other little girl in her class.

● "THE NEXT real discovery about myself and my potentialities came tragically. Oh, it may seem funny, young, and naive in the telling—so much is winnowed away in one's memories, and only the essence left—but it was awful! I lost my voice, at the sauerkraut festival. I was to be soloist, and I had practiced and practiced,—a flowery coloratura number.

My new dress was bouncy with ruffles. Shortly before I had overheard someone say something to indicate that it wasn't, as indeed I had always thought, a shameful burden to go through life with red hair, but something rather intriguing. A boy had said it. I was enchanted. I was happy. I was going to be marvelous at the sauerkraut supper. The moon would shine, I would be lovely in the soft light, everyone would admire me, and my voice would win them. . . .

"But the teacher who had sent the three SPCC people to our house had been invited. As I rose to sing I saw her eyes, scornful and cold, on me. I had the beginning of a sore throat . . . I began to tremble. I started to sing, but my voice wouldn't come. It stopped. There just wasn't anything. Out of pride, I took another number, a simple one, all low notes, and floundered through. I saw her smiling, that teacher, slowly smiling, with triumph at my failure . . . I learned, you see, that I could fail. That it sometimes happened . . . One always has to learn that somewhere along the way."

● HER LITTLE feet, in blue mules, are high-arched, and nervous. She swung one meditatively, thinking of that awful evening in Philadelphia, at the sauerkraut festival . . . She laughed.

"It was later that my older sister went on the stage. After a while, I got a chance. The family had moved to New York, and I had been given dancing lessons for some time. I was terrible at dancing, I thought. They made fun of

me. I couldn't seem to manage the taps. But I labored at it. My voice hadn't come back. It was all I had to do. I worked harder. Finally, I got a job in the chorus. That was the new discovery. There was still another road open to me. I could be a dancer! My voice was gone, but I was paid money, in a show, to dance!

"I was unpopular with the other chorus girls. Maybe because I was younger. Maybe because I gave myself airs. I don't know. Maybe because, after a while, my voice came back, and it seemed better than before! I was allowed to understudy the prima donna. Maybe because I was very conscientious . . . and most of them were not. Anyhow, they let me know that I was not attractive. I heard them saying, 'Some of the most unattractive girls can make themselves up to look grand out front, when the real beauties don't go over . . . Mac, for instance, looks all right . . . out front. . . .'

"But that was another discovery for me. I was used to the fact that I was homely. I had red hair, and light eyebrows and eyelashes, and freckles . . . But I could look lovely out front! With renewed hope, I started learning how. It was not until I saw myself in pictures that I realized that something might be done with this face. . . ."

● THE LOVELY laughing, vivid face, with its shining green eyes, its delicacy of modeling, its frame of shining, curling hair, looks as if it must always have been beautiful.

"I remember that the only pleasant memory of my appearance I ever had, up to the time I saw my first screen test, was when a teacher went bouncing round our room one time, looking at heads. You know . . . one little girl had been discovered . . . with . . . things . . . in her hair. Round went the teacher, looking with chilled apprehension at all the little skulls. She looked at me. 'Lovely,' she said. 'Lovely hair and scalp. Nice child.' She patted me. I hugged those words to me for a long time. They were the nearest I ever got to a compliment on my looks, until that boy said, 'Ummmm, a redhead,' with frank admiration as I went by, and something deep and instinctive told me that it was all right, that I didn't have to defy people about my hair any more.

"Then came a real discovery—an enormously important one. I started going to symphony concerts whenever I could, and good recitals—largely to keep up a superior pose of being really musical in front of the other girls in the show.

"Then one day, I heard Toscanini conduct a Beethoven symphony, and suddenly the whole world went round and everything fell away except the music and the magnificence of the emotions within it. I cried. I was terribly embarrassed, but excited and transfigured. I hadn't been unhappy. It was no personal emotion which swept me. It was something outside, something abstract, and yet it touched things in me deeper than anything I had ever felt before.

"I learned what music was. Music had always been something nice, sweet, pleasant before. . . . something I could do, and people admired me for it. But this was the revelation to me of what music was and would mean. I have never been able

HOLLYWOOD



to do without it since. It changed me completely . . . musically, I grew up.

"Another discovery was that, in order to express my deepest feelings, I must learn to feel them less . . . No one can sing if he is really personally sad. The muscles of the throat tighten, the chords relax.

"And, of course, love. Love is the discovery that is always new. No two people ever feel just like any other two. I was tremendously affected by falling in love. The personal discoveries I made during that time of glow and breathless happiness and excitement, I cherish. But the greatest discovery, for me, was that this lovely thing, which all girls dream of so hopefully, which every woman waits for, once achieved, is not like a bird caught, or a treasure found.

"It is a vital, struggling thing, evanescent, intangible. It slips away as suddenly as it comes. Suddenly, it is simply gone, and the moment any woman discovers this—not the man doesn't love her any more (that is a discovery women steel themselves to cope with, it is so expected, in a buried sort of way, in every man and woman relationship)—but that she herself, for no reason she can name, simply doesn't love any more, her faith in herself is rocked.

● "SHE UNDERGOES self-distrust, fear . . . Her personal securities are shaken, for of all people from whom we expect certain definite things and reactions, you

know, ourselves are dearest to us . . . I learned that I could love, and that also love could vanish from my heart and life . . . Well, the discovery is a great teacher. . . .

"I have never experienced what is for most women the supreme personal discovery . . . motherhood. I can't, because I have decided definitely against marriage, and for a career . . . Marriage is a career for a woman, and she has to have certain special talents to be successful at it. I'm already started at another career. I'm not so egotistical as to think I can simply swap and be as successful in one as the other. I know how hard it is to make a success of any career. I know my limitations. . . .

"I shan't regret not undergoing the physical functions of motherhood, though, because it is still possible for me to take over the psychological ones. I can adopt a child, and I shall.

"Some day I shall go to an orphanage and I shall look at all the little children. But not to pick out the prettiest, the cutest, the one with dimples, and curls, and cute ways. I shall choose the little one that is pale and resigned, the one who isn't pretty or talented, the one nobody else wants, the one who has long since given up the hope that some day a mama and papa will come for him. . . .

"Then I'll see what love and hope and fun and help can do for a child . . . Then I'll open up for both of us a new world of discoveries. . . ."

## Bringing Up Shirley Temple

(Continued from page twenty-three)

crowd around her wherever she goes. Sometimes they try to clip off a piece of her dress or even her curls for a souvenir.

"That, of course, I cannot have. She really might be hurt. And she would soon come to think herself very important. I don't want that to happen. We are, however, taking her on a long vacation trip after *Curly Top* is finished—in the car. It is a sedan and we always let Shirley have the back seat to herself. She takes an assortment of dolls, dolls' trunks, drawing books, paints, crayons and such on such trips and has an elegant time with them.

"And when we get back, she will keep on playing in more pictures. It is all a game to her. She learns her lines easily and thinks the process is as much fun as learning a Mother Goose rhyme. Often I hear her repeating them with proper gesture and intonation to her dolls."

● A WOMAN leaned over Mrs. Temple's shoulder just then. She was an "extra" working in *Curly Top*.

"Mrs. Temple," she begged, "I wonder if you could get me Shirley's autograph?"

Mrs. Temple sighed a little but she answered that she would see what she could do.

"You know," she said to me, "this autograph business is one of the greatest problems we have. You see, it takes Shirley about three minutes to do each one. We can't take time away from work, and I don't want her to do it at home. I make it a rule not to bring her 'career' home with us, except to go over her lines with her."

Rules . . . I already had written down several which I considered all important

and I was interested in knowing if there were any more. "Have you many definite rules for bringing up Shirley?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "No. Not many definite ones other than insisting she mind me promptly and be polite to people."

"Of course, you've never spanked her. . . ." This from the woman who had asked for the autograph.

"Why, yes I have," came the frank contradiction.

The "extra" gasped at such sacrilege. Shirley Temple spanked!

"What for?" she breathed.

"Why, I believe she annoyed her brother so he couldn't study," Mrs. Temple said. "I don't quite remember. It really wasn't much of a spanking. I find that, with Shirley, reasoning is better."

The "extra" looked relieved. *Lese majesty* had been on a small scale, at least. She went away, then, and Mrs. Temple and I sat watching that curly-topped mite achieving another great box office hit and having a swell time doing it.

Around her were players in grease paint, directors, cameramen, script girls, stand-ins, grips; klieg lights, cameras, sound equipment; noise, excitement, hurry. Around her was—Hollywood.

But Shirley, the center of it all, was just Shirley. Just as her round little cheeks wore no make-up, so was her child's mind unworried over close-ups, camera angles, scene-stealing; her gay little heart immune to hurt. Because this was all make-believe, anyway. Motion pictures and all of the human struggle they embrace were no more real to her than Alice's pack of cards in Wonderland.

That's the charm of Shirley.



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# STAR GAZING IN HOLLYWOOD

● WE filed into the corner office at United Artists, along with a dozen cameramen and newspaper reporters. Every one, even hard boiled shuttermen who have snapped fires and first-nights, hangings and inaugurals, felt the drama of the scene. Here was the last of that great company of stars, all that remained of United Artists, gathered to make a public announcement. Sam Goldwyn laid aside big rimmed glasses, smiled with good humor. Mary Pickford touched Charlie Chaplin's sleeve, to whisper across the desk.

"Not many of us left, Charlie," she said wistfully.

There was more drama when Doug Fairbanks arrived. Even the great Fairbanks-Pickford combination is no more except as an unromantic business affiliation. They regard each other merely as financial partners.

Books were piled on the chair for Mary to sit on, for she is very tiny; Charlie crossed his legs to show the inevitable pearl colored cloth tops of his shoes, flash bulbs went off like fitful heat lightning. The announcement was brief; United Artists would carry on. Mary would become a picture producer, Charlie would direct a picture after he finished his own film. We filed out. No other movie magazine had come to what seemed to us a momentous moment in Hollywood—the last stand of the old guard.

● TIME moves on, and youth holds the spotlight for we who go stargazing in Hollywood these days. At the other end of the line, Shirley Temple comes marching. Shirley is making a scene with John Boles today, on a sound stage filled with visitors. They are enjoying a rare privilege, for Shirley's sets are closed to the public, but the guests are the county Grand Jury on its annual tour.

She enjoys company, beams at onlookers. It is a mistake to think that visitors could upset the poise of Miss Temple, or make her self-conscious. She does her scene perfectly, her entrances and speeches timed with unerring instinct. At every scene a strange phenomenon takes place—all the workers on the stage gather to watch her. This happens in no other studio, with no other star; she is a source of constant wonder and endless admiration to grips, props, juicers, all those usually blase members of a picture crew.

● ELSEWHERE on the Fox lot another youngster, a bit more grown up, is flinging her challenge to the gods that rule our fates. Rochelle Hudson is stepping into the shoes of Janet Gaynor in "Way Down East," after playing second fiddle to Shirley in "Curly Top." Like many such glorious

opportunities, Rochelle's chance came from an accident. Janet's head bumped Henry Fonda's. She thought nothing of it until later in the day she fainted. After a rest she tried, like a game trouper, to go on with the show. Next day she was a very sick girl from a brain concussion, and Dr. S. A.

Alter ordered a six weeks' rest.

That bump cost Fox about \$200,000, what with having to start the picture over again, not to mention the headaches to its top notch star, Miss Gaynor. Sid Skolsky, hearing of Janet's mishap, called her life long friend and advisor, Frances "Bobbie" Deaner, to ask what sort of book Janet might like to read. And Janet told Bobbie her preference. She wanted the Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen.

● OUT at Warner Brothers studio another youngster is trying out the rickety steps of fame's ladder. He is Errol Flynn, and adventure runs in his blood. I went out to watch him make a screen test for "Captain Blood," that swashbuckling pirate who had a way with the ladies. Errol has a way with the ladies, too. Jean Muir, who was helping him with the test (she will, unless you hear

to the contrary in the next few weeks, be the heroine) disclosed that Flynn is a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, that reckless fellow who turned pirate by taking the Bounty and setting its captain adrift.

Flynn readily admitted this black sheep in the family history; his family possesses many relics of the famous mutineer.

Errol himself had been to Tahiti in the course of adventurous ramblings that took him in search of gold in New Guinea, on boxing exhibitions through Australia, in search of pearls in the South Seas.

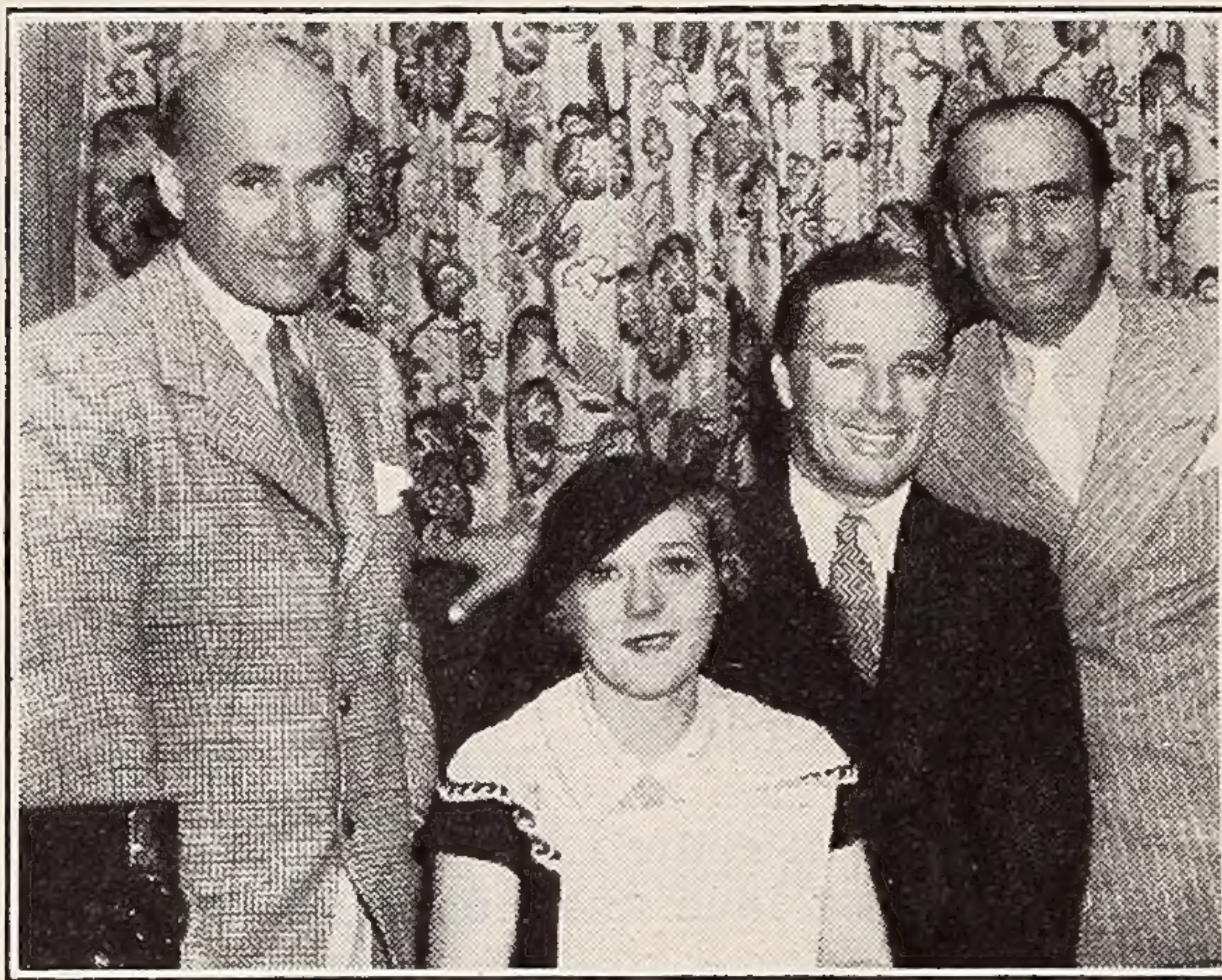
Director Mike Curtiz calls them for another scene. All in costume, with elaborate sets, scene after scene from the script has been shot, just to test various actors for the roles. Miss Muir, settling back in her rustling silks, remarks:

"It wouldn't surprise me if they'd discover, when they got through, that they had filmed 'Captain Blood!'"

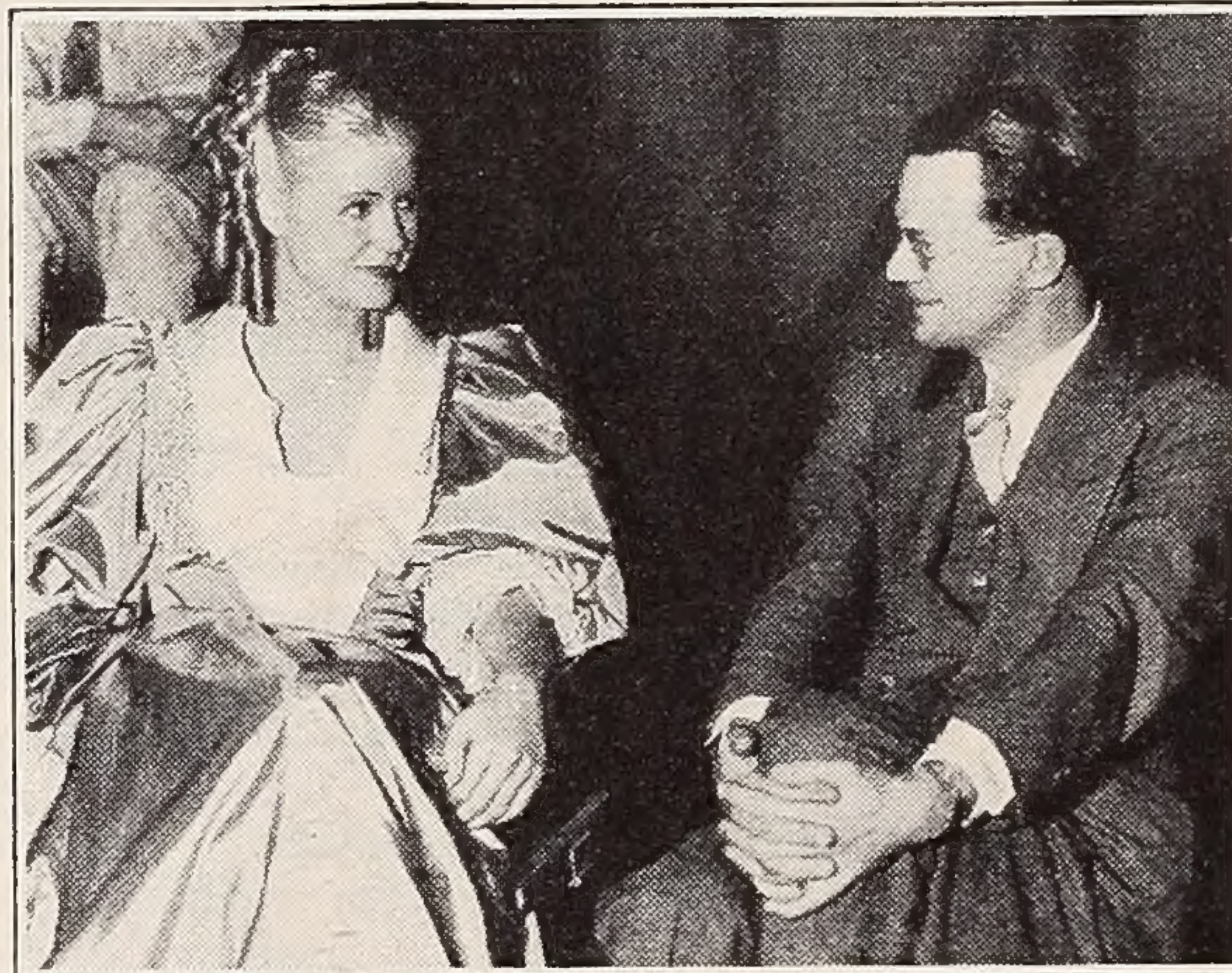
● LUISE RAINER'S picture, with Bill Powell, has been unveiled and "Escapade" definitely establishes her as a star of first rank. We saw her the other day, and heard of an escapade of her own. Miss Rainer had started off for an hour's drive. She was gone five days!

In her old slacks and comfortable sweater she headed down into Mexico. By carefully guarding the fifteen dollars she started with, she financed the trip. Who says the spirit of adventure is dead?

JACK SMALLEY,  
Managing Editor.



Last stand of the old guard: Sam Goldwyn, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks



The star gazer chats with Jean Muir as she helps a descendant of a mutineer make a screen test





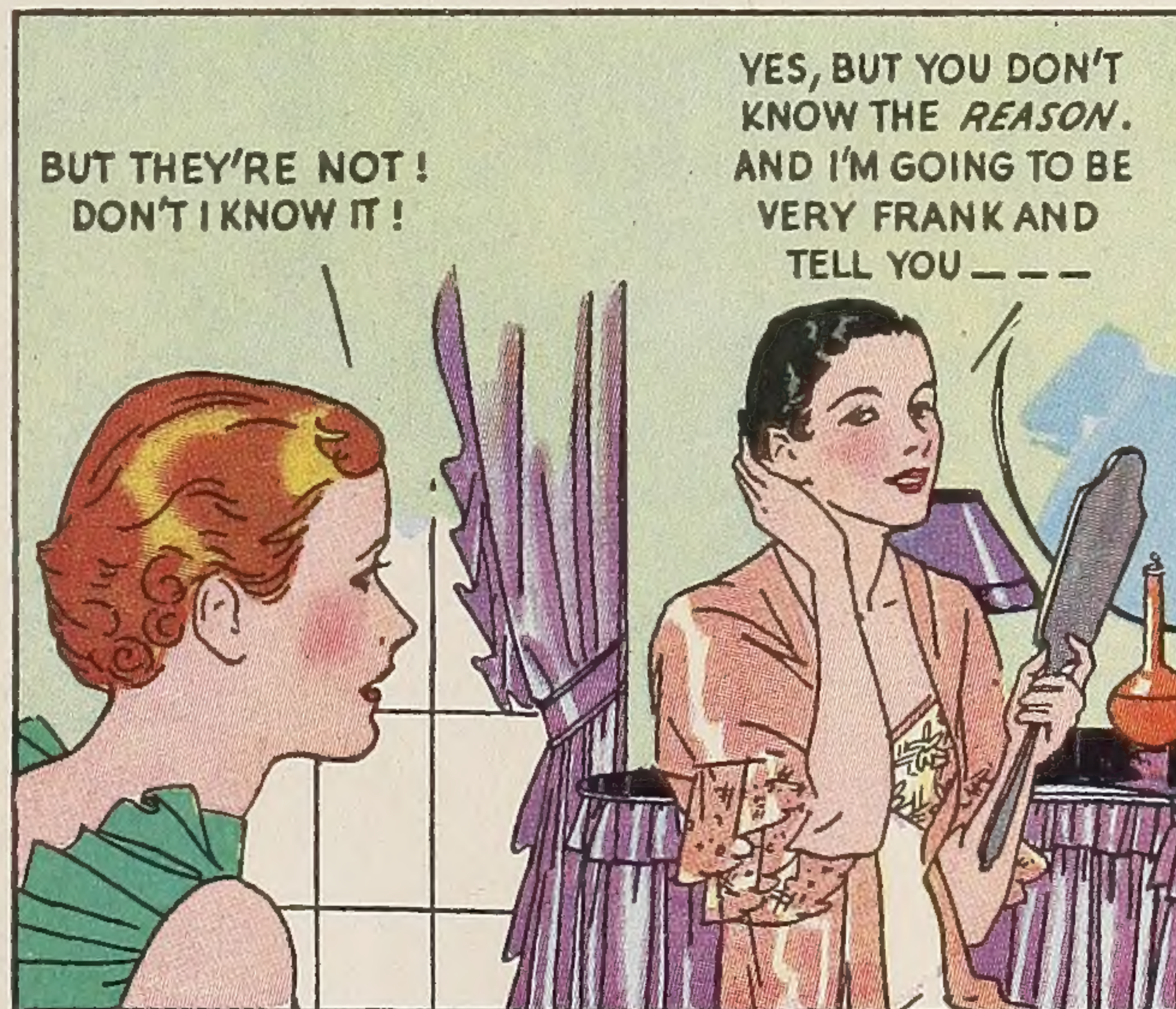
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